Nevaeh Saga

Marcel Ray Duriez

Worlds Longest Novel 28827000

Posted September 30, 2021 by

MarcelDuriez

Making a world record happen. One more book at a time now all in one Ebook. All books in Nevaeh Novel

https://tinyurl.com/newlooknevaeh

Feature News

8.5 x 12 One side print of print paper computer sheet paper, of the manuscript in a line is 9,185 sheets each sheet page length is 12 inches long, so it is one 1 foot, thus if each page were laid end to

end it would be 1.739 miles of pages or manuscript, Kilometers is 2.799, centimeters is 279958.8, Meters is 2799.588, 110220 inches, and 3061.667 yeards. The print would be the length of the Golden Gate Bridge.

Standard office copy paper weighs approximately 10.0 lbs per 1000 sheets. So 95 pounds.

Contains characters or 28827000 (each letter counts as one character. Spaces are also counted, as one character each).

The words are 3 Million. Pages with Nevaeh- Novel in print published at this

time, 19,068. Paragraphs, 87,961.

The 'Nevaeh Saga' series by Marcel Ray Duriez, the 'Worlds Records,' 'Longest Novel.' Duriez authored the first volume of his 77-volume masterpiece from 2012 to 2021.

Nevaeh-the thoughtful look of a young girl, facing pain as she bares her soul.

The book opens with, Nevaeh is a 14-year-old girl living in Pennsylvania at the start of this story around the 2000s.

- 1 Nevaeh Walking the Halls
- 2 Nevaeh The Forbidden Touches
- 3 Nevaeh The Lusting Sapphire Blue Eyes

- 4 Nevaeh The Miracle
- 5 Nevaeh The Cursed
- 6 Nevaeh Struggle with Affections
- 7 Nevaeh Falling too You
- 8 Nevaeh Young Taboo
- 9 Nevaeh Dreaming of you Play with Me

- 10 Nevaeh They Call Out
- 11 Nevaeh A Void She Cannot Feel
- 12 Nevaeh Hard to Let Go
- 13 Nevaeh Going in and Out
- 14 Neveah Obscure Darkness
- 15 Nevaeh Seventeen
- 16 Nevaeh Crescent Moon
- 17 Nevaeh Midnight Sun
- 18 Nevaeh Dusking Lust

- 19 Nevaeh Maggie
- 20 Nevaeh Flashbacks

- 21 Nevaeh Butterfly Kisses
- 22 Nevaeh Lips Together
- 23 Nevaeh Kiss me Here
- 24 Nevaeh This Kiss
- 25 Nevaeh Dollie
- 26 Nevaeh 1st Base
- 27 Nevaeh French Kiss
- 28 Nevaeh Heart-to-Heart's
- 29 Nevaeh Kellie's Stories

- 30 Nevaeh Haven's Rockville
- 31 Nevaeh Haven

- 32 Nevaeh Naddalin and the Magic Railway
- 33 Nevaeh Untitled
- 34 Nevaeh Naddalin
- 35 Nevaeh Learn to Fly
- 36 Nevaeh Fallen Angel
- 37 Nevaeh Death Devours
- 38 Nevaeh The Express
- 39 Nevaeh Skin and Bones
- 40 Nevaeh Spread your Wings

- 41 Nevaeh The Story of my Life
- 42 Nevaeh The way I was Remembered
- 43 Nevaeh Ash Angel
- 44 Nevaeh Walking After You
- 45 Nevaeh The Pretender of Secrets
- 46 Nevaeh Hells Purgatory

- 47 Nevaeh Emanon
- 48 Nevaeh The Lingering
- 49 Nevaeh Impressions Part: 1
- 50 Nevaeh Impressions Part: 2

- 51 Nevaeh If Only in My Mind
- 52 Nevaeh If Only in My Dreams
- 53 Nevaeh Reverie
- 54 Nevaeh If Only in My Wildest Dreams
- 55 Nevaeh Chimera
- 56 Nevaeh If I Say I Wanna Stay
- 57 Nevaeh Scry
- 58 Nevaeh Grayed
- 59 Nevaeh Heavenly Bodies
- 60 Nevaeh Misunderstandings

- 61 Nevaeh A Desire to Burn
- 62 Nevaeh The Shadow of the Goddesses
- 63 Moments that Would not Fade Part: 1
- 64 Moments that Would not Fade Part: 2
- 65 Nevaeh Martrace
- 66 Nevaeh Dear Diary
- 67 Nevaeh Ansley
- 68 Nevaeh Sins of the Fallen Angel
- 69 Nevaeh Girls' Camp
- 70 Nevaeh Incest

- 71 Nevaeh Alone Together
- 72 Nevaeh Ghosted
- 73 Nevaeh Ethereal
- 74 Scared of my Past

- 74 Nevaeh Scared of my Past
- 75 Nevaeh Perception's
- 76 Nevaeh Overshadows of Grayson
- 77 Nevaeh Broken Record

Others:

- Understanding Parkinson's
- Oskar
- The misunderstood, classifications
- See Spot Run
- The Many Adventures of Cuddles
- The ABC's of Asexuality
- Asexual ACES has combined with Mr. Duriez displaying the book, The ABC's of Asexuality backing findings and studies- in the intent to help others.
- Elody
- A Panda Bear Named Mandy

- 14 Lost at Sea
- That will be our Little Secret (Bob Ross)
- The Shut Generation
- The Ingredients' of my Life
- Sammie and Ellie: How I Found My Family
- CHRISTINA
- Dream Girl
- Clash
- Ellie
- Eventide
- Remembrance of Wartime
- Sins of the Vampire

Praise for Marcel Ray Duriez

“I want to say, I believe in new talents in writing, like the Neveah Saga. We have chatted

briefly about his work, and I would say he can go for his dreams. I did. If I must give an opinion, I feel he can do it.”

-Lauren Oliver

Oliver is the writer of Rooms and Before I Fall. Lauren Oliver is an American author of numerous young adult novels including Panic; the Delirium trilogy: Delirium, Pandemonium, and Requiem; and Before I Fall, which became a major motion picture in 2017.

"The Nevaeh Saga by Marcel Ray Duriez is a narrative focus on the intellectual aspect of a youthful young lady enduring shock, passion, and anguish as she reveals her genius, mind, and heart."

-Readers' Favorite

"THE PARENTS AND CHILDREN TEEN WOULD LOVE THESE BOOKS. WE AS A GROUP HERE ARE BEHOLDING THE ONWARD REASSESS TO HIS NEW BOOK COMING OUT FOR TEENS AND KIDS, (NEVAEH SAGA AND MORE.) WE HAVE READ OVER SOME CHAPTERS IN THE DOCUMENT FOR AND WE ALL TRANSFIXED. WE HOPE THAT IT WILL BE IN PRINT VERY SOON. HE IS AN INDUSTRIOUS YOUNG MAN AND I WISH HIM MUCH SUCCESS. I JUST WANT TO ENDORSE MARCEL FOR HIS NEW BOOK, I AM MICH SO LOOKING FORWARD TO IT COMING OUT. I'LL BE HAPPY WHEN I CAN GET A COPY FOR ME."

-NORTHERN CAMBRIA AND CAMBRIA SYSTEM OF LIBRARIES

"I GIVE AN ENDORSEMENT: FOR NEVEAH SAGA, I HAVE GIVEN THE BOOKS READ AND SAY GOOD FOR HIM, I WOULD TAKE A COPY."

MY NAME IS PAUL E. WALKER AND I AM A RETIRED MUSIC EDUCATOR WHO TAUGHT MARCEL AS A PRIVATE STUDENT FOR OVER 8 YEARS I HAVE A MINOR IN ENGLISH I KNOW THE EDITING LOOK OVER I DID WAS OKAY. I HAVE REVIEWED SOME PAGES IN THE MANUSCRIPT, AND I CAN'T BELIEVE HOW I GOT DRAWING INTO THIS STORY.

I SEE MUCH OF WHAT HE HAS PERSONALLY EXPERIENCED GOING INTO THIS

WORK. I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO THE PRINT BOOK. I WOULD SAY THOSE MATURE TEENS WOULD LOVE READING THIS STORY. BULLYING IT'S SOMETHING I SEE AS A TEACHER, MORE NOW THAN IN THE PAST.

KIDS CAN'T GET AWAY FROM IT EVEN NOW WHEN THEY GO HOME IT FOLLOWS THEM ONLINE, JUST LIKE IN THIS STORY.

THIS BOOK MAY HELP THOSE THAT ARE BULLIED COPE AND THINK BEFORE THEY ACL THE BOOK IS VERY READABLE AND NEAT. I MUST HAVE BOOK SETS, FOR YOUNG AND TEENS."

-PAUL WALKER: TEACHER/ MUSICIAN NORTHERN CAMBRIA CATHOLIC SCHOOL, ST. BENEDICT SCHOOL, INDIANA UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, BACHELOR OF SCIENCE [B.A.), MUSIC EDUCATION

"I LOVE IT! I WOULD SAY ALL TEEN GIRLS SHOULD READ THIS BOOK, IT MAKES YOU THINK ABOUT YOUR LIFE, AND THAT YOU COULD NOT LIKE TO BE HERE TOMORROW."

-JACQUELINE S.

“SOMETHING I LOVE ABOUT THIS BOOK IS THAT GAY girl, WELL FEEL THEY HAVE SOMEONE TO RELATE TOO. NEVAEH SAGA BOOKS.”

-AMAZON REVIEWS

“THE NEVAEH SAGA, AND MARCEL RAY DURIEZ, I FIND THIS BOOK AS GOOD AS TWILIGHT. I LOVE HOW DARK IT CAN BE WITH A CLEVER AND HUMOROUS YET SOMETIMES SEXUAL WHY. THE CHARACTERS ARE VERY MUCH ALIVE AND HAW A LOT TO SAY. THE BOOK HAS A LIFE LESSON IN IT THAT REAL LOVE NEVER WALKS AWAY, EVEN AFTER ALL HOPE IS GONE AND YOU'LL GO AT ANY LENGTH TO KEEP THAT LOVE ALIVE. I CERTAINLY LOVED DURIEZ

THE MOST. I WOULD LOVE TO READ MORE BOOKS BY THIS PERSON. YOU BOTH ARE VERY TALENTED, BUT THAT WRITING, BY DURIEZ WAS AND IS BRILLIANT. THOSE PARTS KEPT THE STORY MOVING IN A TOUCHING MYSTERIOUS SUSPENSEFUL WAY. I CAN'T WAIT TO READ YOUR NEW NOVEL, MARCEL HOPE TO READ IT SOON! LOVING IT!"

-BARNES AND NOBLE REVIEWS

"I HAVE READ 10 PAGES AND LOVED IT, I MUST HAVE IT, IN PRINT."

-Angelo V. Gargaro of The Art Institutes

"THINK TEENS NEED A BOOK LIKE THIS TO OPEN THEIR EYES AND MINDS, WHY NOT THEY SEE IT ALL ANYWAY, I HAVE ALSO READ OVER 20 PAGES."

-PAM WORK

"THIS NEVAEH SAGA BY MARCEL RAY DURIEZ- IS A STRONG AND MAYBE VIVID STORY YET- KIDS NEED THIS TO HELP STOP BULLYING AROUND THE AGES OF FOURTEEN AND THE READERS OF THAT AGE AND UP THE STORY IS A GOOD ONE THAT NEEDS TO BE HEARD- FOR ALL YOUNG GIRLS THAT START HIGHSCHOOL."

-JO-ANNE RAYAZ

"I WOULD SAY LOOKING OVER THE BOOK AND THE WRITING THAT IT IS UP THERE WITH TODAY'S BOOK"

-KRISTEN MAJAH

"I FEEL IT WOULD BE NICE TO HAVE MORE OF MARCEL ON THE SELVES. I HAVE JUST READ THE ABOVE ROUGH DRAFT AND WOULD LIKE TO RECOMMEND IT FOR ENDORSEMENT. I'M WRITING ABOUT MARCEL DURIEZ'S BOOKS. I'VE BEEN A LIBRARY DIRECTOR IN HASTINGS, PA FOR THE LAST SIX YEARS. I PURCHASED HIS FIRST TWO BOOKS FOR THE LIBRARY AND HAVE RECOMMENDED HIS BOOKS CUDDLES AND SAMMIE AND ELLIE TO OUR PATRONS TO READ TO THEIR CHILDREN. THE PARENTS AND

CHILDREN BOTH LOVED BOOKS. I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO HIS NEW BOOK COMING OUT FOR TEENS [NEVAEH SAGA.] WHAT KID WOULDN'T LOVE THIS BOOK! I HAVE REVIEWED THE BOOK, AND I HAVE TO SAY IT IS OVERWHELMINGLY WORM, NOT TOO LONG NOT TO SHORT, AND IMAGINATIVE, SOMETHING CHILDREN WOULD LOVE TO LOOK OVER, AT BEDTIME! I HAVE READ OVER SOME CHAPTERS IN THE MANUSCRIPT AND I WAS CAPTIVATED, ALONG WITH ALL THE OTHERS HE HAS A READING TEAM THAT FELT THIS NEED TO BE IN ALL TEENAGER'S HANDS. I FEEL THE SAME- AS THEY DO. I HOPE THAT IT WILL BE IN PRINT VERY SOON. HE IS AN INDUSTRIOUS YOUNG MAN, ANO I WISH HIM MUCH SUCCESS.

-BERNADETTE DILLON LIBARNEN DERECORTER

I AM A FICTION LOVER THIS IS AN, INSPIRATIONAL STORY TO ME, I LOVE TEEN STORIES OF YOUNG LOVE, FRIENDS ARE NOT MORE IMPOTENT THAN THE LOVE OF YOUR LIFE.

-BECKY K.

Media Posts:

“I FIRST READ THIS BOOK AND SERIES BECAUSE I HAVE A HABIT TO READ LONG NOVELS SCIENCE FICTION FANTASY ANO EVEN PARANORMAL GENRES THAT I LIKE TO READ IT BEFORE THE MOVIE.

I LIKE THE FIRST-PERSON NARRATIVE BECAUSE NO ONE COULD TELL HER STORY BETTER THAN NEVAEH HERSELF, MAKING THIS FRESH. LIGHT READING, AN ATTRACTIVE STORY, ROMANCE FOR ALL AGES.

THIS BOOK AND SERIES WAS MY INTRODUCTION TO PARANORMAL ROMANCE. I'VE SINCE reading FAIRLY HEAVILY IN THE GENRE AND MY PERSPECTIVE OF THE SERIES HAS CHANGED SLIGHTLY BUT NOT TOO MUCH

FROM MY ORIGINAL THOUGHTS. WHEN APPROACHING THE SERIES, YOU HAVE TO RECOGNIZE IT FOR WHAT IT IS. THE TARGET RANGE IS FOR YOUNG GIRLS IN THEIR MID-TEENS AND UP. IT CONCENTRATED ON THE PASSIONATE MISSION THE PHYSICAL MYSTERIES OF YOUTH MORE THAN ACTION AND ADVENTURE.

IT IS A CLEAN NO VULGAR AN INSTANT LOVE STORY WHERE TWO PEOPLE BECOME OBSESSED WITH EACH OTHER ONE BECAUSE OF THE FLAWLESS BEAUTY AND HINT OF THE DANGER SHE SEES... ORIGINALLY POSTED ON NEVAEH WALKING THE HALLS."

"THIS WOULD BE AN AMAZING GIFT FOR A FAN OF LONG NOVELS OR FOR ANYONE WHO WANTS TO READ THE SERIES AND NOT FEEL

COMPLETELY EMBARRASSED BY CARRYING AROUND A PAPERBACK EDITION WITH A BUNCH TEENAGERS ON IT!”

“Truly this was a beautifully designed edition. Kept me interested in seeing more. The writer of the book made me want to see more, Perfect love story."

WRITER ENDORSEMENT: FOR MARCEL RAY DURIEZ

GORMISH CHIROPRACTIC, TEAM- DARON GORMSISH & DR GORMSISH

PRASKO ACCOUNTING

CHRIS CRAMER OF CREATIVE DIRECTOR AT POKE THE BAR PRODUCTIONS AND DIRECTORWITHMOREAU MOVIES / FILMING AMERICAN MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC ACADEMY

Shout out too: Our Town Paper and the Star Couriers, Web press, and WJACTV of media, along with Hastings Public Library as sponsorship and surveying reports of the world records.

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www.Duriez19.wix.com/MarcelRaDuriez

Enthusiasms:

Joy M. Duriez. The person who has inspired me from day one. 'You'll get where you want to go, you just have to trust that you can, and you will get there, have the faith.'

For more information about bullying go to:

http://www.stopbullying.gov

In the Memory of Diana-Lee Ansley/ Miller

Quote- Marcel Ray Duriez:

'I think of writing, like painting a picture with words.'

Type of books Marcel writes:

'Time travel, space, science, magic, superpowers, handicaps, conspiracies, and special relationships themed stories. Fan yet heavy science and high concept, high stakes, the box plots. Moments of being surprised by unexpected twists (as they should be.) The enjoyment of the challenge of figuring out villains who have logical motives that give them a good reason for being who they are and seeking what they seek, and when the morality line is blurred enough to make the reader wonder who is in the right.'

Genre: Fiction, Romance: Fantasy/ Science/ Suspense/ Mystery/ Biography/ Lifestyle

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www.Tinyurl.com/gft06zxx

A list of all book in the order in Nevaeh Saga: www.Tinyurl.com/newlooknevaeh

All books by Marcel:

www.tinyurl.com/allmarcelsbooks

Twitter: @Duriezray

Synopsis:

Nevaeh was never unusually inadequate at talking to boys—or anyone other than her best friend and fellow outcasts, due to the human trafficking, she was placed into at the age of 4. A deranged, loving narrative story focusing on the thoughtful look of a young girl, facing pain- as she bares her soul.' A Small-town in Pennsylvania, Nevaeh May Natalie was born in 1996 that is bullied by teachers and students alike, said to be brain dead within a class. Made to be Sped-Ed yet is brilliant. Nevaeh Hold on to a teddy bear, to feel safe, at most times, thumb-sucker, and sad to be regressed in mentalities, to 2nd grade. She is so petite in her stature, 95 lbs high voice, dislikes school and her hometown. Is jailed for anything and everything. Loves pink, and artwork. 8 siblings yet felt alone as the underdog.

Nevaeh is a 14-year-old girl living in Pennsylvania at the start of this story around the 2000s.

The feeling of the tale is, just because she is the smallest girl in her class, and other kids, classmates, mother, grandmother, and even her guardian, putting her down, does not mean that she, 'Navaeh' cannot rise above all the hatred and shine in the inspirational. Nevaeh's darkest day of her human life, Nevaeh commits suicide after the school day of not taking any more pain. However, that is not the end of her young life, but the start of a miraculous supernatural life's undertaking.

Neveah is remembered as the girl who existed. In the notebooks of her life. Likewise Nevaeh, in a town, that to her is just as backward as

her temperament is at times. Just like her name spelling also, she lives a life of bullying. Nevaeh feels that death is a way out of illness and misery. Before she passes, she lives her life out to see all that she has lost by choosing to relinquish to death, at the age of 14 becoming an angel if only in her mind there is always this evil entity with wickedness wanting torture and the feeling of loss within much darkness of cobwebbed-filled mind she has obtained from twisted brainwashing of her township. Nevaeh becomes lost in her mind, she makes up this world, to keep from going crazy. In this new immortality, she thinks happened is nothing more than dissociative amnesia, of looking for the searching of lost time, of finding the epiphany.

Pitch: A world that is depicting marvels that are contrasted to everyday reality and to accepted views of what is credible. Nevaeh like her name is the reverse of heaven, her fantastic story is being a teenage girl with a life that is just as backward as her name is for being exported for money, sex, and shame. Nevaeh all her life in penned down her story that was part of human trafficking, finding a unique voice when never having one before.

Referral "I believe in new talents in writing, like the Neveah manuscript. We have chatted about his work, and I would say he can go for his dreams. I did. If I must give an opinion, I feel he can do it." Said New York Times bestselling author, Lauren Oliver, writer of Rooms and Before I Fall.

Similar Books:

Similar Books: Pictures of Hollis Woods, Patricia Reilly Giff, Before I Fall, Lauren Oliver, The Hunger Games, Suzanne Collins, The Hunger Games Suzanne Collins, Carrie Stephen King, The Notebook Nicholas Sparks, and The Fault in our Stars, John Green, Twilight Stephanie Meyer, and J.K. Rowling

Target Audience: Target Audience: Special education needing hope and understanding of being in programs like Nevaeh. Romantic's looking for the dream of feeling the love they have never had. Fantastic ideologically, new age religiously, political, or economic nature, aesthetically whimsical and magically wondrous, dark yet faithful, in a way that gives pleasure through beauty in times of much pain and despair. Girls around 14 and becoming women. Nevaeh is a person under the authority control of another.

Bio:

I was born in 1991, in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, USA, and raised in a small town of Northern Cambria, previously known as Barnesboro. Currently, immense, unique, and unusual background in my experiences of writing and the arts. I am more than qualified to tell a story like this for my English background coming from- The Art Institutes and SNHU, and Alison Diplomas, and ten years of pushing. Fundamentals of English, Grammar, and Writing with a late expert's inauguration in English in creative writing in time. I am currently holding a bachelor's level in General education, from SNHU as a transferring student. I currently have 104 other self-published works. Published in numerous online and paper formats, like- magazine Let Fire, Web-Wire, The Our Town Newspaper, and Marline Newspapers, for the Star

Courier. My degrees at this date are in BA.GDM Graphic Design, Architectural Engineering Technology and Civil Technology, Residential Planning, (CDA), and Writing. My diplomas are under Fine Art and the Fundamentals, Health and Human Development, Advanced Physics, Children's Studies, Music Theory, English Grammar, and the Fundamentals, Electrical Drawings and Test Equipment, Educational Psychology, English Language and Literature Writing. I am part of the Kappa Pi – ETA Sigma Fraternity. Along with the National Technical Honor Society Fraternity. I have several children's books currently published, The Many Adventures of Cuddles holding a five-star review from reviewer Mamta Madhavan: for Readers Favorite, saying: A delightful and captivating storybook for children. The Many Adventures of Cuddles: Tobey, Pandora, and

Cuddles. The book featured in the 2016 Book Expo America (BEA), held last May 11 to 13 at McCormick Place in Chicago. Sammie and Ellie: How I Met my Family.

Nevaeh

Book: 1

A Book of Choices

Interval section 1

'Walking the Halls'

Preface: Have a voice:

'The power behind words and voices is substantial to life! I dedicated this book to all of you readers before you even read it, to understand- the book of misunderstandings for the misunderstood. To have a voice, when you were made not have one or told not to have one. Maybe if you are like me,

trying to get your voice back this is the story you need. Nonetheless, let us not fail to remember all the voices, which will never speak again, for being rejected and misunderstood.'

'Yes, be that voice with this book, this book is for you, to speak up, and be heard.'

'Why?'

'So, there are no more lost and forgotten voices of life. This book is a stepping stone to abolish bullying altogether, along with your help; we can take that step forward, and forget about the past!'

'At this time, I would like you all to take a moment of silence, to remember someone, that is no longer with us. So, they are not forgotten.'

Preface:

'To understand, you must read between the lines of a story just like mine. My wronging if you do not read this book, is you will find out fast that life is going to suck, and then you make the discovery, that you are going to die alone, and the hex- I have will now be on you.'

'At least that is what I thought; I thought I read, my story before it was written, and this note was the last thing that I was going to write. However, I never realized that there was so much more to life, which I did not appreciate. I came near

a stone's throw away from the end. Yet I got additional unplanned lifespans. Yet, was the second chance what I needed?'

'Nevertheless, there were things that I concerned my mind with, which was not substantial to my existence.'

'If anything- learn from me. Try to do the virtuous things I did and not the mistakes I made. Though it is up to you to decide what was good or bad, it is what you feel and believe is morally right in your mind.'

'Yeah- I never really put any thought into what was going to happen to me someday, and the others that are part of my surroundings.'

'However, life goes on, and the existence of what was stands for nothing but- a memory of what you can and cannot have. If you are someone like me, but all I ever wanted was someone that appreciates me. They say life is free or is it. Do I want it- No- not really!'

'The existence of life…!' 'Is what I do not want to have anymore. There must be a way out of all this misery that I live in today? 'They say dying is easy, as well as lasting, and living is difficult and uncertain.' While- I am going to find out!'

'Life is all about what you want, need, and love.'

'Likewise, existing in life comes down to what you cannot have in it.'

'All I have to say is do not let anyone or anything pin you down, and make you less than whom you are. Always be whom you were meant to be, regardless of what they say… because who in the hell are they!'

'My story- is graphic at times, just like looking into a black and white photo of the past in a scrapbook. All the color in it washes away over time, one way or another. Besides all that is left is still frames that keep on fading, and distorting.'

'On the morning I was scheduled to die, I saw my life as if I had lived it to its whole. Oh, the captivating angel beamed lovingly as she roamed forward help me hang myself, a part of me felt death, and other parts of my mind, body, and soul felt as if it would never dye.'

Chapter: 1

First Visions of Emotions

(The very next day)

'I am enduring will standing alone bare and yes, I am completely naked to the world outside. So, unprotected by the atmosphere above and around me, so unlike- the day, I was born into this hellish world.'

'My life was not always like this! Still as of now, I stand trembling on top of this cruel land, which I call my hereditary land or my hometown.'

'Some still call me by my name, and that is 'Nevaeh May Natalie.'

'Some of the others, like the kids I go to school with in this land, have other titles for me.'

'However, you can identify me by the name of 'Nevaeh.' That is if you want to.'

'I do not think that even matters to you, my name is… it has been replaced and it is not significant anymore. Nor does my name matter to anyone out there for miles around. At least that is the way it seems to me, standing here now as I see the bus come to take me there.'

'Names or not said to me, 'I feel alone!' I whispered to myself.'

'It is like I am living a dream. I did not think my nightmare of orgasmic, tragic, and drizzling emotions pouring in my mind would last this long.'

('Class, faces, names, done.')

'It like a thunderstorm pounding in my brain, as it is today outside. I have come home from yet another day of hell that would be called- school to you.'

'I do not even go into the house until I have this restricting schoolchild uniform torn off my body. I feel like my skin is crawling with bugs when it is on my figure.'

(Outside in the fields, next to the tracks)

'It is the middle- September and I am standing in the rain. It is so cold, so lonely, and so loveless! Additionally, this is not usual for me, I am always bare around my house, I have my reason you will see.'

'The rain has been falling on me like knives ever since the moment, I got off the yellow bus.'

'A thunderbolt clattered, more resonant than anything ever heard previously.'

'All the rain is matting my long brown hair on me as it lies on my backside longer than most girls. Yet I am okay with that at last, I am free.'

(I have freedom)

'To a point! I still feel so trapped by all of them.'

'Ten or twenty minutes have now passed; I am still in the same very spot. Just letting water follow me down. I am drenched!'

'I can feel the wetness as it lingers in my hair for a while, so unforgivably soaking my body even more as if sinking within me washing me clean.'

'Counting my sanctions, I feel satisfied in a way when I do feel it dropping offends my hair, as if 'God' is still in control of my life, even if I was sent to and damned to hell.'

'Like it is wiping away everything that happened to me today, away from the day of the past too.'

'The wetness is still running down the small of my back thirty minutes must have passed, and it is like my mind is off.'

'Currently, it follows the center point on my back. Then down in-between my petite butt cheeks. Water and bloodstream off my butt to the ground near the heels of my feet. I can feel as if that part of me is washed clean from the day that I had to go through.'

'Some of this shower is cascading off my little face, and it slowly collects on my little boobs, where it beads up and separates into two different watercourses down to my belly button.'

'I estimate this, as it goes all the way down the front of me. It trickles down on me, to where it turns the color of light pink off my 'Girly Parts.' As they would never be the same.'

'Almost like a waterfall gushing in-between my legs at this moment currently. Kissing, loving, and creasing me like, as my mud-covered toes, as I sink them in the dirt. My legs are so weakly holding me upright, after standing so long.'

'The pounding rains get more powerful. Making me fall to the ground with a soft thud, now covered by the clay. Where I will remain until I feel that I can get up and over what has transpired from

the day of hell I had and what has happened to me. That is if I can, like if I can accept this all, as I look down at me. The dropping rain is weeping for me, like 'God’s tears, even after this I still believe in.'

'The pain triples within me also like the thoughts all at the same time, I start rolling around, like a pig in mud. I have the sensation like I have been ripped in two parts in my centered hips and vagina.'

'However, it is like it is all pounding down on me at once. I look, up to the sky, lying on my backside. It jostles me, the thought of what it is that I want to do… with myself to escape.'

'Even with all this rain. I feel that my vagina will surely never feel the same, or like it is clean again. It is all because of them!'

'No!' I scream.

'The rainwater can only wash away somewhat of what they have done to me. Never all of it… never- ever! It cannot wash away all my fears that I have. They have sucked my bean above the hole! Tugged on the hood, until I thought they would bite it off me completely. That is why I am bleeding! Nevertheless, the school would not do anything about this, over I was the one that started it all; as the instigator.'

'They rubbed and touched me in all the places, yet this one the most. They ripped my black hole wide open, with their hateful fingernails and slashing teeth.'

'I cannot run away from them. They always find me! Always, I have nowhere to run or to hide!'

'I cannot stop them from fingering, stabbing, and sucking on me! My nipples are raw! They beat me up for enjoyment. Pledging with 'God' saying this must stop. Yet it goes on every school day.'

'I must get away from them. I need to getaway! ('I just need to okay!') It is like these visions of what my life's existence about comes and goes away from me.' I see my life before I live it out in its entirety.'

'Sometimes, it's like I am black, I am not biased, bigoted, discriminatory, prejudiced, antiblack, and racialist, let us get that clear; yet this is the category, I was placed in, as a girl owned by man, that think I should never do anything more than be something like a worker in a field, as a slave

to pay back my debts to be who I am to them in their hate.'

'The air that is around me now, is making my slit labia skin hurt with burn and sting. Burning hotter than a flame, before snuffed out! I know how a candle feels, struggling not to be blown out by the rushing air, or being snuffed out.'

'It's like they have a new addiction and that is the hole in my body that makes me a lady.'

'Just if you are wondering, I put my teddy in my backpack right after getting off the bus, after getting hazed by having him. he is incredibly significant to me.'

'I walk over to my bookbag, and see him down in their look at me, and find my one pink notebook. I open it to that one page I penned, the

one that I have dogeared. 'There it is!' I say as I rip it out, it recollects the day.'

'The paper is jagged and wet, but I have an adieu note in my hand. I made it earlier in school, at lunch, when I was sitting alone; on this wrinkled up pink notebook paper. The black ink is running like a watercolor all over all my trembling, quivering, shivering, and childlike penmanship handwriting. All it has on it are all words that need to be said, about my existence in life, not living! Decidedly not.'

'They're all there the notes the things, places, events, and even smalls, maybe spelled incorrectly, but there regardless, all have gone in this book of life I call- Sh-h as if making the most long-spun book in the world, with all my pages, are thick; all pasted, shoved and slammed together, furthermore mismatched, yet all has been said, in

my enchanting written long run-ons of memories, the way I fancy to remember.'

'I believe that like I am existing, not living! I have that down, as the first line of this page; next to all the doodles.'

'It is as if I have all these flashbacks, to the point it haunts me. Even at the strangest times, my mind drifts off, to dreamlike places.'

''It is all because of them!' I thought to myself, as I saw the note, and read it back to myself under my breath.'

'I have every right to be annoyed, feel disturbed, and scared. Why not record everything in a story, and hope not to sound too crazy, yet a little is okay.'

'Look at me! Now and close your eyes tightly. My mind is like- 'Yes, no, maybe…' and what do you believe, and think? Yes, I have contradicted myself I care too much what you think of me as if damaged, by words, and wicked hands.'

'Now can you see me?' I believe, like, I can still see all of them, in the past and now, and even you are judging me now.'

'I was never more like some of you: popular, accessible, attractive, and stylish and loved. Oppositely maybe you are like me, which fits into everything that category is- or oppositely is not.'

(I scream)

'Do you see my teardrops, that splash out of my blue eyes? Do you see everything I do? Do you see my brown hair that covers them and hides my

true emotions in class? Do you even care? Do you feel what I felt right now? Can you feel my hurting insides? Nope, no one can feel that unless they exist!'

'Have you ever had to feel just like I do? Can you see my makeup mixing with my teardrops, as it all falls to the ground like my emotions, passions, and caring? If not you are just as heartless as them!'

'No one is born condemning another soul because of the sensuality of or skin or their background or their faith, everything in my life is like trickling down my body, and away from me in every way imaginable.'

'As a result, the only thing I can do is get up and raise my hands to the heavens in the rain. While shouting the question- 'Why did you let this happen to me?'

'I hear that small voice in my head again it's a small whisper saying: 'End it! End it! As I was looking into the glow of the light of the envisioned angel of death.''

'I have nothing but my split thoughts rushing in my head. Like a screaming bolt of lightning cracking in the sky above me.'

''Hum, should I just end it all?' I mean I am only fourteen years old. Though there is not one person around here for me. Not one which is going to miss me at all.'

'I proceeded to that gloomy conclusion a long time ago. I would not be remembered. Would anyone remember me? Would anyone care? I should end it all right now?'

'I reminisce about me clutching my uniform, and how I would achieve my departure. The same awful uniform that I tugged, unsnapped, and ripped off myself, an hour ago, I see it over there like it is staring me down with a glint of evil.'

'Calling out as it is lying in the mud. I crawl over on my hands and knees, grabbing my minor skirt away from the button-down top, pulling the tie out of the collar. To do what must be fulfilled obeyed.'

'Holding the tie in my small hands. I pause and glance at my fingernails, which are painted lime green with pink straps, knowing this would be the last time I will.'

''Curse them all!' I say, will make the undone dark blue tie into a noose, looping, twisting,

and coiling it through itself making it snugger around my neck.'

'Notwithstanding that pain is nothing like what they put me through. Just like chivalry is dead, just like everything I do is felonies attached, by trying to live.'

'Notwithstanding that pain is nothing like what they put me through. Just like chivalry is dead, just like everything I do is felonies attached, by trying to live.'

'Nevertheless, if I was truly blessed by the holy water, from 'God,' then I am taking all the excrements that are in 'God' flush, with this rain shower as of this moment; as if it is only dumping on me.'

'At most inconsiderable with aforementioned, it's accomplished and finished speedy.'

'Forgetting, I also remember regarding that last fall, that I would relish my legacy, never thinking it would be my writing that would stand the test of time.'

'I have the belt and the tie around my collar attached to the angel oak tree, next to the swing the rope from the childhood swing.'

'Now with my eye one twitching, I hang above the girl by three feet. Death has found me.'

''Oh yes!' Ha, it would be my peace, tranquility at last, yet still, I did not know where I was going.'

'Certainly, I don't desire to hang myself, but at the same time, I did, the angel was right, after all, she knew me, and I loved her more than life, yes a girl.'

'The voices in my head are going away and the light is more vibrant.'

'I did not have a choice at duration, as if someone were thinking for me? Oh assuredly, I dangle!'

'The drawing of the monarch butterfly, the pointed star, the hand over my face, and my one blue eye in the tri, now litter the ground in my notes and drawings.'

'Yes, the ultra-freedom of tree branches above me, the hinging of the foliage, the sun

cascading until night, to the shooting stars to the following daybreak.'

'This ancient tree is next to the rundown house, next to the tracks! The home of loneliness and it feels as empty inside as I did, yet it is not empty at all.'

Exceptional, I look here the next day when I am found, some asked 'why?' And with 'she's too young.'

'Yet, it was good riddance in mocking me with a stigma, 'to have one less retard with disabilities on the streets, that we someday must pay for with tax money that would molest our children, or creep on them, like a stocker, over not knowing better.''

'Nothing lost,' said the town, looking at me, along with 'just an unwanted expense, and waste of life and time; she was doing nothing but taking away from some child that wants to learn in their education.'

'All she wanted to be more attention, the sick freak.'

'I wanted to show them what hate looks like! And this is it, I did this mainly so that everyone from my school of hell, and ass hole of a town can see me up here in the tree naked and hanging I got the idea from them.'

''Dope out and kill yourself.' Their true words, not mine.'

'That way everyone, even here would be able to see me, with their own eyes.'

'One grave would not change a society's mentality of mind; I would be another left-behind.' Furthermore, like an art piece, they can see the wounds that they did to me; if they did not care the outside world would out of this three-mile radius, from where I am at.'

Realizing all the gashes, which they gave me over time, and the ones, I give myself because of them. They all can look at me like this just art, and see it all, just like this, I see it every day when I look at my reflection anyway. They all can think- about what they have done to me.'

'However, I do not think they would care, and they did not. Yet the world that would be another story, if they did see me hanging there bare, lifeless, and limp; this story would not have been said as a teen voice of hope.'

'I thought at that point, that I dyed at fourteen as a virgin, said, I know, yet that may not be true. When I was sure, by the girls bragging to me always, they were solely made women around and near the time they all turned the age of twelve.'

'As a girl, you are letting out part of your body to a boy, and most young men don't get this, and trusting them of letting you start the gift of life.'

'Remember you do not need to get pregnant at any age, you girls have contraceptives, as they did.'

'You must lie there spread, to make a baby; even I know that. Yet that is why we have a marriage, before getting it on, a commitment of you being your daddy possession still virgin with his name until you now have given to a man for 25 dollars to only now be taking your new loves last

name and his hard loving, as he claims you as his possession, yet he should keep you for all that understanding.'

'They have no emotions for me in their pea-brained minds, to feel anything. I ask- can you grasp me like a hug; can you feel me, as I feel now? Can you get the impression of me hanging there, all by myself, have you been there? I am so lonesome and afraid!'

'I wanted to be like them, to be plagued pretty and guilty in the ah of such surrender.'

'You know, I do feel as if I would be better off being dead! Don't you think so too? I know you do. How did I let things get so out of hand? Or did I? Is this all meant to be? Really… I do not know?'

'I just do not know what to believe anymore. I swung through the air and plunged as I jumped off the branch. I arranged it right!'

'Simply, like I planned this, as it was said. One way or another, I never come to my senses. I never got loose from the noose, on my tree next to my child-like swing. I know that I was dead and everything, yet something happened to me like the day rewound, to that moment, of the big fall, of me falling. Yet this time, I slipped out of the tie, and fall hard to the ground below, as if I were, I was still yet not alive the day of the attempted suicide.'

'That is when, I walked into the home as if I would have like any other day, with my head down, going to take a bath and get ready for supper, with guardian Hope. Plus went up to the steps up to my room dripping wet my braindead mind puzzled.'

'My sweet brown shaggy teddy bear was the only thing I grabbed covering my body from dinner, then I went into my room. My pink nighty top on my bed from the night before. Truly, I did not care about my nakedness anymore; , I am wild, continuous, unbroken, and untamed.'

'Moderate retardation books,' said Hope when she picked them up under her breath, showing them back into the unzipped backpack.

'I feel so weird, like never; I sat stark naked in my bed soaking wet, rocking hoping for nightfall to come. to see if the next day I would have to go to school.'

'How? I do not know. Just like fast-forwarding it will only dawn another day. That is going to repeat all the hell ones more, I am just sure of that.'

'Previously this is my question, I asked myself, as I am laying in my bed holding onto my teddy bear far too tightly. 'Is it me who is the problem, or the ones that are all around me?''

I answer myself- 'I know that there is not one person on this planet, who genuinely cares if I am even here or not.' Oh, 'God' - 'Why does my life have to be like this?'

'I do not think I can take any more of living in this town or going to this school!'

Part: 2

'The PEOPLE, SCHOOL, EVERYONE, and EVERYTHING is so FAKE AND GAY.'

'I shrieked, at the top of my voice fingers outspread and frozen in fear, unlike ever before in

my young life; being the gentle, sweet, and shy girl that I am.'

'Besides always too timid to have a voice, to stand up for me, and forced not to, by masters.'

Amidst my thoughts racing ridiculously, 'it is all just another way for the 'SOCIETY' to make me feel inferior, they think, they are so 'SUPERIOR' to me, and who I am to them.'

'Nonetheless, every day of my life, I have felt like I have been drowning in a pool, with weights attached to my ankles.'

'Like, of course, there is no way for me to escape the chains that are holding me down.'

'The one and only person, that holds the key to my freedom: WILL NEVER LET ME GO! It is like there is within me, and has been deep inside me!'

'I now live in this small dull town for too damn long. It is an UNSYMPATHETIC, obscure, lonely, depressed, and depressing place, for any teenage girl to be, most if you are a girl like me.'

'All these streets surrounding me are covered with filth, and born in the hills of middle western Pennsylvania mentalities of slow-talking and deep heritages, and beliefs, that don't operate me as a soul lost and lingering within the streets and halls.'

'My old town was left behind when the municipality neighboring made the alterations to the main roads; just to save five minutes of commuting, through this countryside village. Now my town sits on one side of that highway.'

'Just like a dead carcass to the rest of the world, which rushes by. What is sullen about this is

that it is a historic town, with some immeasurable old monuments, and landmarks.'

'However, the others I see downright neglect what is here, just like me, it seems. Other than me, no one cares. Yet I care about all the trivial things.'

'I am so attached to all these trivial things as if they are a part of me. It disheartens me to see anything go away from me.'

'It's a community where the litter blows and bisects the road, like the tumble-wheats of the yore of times past.'

'Furthermore, if you do not look where you are going, you will fall in our trip, in one of the many potholes or heaved up bumps in the pavement, or

have an evacuated structure masonry descending on your head.'

'Merely one foolproof way of simplifying the appearance of this ghost town.'

'There are still some reminders of the glory days when you glance around.'

'Like the town clock, that is evaporated black that has chipped enamel; it is always missing a few light bulbs.'

'The timepiece only has time pointing hands on the one side, and it nevermore shows the right time of day.'

'The same can be assumed for the neon signs on the mom-and-pop shops, which flicker at night as if they're in agonizing PAIN.'

'Why? To me is a question that is asked frequently.'

'It is all over negligence!'

'I get the sense and feeling most of the time, as they must prepare when looking around here at night.'

'The streetlamps do not all work, as they should. The glass in them is cracked.'

'The parking meters are always jammed, or just completely broken off their posts altogether.'

'The same can be said, for the town sign that titles this area. It is not even here anymore, as it should be now moved to the town square or shortage of a park.'

'The town is nameless, yet not it lost their valid names, but the post is all that is left behind. Yet, I call this town- 'McAnulty' or 'The Land of Many Steeples,' as I like to call it.'

'Simply look around from a high place, you'll see why.'

'The red brick roads have been covered over yet not all, along with the tram tracks underneath.'

'Now covered over with lumpy tar patches. It stripped away the beauty of the postcard former boom town.'

'Don't you think so?'

'I mean just look at the plywood that is covering over the windows of: 'The Bayard Hotel.' It seems like every other building is falling around me,

and made into a parking lot, ran over and pressed down and forgotten to time.'

'No one cares, that it is happening. Yes, falling apart just like me!'

'Yeah, I have no postcard envy- about this place, yet was once a postcard town!'

'Sometimes, I walk along the railroad tracks. Which goes throughout this land, which truly has been forgotten about. Back to my home 'The Dwelling of Lost and Lonely Dreams,' as I call yet others would call this the estate, of my caretaker.'

'This is one of the places that consume me every moment of every day when I am not sitting in the hellhole- alias I give to going to high school.'

'Yes, that is what I call the establishment, the hellhole! Here in this rural town, I sometimes do

not think there is intelligent life, most are red-nick, gypsy trach, brainwashed farm-like simpleton's, that forget they fall off a boat too to be here, locked in redwing- catholic purgatories nevertheless still thinking their good Christians and people, blasting their guns into Outerspace, and showing flags of demanding hate and selecting foes, when you are the bad one, for think you can't be anything more than the same shade of gray, into Outerspace when you are the bad one.'

'Why do I think this? I lived it!'

'Will because the only thoughts that go on in their minds are who is going out with whom, or media, evidence more signs.

'And the simple questions of- With. Who? What. When. And Were. Including with whom, of what is 'sucking' or 'freaking.'

'In my age group, it seems all they want to know is if they are dating, faking, or taken. Like, sucking face, sucking off, sucking on, sucking it, sucking at it, freaked up, freaked off, freaking up or even up freaked.'

'As well as if, they are gay, straight or whom they are making a baby- without making the baby, with some boy, they never know. for some this is okay and others not.'

'I like to say that this sweet old town has become more like a wild habitation over time of animals.'

'Where the guy's faces look as if smashed by a frying pan and have not made cave dweller standards, a place- where the libido is the only part of the brain that is not dead. 'Where the dresses,

toilettes go up, the pants, panties go down, and everything goes in the HOLE.'

'You know what I mean right? You cannot have a girlfriend or your gay, where you cannot talk to a boy or you are laying him, or taking him away, or have a friend or a friend over paranoia.'

'Where seeing someone your age is harassment, and you'll never- ever know them, or its stocking, and touching a hand is now statutory rape.'

'It is an inhabitant or natural selection; everyone knows your name or your slur replacing it.'

'However, they all do not even care if you exist in life at all. 'Turley, I have my coffin color chosen now.'

'It's occupant's main concerns in their existence of life are the status updates, they are getting from everyone they think they know, on their cell phones, laptops, and other networking connections.'

'All these kids must contend one way or another. It is like the most important part of their day- surely it is. As for me, I thought I could care less about what other people SAY, DO, and THINK.'

'That I am my person... that does her own thing to get agents the normal, yet I was never-ever normal.'

'I will not let any devices roll my life.'

'That this is the problem with my generation. Like they have their heads up their ASS

as if it is a top hat, and they cannot see what is going on around them.'

('I wanted so hard to be just like them.')

'Nevertheless, they are not seeing what they need to see.'

'Stop being so naive about what is going on all around you!'

('I understand this now, I didn't them.')

Here are some things I see on weekdays in my week. These days consist of me having to ride on these disgusting yellow school buses, with their STICKY FLOORS and RIPPED UP SEATS while having everyone; staring at me with simple smiles on his or her faces, the bus is transporting all of us to the hellhole of a school.'

'Oh my, I have to endure this every day, other than Saturday and Sunday.'

'This is my existence in life?'

'It is all repetition constantly.'

~*~

'It is, Saturday, I am in my room like most of the day I am working around the house helping out, what I can.'

'Then it ends...'

'Sunday, it is going to church- not loving the idea, yet I demanded to go, homework; shower earlier than on other days, and off to bed early at 8 P.M.'

'Like the day before it ends.'

'About that time every night, that is when I put on my favorite pink nighty, which I remove when I am under my cozy bed covers and comforter.'

'Always making sure, I am with my teddy bear and naturally, I am safe from all of them at least until morning comes.'

(Daybreak Monday morning)

'The lights flash on the bus, and I swear the faces are pressed agents, the windows looking at me as if I am gifted and soon to be bleeding offering to the bullies.'

'Then when on the school bus, I sit and watch these poor innocent kids like me, as they are harassed myself included in it all, yes picked on constantly; as if they are reigning towers over us

like the four sisters that live up the way from me, we are their victims on the bus and at school.'

'They smash our faces into the crud-covered floor until the words no longer hurt.'

'With the higher authority bus drivers and teachers of trust are doing nothing to STOP what is going on with us, most of the time they are just as corrupt. Yet it is mostly me that is in the line of their rage.'

'They are the higher authority, in this case, the bus driver, she chooses to look away! Then after the fact, at school, they ask these feeble-minded questions.'

'What did you do?'

-And-

'Why are you there then?'

-And-

'Leave them strictly alone.'

'No explanations on my part stand, they already know- I was the bad girl.' This is said, with a hand in my little face; like do not speak.

'Why should it matter… what we did or did not do when we did nothing wrong?'

'No one is guiltless.'

'If there is BLOOD, and my tears, and the teddy bear that makes me feel safe, and pencils and books falling onto the floor it really should not matter either way.'

'Am I right- I think so? Then again, I have the development of a girl that is seven years of age, so they say.'

'You know I believe, most of the time, I along with some others we do not do anything to provoke the persistent bullying; in which we all tolerate.'

'It is just so upsetting to me; knowing that I cannot do anything to stop what is going on, and all I can do is squeeze my teddy bear in a strong hugging embrace.'

'Why? Because- If I would help them or even try to help myself… then, like I would have to endure more things that they do even more than I do already.'

'I have enough shit to deal with; I do not need it anymore. I just keep silent. Furthermore- 'What can I do?' You know, I have come to the realization there is nothing I can do.'

'Exceptionally if you are a girl or miss just like me.'

'I do not have the ranking or the power to do what most would be able to do.'

'Do you comprehend what I am telling you or no? I have come to believe that if you comfort others you get nothing but grief, depression, sadness, anxiety, and pain.'

'Sorrowfully, I have discovered this one thing the hard way!'

'Like most lessons in my life, not always by choice either.'

'Don't me not forget to mention, if you help or try to care about someone that is bullied that is way down on the crap list, you help then you are going down with him or her like the 'Titanic' you know the ship hitting an iceberg thing, and you know that you do not have a lifeboat or a way out, once you start going down with it.'

'I am observantly at the lowest point, you see. I am so low, down on the list, that in the ranking levels of notoriety, I will never receive back up. It is all part of life's vicious circle of suffering, agony, misery, and torment.'

'That makes them feel more attractive, stylish, fashionable, and popular, and satisfied in their life, I presume. I do try to find within everyone peace all the things that make them all those things.'

'I try to love them for who they are, and not what they are.'

'I do, I care about every person.'

'I do try, but what has it gotten me… other than a broken heart.'

(At school just like every day or any day)

'At school, all these days, I must sit in this hellhole! Where the only Independence, freedom, emancipation, and privilege I have would be the color, shade, and intensity, pattern, of my socks and the color, tone, and brightness of my fingernails.'

'I feel, and I am just like a uniformed little robot, overreacting at times, or like someone that has Dementia lost in bewilderment.'

'I must sit here and do as they tell me to do. I cannot bloody stand this!'

'I want to uproot my long HAIR OUT, more than I do over tensions, strains, and struggles, with my fingers, while I am twirling it with my left hand; and tapping my fingers with the other as I fidget.'

'At the same time, out of anxiety biting on my fingernails on the right hand at times when not tapping the seconds away. All at the same time I am, being isolated in a 'STORAGE CLOSET' that they call a classroom for most of the day.'

'I ask why?'

'Why do I need to listen to all this mindlessness, and nonsense, rubbish, garbage, stupidity, and foolishness that WILL NOT have any purpose in my life at all!'

'Aw-gr! my hand's clinch.'

'My God, why?'

'This what I said, under my breath, it is a master's stroke proficiency of wonder to you that I am not retarded, backward, slow, special needs, yet you think that is so don't you.'

'Those that have said, being a high school first-year student, are supposed to be the most fabulous, likewise most prominent years of your life. like, you know what they are wrong and unwise!'

'Being a fourteen-year-old girl, you have your ranking, your status, as a place in society, community, and culture.'

'For instance, you have your 'Preps, Jocks, and Nerds, Horny Bandies,' as you do in any school in the 'United States of America' what is so

intriguing about me is that I do not seem to fit into any of these categories, or my I do and it did not seize me to mind?'

'I hypothesize that I am not snobby and stuck up enough to be in the preppy girl's group ever, or that stupid; yet not judging.'

'Um like, I know that shaking my ass along with pom-poms is just not my thing.'

'Neither do they want me to be around them doing all that, as I would? Not to say that I have not tried out to no avail.'

'Then there are these boys like alpha male chauvinistic pigs in a habitation of their own, lolling their loins, to all the damsels that will gaze, slang would call them 'Jocks' they are just a grouping of

boys that have no life, other than sweaty stinky sports; and playing with balls others and their own.'

All they do is try to get with many different girls every night, and play patty cake in the day, like most in school do, instead of studying. 'You know what I mean, and you do.' 'That is GROSS… yes, is it not?'

(Your reply here, I will wait.)

I well sit here incapacitated, damaged, and undermined in a catatonic state, as I am said to do by kids and teachers alike in class and at the school.'

'Nonetheless, I respect myself more than that, but it is getting harder to regardless. If that is what it takes to be popular, I do not want it.'

'These types of guys just are not worthy of me I suppose, yet I can help but wonder what it

would be like to be under one, as all these girls have, and brag to me about experiencing, mocking, and rubbing it into my face.'

'The other girls can have them all they want, and you know they do, and I don't.'

'I miss it all!'

'Then lastly, 'Nerds and Horny Bandies;' a tragic and pathetic group of creatures that are so misunderstood. Yet still, higher up than me.'

'Really through no fault of their own there just horndog creeps. Most of the time, it is just the way they all are- like being gay, and not what they choose to be. Just like most of us out there, I get it.'

'You know I am not even on that list either, maybe it is over asexuality I have.'

'As for me- and my category, I would have to say that I am in the 'Rejected classification- or as I like to say equals (=) part of the (LGBT) lesbian, gay, bisexual, and transgender (often used to encompass any sexual orientations or gender identities that do not correspond to heterosexual norms.) I am misunderstood,' 'Reject, know to me as and (=)' ...and over is what they call 'SPED.' (Special Education) without needing to be it is all over not having a voice as being a child, and as a child I am overruled.'

1. 'One who attends special education classes.'

2. 'The special education program.'

3. 'An insult used when someone does something stupid.'

4. 'She is a sped.'

5. 'Nevaeh you are such a sped.'

6. 'No one will date you or give you a job you are sped, and braindead.'

(You got it, do not run away, I have more to say.)

'Still, I do not want anybody's pity, yet I am not going to get it anyways.'

'I just want RESPECT!'

'That is just something I cannot have been in this unwanted grouping. Being in this rejected category is not always pleasant as you can see. I have learned to adapt and overcome life's many difficulties up to now at least.'

'I have learned that some people can do harmful and heinous things to others, yet they

prosper. Then someone like me must SUFFER through it all.'

'It eats at you over time, 'people are fake anger and frustration will eat at you like cancer. Until it kills you, or they do within you!'

'When I look back at everything in my past, the whole image comes into focus.'

'Yet this is the way I want to see this, over I believe.'

'Revenge is not the answer, everyone gets a turn to face justice. It is just a matter of time.'

'They, kids, educators, and physicians, will get there. Those who speak tales will pay profoundly for their slanderous phrasing, I will make sure of that.'

'All the individuals who talk crap behind your back and put on a front for others. they think they are deceiving you, yet I know who they are.'

'Then again, you know what they have been saying. They may be fooling everyone, yet they are not fooling me.'

'I have been living under their false rumors all my life, it has been questionable just why I have.'

'Simply never this serious; in the past, I have triumphantly prospered, in having pieces of information held in my little brain on my part helping myself, in understanding the hex on my life.'

'I have not done anything to any person; I just really want to help people and to get to know them, that's all.' Yet I do not think that is happening anytime soon.'

'Although I can't have friends, others won't let me.'

'I know who they are that stop me from having a life, as well as I, know all the lies that they have been saying about me.'

'Although I know something that everyone else does not know in this town. Individuals like them are pathetic for destroying innocent lives like mine.'

'Those people need to get lives of their own! Why so that girls like me can have ours.'

'The entireties that are saying this slander needs to stop and think about their actions before they write or communicate lies.'

'Just remember you think it is thrilling now, but you will have consequences to face before it is all said and done.'

'That everything you do may come back and haunt you forever!'

Chapter: 2

Natural Life

'Call me 'Ms. Natalie.''

'I was born into this insignificant small town on a warm summer's day in 1995, so the story would go on what I know.'

Nevertheless, I thought, what more picture-perfect way for me to start my story about me, than with the beginnings of my life. I am no one special

just made to be for all the wrong reasons. Do not understand you will.'

'I remember being ripped out into the realities of the world, with my fingernails tearing gashes into my mother's birthing walls like a wild cat's claws. Naturally, I guess, from the day of conception, my goal was to understand something clearly at last; I was always rushing towards the enlightenment from day one.'

'It is amusing, how when you are being pushed out of the womb. You go for wisdom, and you see the world for the first time; the information is slowly tunneling in front of you. Yet all your life you wish that you were back in there, not knowing.'

'Just to think that a small opening is what starts all forms of creation in life, and what the sisters want from me. Most around here know that I

am their target, and Ava wants me, Lily is the only thing that is the only good about life. No- to them, it is not about the life that comes from this; it is just getting a thrill.'

'It is more like the thrill of just doing it and doing it. I am sure that is fun, and that too, but I want something more to come of it all. I want to love and feel the love!'

'Meanwhile, when I was being born, I do recall seeing all these faces, and it like I was there from other views of perspective for the first time, and that was when I made the bond with my father. The first time he held me in his arms. I could see it, yet was it all just more lies? Everything about my life was lies.'

'He cut my umbilical cord, and that was the promise that will never die.'

'I was his girl forever, he said. What intrigues me is when you die you see the same light. If you are like me, then you are wishing that you would see that light for the last time.'

'I was a premature baby, a plan to be, yet that was not why I was where I was in school; there was nothing wrong with my brain. No trauma to my mind, body, and spirit.'

'While she was carrying me inside of her, it would be a wonder. if they were not right, that something would be wrong. My mother smoked three packs of cigarettes a day and was on drugs, more drugs than they think, I should be on, like a happy pill of Ritalin or off the street like my profile would suggest, as others in my classes are of childish aesthetics.'

'While she was carrying me inside of her, she was not considering me. I can see how stereotypes could happen, my mother was third-class white trash, and my dad was second-class wealthy.'

'I hope that I kick her in there, so hard that one of her boobs would have smacked her in the face. For being irresponsible that is why. I am a very loving girl; however, she would have deserved that! As far as my mother goes, she did nothing but give childbirth to me.'

'Of course, I was the product of two people that were not married. They were not truly in love. I was in an accident, which just happened one night in a random sex session in some random place. My mother always had a way of getting what she wanted.'

'My parents lived together, but they were never genuinely happy together. The makeups after the fighting are what kept their union going for them.'

'A relationship of lust only, not love, and they surely were not in love with one another. I would say that they were just friends with benefits. It was an unplanned event that just seemed to happen.'

'Nonetheless, my parents were pleasantly surprised to find out that I was a baby girl and their first child together when they went for an ultrasound.'

'Mainly since they thought that they were being, so careful every time they did it, guess not! I still have my birth card with my little footprints on it.'

'Sure, they were a young couple; my mother was fifteen the first time she got pregnant with my step-sister and somewhat older with the others.'

'My dad was thirty years of age when he first hooked up with my mother.'

'My mom's name is Leah, she looks like me yet, I am fairer skin toned than she is; I am just country white or so they say that in a way that is backward to me. It is just what is in my blood, just part of my inheritance, which I got.'

'The one good thing, I got is her eyes, they are the same as mine, and her hair long and the same shade of color as mine too. Yet I have my dad's personality, thankfully, and his big loving smile, which seemed to sparkle down at me.'

'She was the fifth teen at the time she had me. They even had to stop her labor. Since I wanted to pop out too soon, yet I did anyway. Mom is a smaller woman, so I would say I was cumbersome for her at her last stages, yeah- I guess that is why I am smaller. I would have to say that, I brought them together, mom and dad; if only for a little while at least.'

'On the day of my birth, my mother looked into my eyes and said, 'she is just like a piece of heaven.' Therefore, at that moment, that is how I became 'Nevaeh' heaven spelled backward. My dad said yes-a a heavenly baby let us, spell it in reverse, and that can be her first name.'

'My mom said- weakly while trying to draw in a breath, through her nose; after being worn out from pushing. While I was placed on her chest, I was

clamped down on her, drinking the ever so needed milk from her nipple, I needed to get the much-needed nourishment from her breast milk because I was so frail! At the same time, she said- yes- yes, she whispered.'

'That is completely fine with me, I like that name for her. Look at her go- 'Isn't she cute,' said- my dad, 'Yes' said my mom, and 'cute is the word for her.'

'So, having a unique name, everybody knows you. Besides, know where you are from, and they think, that they know what you are all about; from who your parents are and where they live.'

''Names are just one of those things that I have learned to deal with throughout my life.' I am not saying that I do not enjoy my name- I do.'

'However, my name is a motto for my whole life. It seems that everything I have done has been a struggle and has been all ass-backward. I have always taken one step forward and taken ten steps backward.'

'Consequently, that has been my existence at the starting of my life too, and that set the tone for most of my life up to this point, as you could have assumed.'

'My mother was an unemployed person around that time, who cared more about her social life, than anything else in her life at that time. It was not long after me coming home everything fell apart.'

'Yes, that included me too. Although, at this time, she had everybody fold thinking that she was the 'IDEAL' young mother. She had children from

her previous engagements to men whom she did not absolutely love.'

'They all just used her, and they knew that she had to put up with their shit because she had no means of establishment in her life. I predict she was addicted to their ways of life.'

'My mom only had an eighth-grade education, seven more than what I have now as a freshman; 'I guess you do not need to have a diploma just to know how to reproduce.'

'You just must lay there; it does not take much effort at all. That kind of work in my mother's eyes was the ideal job that fit her criteria. She knew how to do it well. Besides, some kids do not let me forget about it either. I cannot choose my mother- what can I say?'

'My father's name is Ray Jay; he decided to take my mom off the crud-covered streets in 1994. He treated her like a little princess. I mean anything this girl wanted he would get it for her if he could.'

'That was one fatal mistake he made. Then again, on the other hand, I would not be here, if it would not have been for these events that took place. So it was meant to be, or things would have been so different without me? It is worth thinking about.'

'Daddy is remembered for his unique sense of style, and expression in his joking personality. He was always wearing cowboy boots, and leather jackets, along with having silver chains hanging from his blue jeans.'

'He always had long hair for the duration of his life. I can still envision in my mind what he

looked like when I was a baby and a young toddler. I SO WISH, he was with me.'

'However, he passed away a long time ago. Nevertheless, it is as if I can still see his brown eyes looking down at me even though I was young at the time.'

'He was the one, the only one- that truly treasured me. I was his pride and joy- his little girl, and he made sure everyone knew it. Yet I was- ripped away from his clutching hands.'

'I remember that night he was mysteriously gone away from my life forever. Yet it is faint in the depths, and cobwebs in the back of my mind.'

As always, everything is covered up instead of having an investigation. They rolled his death and premature end as a suicide. To them, it is all the

same, just another dead person, decomposing on the bathroom floor.'

'My only question is how can someone that is right-handed pull the trigger of the pistol, with his left hand? How can the clumsy hand manage to do that, when their skills are on the other hand?'

'It had to be murder it was either my mother or my grandmother from her side, whom I never met! That is what I believe- yet not what the kids on the bus scream in my ears though. That everything I think is a tale of my brain damage.'

'They like to rub it in, that he is gone, and how he did it. I know who committed the crime, and I think you do too? I believe that he will not be her last victim either.'

'From what I know about the blood splatter on the walls, it clearly shows that somebody smashed his head into the bathtub. I was told that his skull was cracked. Furthermore, his eyelids were forced wide open, which gives the impression that he was in shock, and I think if you were holding a gun to your head, you would close your eyes.'

'The outcome of all of this was not a result of him falling naturally to the floor. With an intentional effort, here, there was too much momentum to it than just one last drop. The bullet was fired, by someone like my mother or my grandmother; I was sure of this!'

'You know it would have been hard for him to run because he was using walking canes at that time.'

'That was all a result of being crippled in a classic bike motorcycle accident, which happened sometime before I was born.'

'His last breath on earth was the beginnings of me living a silent life of misery.'

'Nonetheless, this was also mine too, at my death in less than five minutes, when we embraced for the first time; just past the gates to the beyond in the mixed the mists of soft clouds, yet come to find out, I would not be there long before, I would lose him again when I would learn what it means to fall.'

'Without having a father to comfort me, I had no one to stand up for me. Just like that, just like the same way the coroner took him away, he was gone!'

'All I have left is to look at is a gray stone in the graveyard, which calls out to me sometimes. Some nights in the past I would go and walk in the cemetery to see the stone looking at me, yet it is cold and does not say much. It does not tell any stories; of who he was to anyone or me when it is my time, and all I got was five minutes.'

'Somehow, I feel closer to him being over his plot.'

'My mother Leah took advantage of all situations, as she knew that it would benefit her life. That was just the way it remained for her.'

'She was also the product of an unwed family. She was treated very carelessly as a child, locked in dog cages when bad, or so my faint memory recalls, an odd living hell with strange love.'

'Her father was known around town for being very loving, thinking he was still a police officer for the town. Nonetheless, he was a molester, and really, I should already know this, has not remembered anything since the 'Vietnam War,' where all I get is a montage of baby-killing 1960s songs playing in my mind of 'Eve of Destruction,' and 'Running Through the Jungle;'

'Anyways, he was an affectionate person, he was always kissing, caressing, feeling, rubbing, stroking, licking, fingering, touching, and teasing, her and her sisters inappropriately.'

'This can mess a person up mentally, or so I accept as true, and they say I should know.'

'Like why, I still go to bed and fall asleep sucking my thumb, as I always did, all bunched up

with teddy, and my blankie; like I always did and still do.'

'Besides that, is why I believe she could not love anybody? Why do you ask? She does not love herself, because of shame inside.'

'Her innocence was stripped away at an early age. Thus, she felt she had to give it all away to any man, in any way she could; just to make up for what they lost.'

'Her mother whom in my mind, I have not yet met, used to slap her around and was verbally and psychologically abusive to her. Saying things like she was nothing but a piece of shit to her; that she deserved everything that her father would do to her at night.'

'My assumption is that is why she treated me the same way, and all the mind direction, I have had could never take that away.'

'When you grow up in that kind of environment, that is what you know- and it becomes almost instinct to you.'

'All children are like a clay form, you mold them into what you want them to be and become.'

'I think!'

'Therefore, no wonder that is how she turned out everything is linked to responsibility.'

'I think!'

'You can either pass or fail!' Thus- 'I think that someone can only take so much before they

crack. It is sad because, the persons that they turn on are the ones that cared about them the most.'

'My father was a well-liked man who cared about everyone, even individuals that he did not know, yet my mother not so much, or so my memories would hold.'

'Daddy tried to be the most trustworthy person that he could be. He was murdered without explanation they found his body; on the bathroom floor of my first home, somebody went and put a bullet through his left temple; on a chilly night in December of 1996.'

'As I said, I was only a year old, and I lost the first person in my life that genuinely cared about me. The case to this present day is still undetermined in what indeed happened.'

'However, as I said, I know who committed this crime all at the hands of the mummy; and I know that therefore my life turned out the way it did thanks to her. There is only one person to blame for all this hatred, (HER,) for the torment, torture, and pain.'

'The person that- deceived us all, the mother, and my granny! After my father's death, my mother decided to skip town with me in her care.'

'I remember this one night. I would not say that I had what most would call an ideal situation of being raised. I was tossed into the environments of turmoil.'

'A dark gloomy situation, where you end up in ghetto-style homes with illegal actions, and situations that were just part of the everyday

surroundings. This was part of my unordinary life at that time.'

'I remember one housing situation in my childhood. It was a stormy night, and I was- locked into a dark bedroom in the house. I watched the lightning streak across the sky from the broken window-pane in which I was starting.'

'Like seeing all these raindrops going down the window panes like lonely teardrops, reminded me of my every emotion at that time, and times when I am sad. With lightning, it brightened my room for split instants.'

'Until I saw a silhouetted figure, it was my mother walking into the room, as she did many times or one of her crazed boyfriends of the night.'

'She threw me on the musky sheets of my bed and began strapping me down. I was stripped of any forms of dignity naked stark every night for a couple of years, as she was as a child.'

'She would always say, 'Be a good little girl.' 'Because your mother loves you.' All those nights, she was having guests over; I remember I could hear the headboard knocking on my wall saying, 'suck me,' and would that rhyme, all night long. Yes, along with the sounds of her gagging, on all that too, if you must know.'

'I recall that one night she and he was so drunk and high in their minds, they did it in my room, cowgirl style I remember. Funny, yet said, and cheap, when you think about it, isn't it?'

'Anyways she did not want a child disturbing her from her arrangements and jobs that she did,

that is why she dumped me up on things to knock me out. Yes, it is safe to say my mother was just like Casey Anthony's mom.'

'Thus, this was her solution to her slight problem with me. Locking me into total isolation with no lights in closets, in my room, in the basement, in the attic, or outside chained, like a dog with all having no comforting sounds, with only the thoughts in my three-year-old mind to console me, as I ate from a dog dish.'

'This must have gotten around my teachers doing the same things.'

'I to this day remember being in that dark room, stripped down to my bed. I could not move, because of the ropes holding me down. In addition to the fact, even if I was able to escape that darkness of that room.'

'There was always a soda can between the doorknob, and frame, which would fall onto the floor; when the knob would be turned.'

'Consequently, they would know that I was escaping. If I was caught fleeing the room, I had to face the wrath of my mother's boyfriends, and there were many. All of them twisted in the head in their ways, and what they would do to us.'

'I remember one of my mother's boyfriends was named Rick Chino; he had issues and other things. He was abusive to all that were around his presence.'

'I recollect this one time in my memory. The boy, my mother's son did not do much of anything just being a free-spirited child as most five-year-olds are.'

'This kid had the worst punishment that I have ever witnessed in my life. I was not able to do anything to stop all of this from happening.'

'I evoke this as if it were yesterday. Devein, he was hanging their undresses upside down in his closet tied by his ankles he was house whipped, with his belt. He is screaming, with nobody to help him as mom placed his pissed underwear on his mouth until he passed out from the blood rushing to his head, saying to 'suck it, bedwetter.''

'Secondly, that was the time he hung around at my place… they chopped him up like all the others; they made a coffin as I watched, just like the others and I wondered if I would end up like the others.'

'I remember them saying most tauntingly… I could be next.'

'This could be you, Nevaeh!' Said, my mother.

'You think we like doing this?' The boyfriends.

'You're just bad kids!' Said the Grandmother, and Grandpa agreed. Grandpa calls Grandmother Big Muma, we kid all just called her 'Grand-bow.''

'All the evil faces hazed in my mind like if expunged.'

'The wooden handmade coffin, only about 3 feet long if that, was made crudely as they drained his blood by slashing his feet and hanging him from the children's swing set that was at the far end of the extensive field of gothic tombstones.'

'The swings were never used, the kids never outside, to play, the yards never used by us kids of over 200 orphans' kids, give or take they come and go fast.'

'The home, I call the '1890's Mountain House,' is large with many sprawling rooms, strange, eerie, hanging heavy air of death feeling; most of the home is dilapidated and cannot even be used any longer, as it should be condemned, as you would go through the floor, or there would be more of an abundance of children, furthermore, the count of them would be much higher, I am sure.'

'An orphan, as I always felt like one, just like one of them made to be the same, as I observed, still having heartbeats the blood of nude children as it ran down the bodies, as if no longer wanted by them to live, as they made shallow graves for kids ages

five up to fourteen years of age, at the grandma's property, where she has the orphanage the home for unwanted children, it was made known to me know as the 'Children Cemetery,' the land, and the home the, 'House of Horrors.''

'Where there are only crosses and tombstones marking the place of 1,000 children, if not more, with no name just identification numbers; just like mine, nonetheless this was the last time I saw that boy also in my life. I ask does anyone deserve that kind of punishment just for being a child?'

'Notwithstanding meriting death sentences, was the last quarrel; where the grown-ups would win.'

'Nevertheless, there was not a thing I could do. I had to sit back and watch as these children

were being terrorized and slowly losing their lives all stripped-down bodies in my mind haunt, so many died by Saturday morning, after the killings, they would be lined up, next to the holes in the ground.'

'Just like the rejected unwanted, I ask the questions.'

- 'I ask would you marry or mate with a retard?'

(Yes or No)

- 'Would you work with a retard?'

(Yes or No)

- 'Would he be a retard?'

(Yes or No)

- 'Would you have kids with a retard, like when you grasp you would have retired youngsters?'

(Yes or No)

- 'Would you give a job to that retard?'

(Yes or No)

- 'Would you be-friend a retard?'

'Think the word 'RETARD' is offensive in a book to be called it every day at school by teachers and kids alike.'

'NO, to all, neither would I, over a misunderstanding, or believing the worst, so why-live, with the existence of being known as nothing

more than that, yet I am just in denial they reply to me repeatedly day in and day out.'

'For being this, a retard, I was now the same as the rejected my mom and her family thought were wastes of life.'

'One of my Mother's forms of punishment was to insert a broken light bulb into a floor lamp and shock my step-siblings and our bare-skinned asses until we would beg for mercy. Or smack our butt's until we could not sit down the next day.'

'What we did that was so troubling to her is still now surmised.'

'Young girls ages five up to fourteen, they are screaming, crying, screeching, and shrieking, and peeing themselves, in anguish, sadness, grief,

and anxiety, as she was shouting at all them including me.'

'See what I have to do to you-little whore,' as I saw all the girls in their room bed chambers in their beds. 'Your smart-ass c*nts wh*re's.'

'One girl was in a restraint jacket in now for a week without a bath or to go pee, for not consuming all her rationings on her tray.'

'Do you see, Nevaeh there is more intelligent than you, are or will ever be, this should be you, yet I must do this to them over having you!'

'My mother would abuse all the young sweet and innocent girls in the orphanage nightly, as she did her shift, for $1.44 an hour for her mother, and I was there to see to build the said creature.'

'Therefore, I am a drug dealer too, said, my teachers over my demographic in my small town, or simple-minded ways, even my 'Teacher Support Teacher' would say the same in her notebook of recording my every blink in the needs classroom, yet I still ask if she would like to whip my vagina after, I pee over I am not able on my own.'

'Therefore kids take guns and spray for fame, yet I am not violent.'

'Therefore kids are taking rifles and spraying for fame, they have nothing to lose, yet I am not violent, and I have seen too much of that in my life.'

'Yet the kids that do this are mad, crazy, and insane for being nothing more than retards, that are wastes of time and life in the schools, or a town,

yet take my amendments away too, I never had them, being the rejected misunderstood child.'

'I do not have freedom of my speech anywhere, or I am shipped out to retard school, our go to the orphaned, I know I could never have weapons, yet don't need too, yet I can't defend myself either, or I am wrong, I don't feel safe as a walking target.'

'Nothing more than the fifth amendment is what I can do, as I stand there as the bad girl sucking your thumb, to take slander and a label, where you only have one advocate to always be nothing more than the deviant.'

'Cruel and unusual punishments are my life, and taking my money, and giving to some that could give a crap about my life. Excessive fines and bail also are my life.'

'That you all are nothing to me, but a waste of life to me.' Oh, yes one moment she loved us, and the next minute she wanted to thump us.'

'She would even put a mousetrap on my finger, and not come into the room until I would stop crying.'

'I can still feel the broken glass, and the currents are running through the filament of the light bulb on my butt crack, as it was touching my body.'

'Yet we all had to watch, as each of our siblings and these other girls was- tortured one by one, we did not have a choice.'

'How could I forget the most common method of punishment I received from her, was the beating with a garden-hoe.'

'I ask what kind of sick, twisted mind even thinks of this kind of torture; and abuse for their children and one is you look after?'

'Furthermore, this is what goes on behind closed doors. You can, believe me, I was there, yet it was- left to be unknown, and if it was known, it was not spoken by the society around us. I do not think the others on the outside knew we were on the inside looking out after all the home was 5,000 yards back, 1,500 feet (about half the height of the Burj Khalifa, the tallest building in the world) from any road around out of the minds of others.'

'Things got so ailing in our isolation from human life that she brought in a wheelbarrow as a replacement for a restroom.'

'We were fed rations and I was now living with these girls in the same room and not bathed for weeks at a time.'

'What has happened in the dwellings- that were linked together on 'Misery Mountain' will be left to be forgotten about I guess forever?'

'One of my siblings was named Sarah and she was shaken to death.'

'Sarah was hurled into one of the industrial 50 pounds 1950's Milnor washing machines, with full soap and hot wash cycles and that is what killed her, not by one of us kids as they would say, by our Mother, and Gramma and Grandpa giggled, like xenophobe demented children when the wash was over.'

'I can still hear the screaming for help, yet no one did this was her punishment for being a bad girl, and if you would help, like you would face the same fate.'

'This was the true shaking to death, that was not reported, I was there and saw this happen, I would know it was true, yet who would believe me.'

'I can still see all the washers lined up in a line in the basement of the orphanage, next to the washrooms for all girls, to mass shower 100 at a time, all running around bare for a bath as water jets splashed upon the young naked pubescent bodies that were acting out in the only freedom to play.'

'Truly she was older than me, she is currently buried up on the west end of the

remembrance mountain in the graveyard, in 'The Land of Many Steeples.' With all… the others!'

'Sarah, like all the others, does not even have a grave marker because no one cares. Yet mother is free to do as she pleases, with no punishment or consequences for her to receive over grandpa being the head and the only police officer of the town, running his little mafia; making others fear him, his word is law in the town of indecencies.'

'We did not even realize what she had done to all of us until I was much older. One by one we would have all been gone like Sarah, last name unknown, and if things would have remained that way for me; I would not be reading my story now, I am sure of this.'

'What happened to the other is also unknown to me? So not, having a stable home, and

being in various locations led to the upset of my life. During this time, there was a battle for my custody.'

'The powers at being thought it was best to have a new parent, so, at that time, I was going back and forth between mother Leah and a guardian named Hope.'

'I remember times where I mislaid my lunch on the ground at my feet, when Hope Natalie- Black had to give me back, into the harsh hands of my mother from week to week.'

'This was an exhausting experience at such an early age.'

'What did you feed her?' Mother asked questionably.

'Good meals.' Said Hope.

'She just hates you that is all' She said back.

'That is why she did that she gets upset when she is around you! I am going to take her away; you just wait and see.' Said Hope.

'During this time, I was very malnourished and needed a caretaker. It was through the kindness of this one person I survived, and started, a new beginning, a new chapter in my book of life! that was nothing more than a hush of do not say that aloud.'

(My child custody fight in court)

'It was thirty painful months more until that all ended, and I was next to death. I was going to die if I did not get away from my mom completely, and there were only 10 girls left at the orphanage. Where it was closed forever around 2010.'

'My mother did not care if I lived or died; Nonetheless, Hope took me under her wing and embraced me as if I were one of her children, yet she was still not the most loving. I remember court after court all my life, it was a long-drawn-out process, to say the least yet that existing as a girl like me.'

'I would love to have this boy named Chiaz Naztherth just part me, with our hips so tight together I would not stop squeezing down for an hour or more, in being taken.'

'I would love to be able to put my finger up to his face and say I'm your wife, and he is all mine, if an argument, I would win.'

'I would love to have this boy named Chiaz Naztherth just part me, with our hips so tight

together I would not stop squeezing down for an hour or more, in being taken.'

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Chapter: 3

Observations

'Do you remember those first days when you started going to school at the age of five? Kindergarten you meet and interact with the new individuals that have never been in your life before.'

'The joy and happiness of being in someone's life are so extraordinary. However, as you learn anything as time goes by things will change. Because you will slowly lose contact with those

around you, this is inevitable, or that only happens to me. I do not know. I call these days the 'Macarena' days… so do you remember, the better question is- do you want to?'

'Oh, and I irrevocably got home with Hope, to stay. Yet I still had many of those sleepless nights, so I started keeping my mind occupied with my rhyming words.'

'Like this one, 'worries surrounding you will try to annoy. If you have hope and joy, fear will always try to destroy you. Positive thoughts, I will have to deploy.''

'At that time, I did not know that it could be called poetry, really at that time, I could not spell either. Yet, that was why I was doing this. I have many notebooks of poems from age five and up, by the time, I was ten I had all the home library shaves

in the home full of my manuscripts, that you are now reading as this long-published story, you know just cut and paste clip pages of hand-penned writing all my thoughts together, and you have my memoir.'

'Anyways, what can I say you got to love the 1990's! That dance was so easy; we little kids would do it repeatedly. Yes, I remember doing that! Anyways at that time together we were learning the alphabet, it seemed like such an extraordinary task at that time. Our friendships grew, as they should. Nevertheless, nothing ever lasts in my life; there is always someone there to take my happiness away.'

'At this time, I did not know why, as the years went by, I slowly discovered it was all because of lies, from the past, that I penned down to remember what I have forgotten, as the years when on; even my psychiatrist did not know I had these

books breaking a world recorded in writing, 'The Longest Novel.''

'They were only seen after my transition, yet I saw what could have been, and even now I have more to add to this never-ending story, nevertheless, back then, I was too young and innocent to realize that anybody could be so heinous. As far as love goes, I am the type of girl that wants to have a courtship, not a bump and grind in the night, I was in love with the thoughts of love and it was taking over my mind.'

'Like marriage is everything to me, I dream about, as most girls do since back in the days when I was little, dreaming of having that white dress.'

'Additionally, I know that is never going to happen for me either, it was my mind at that moment not clear, yet always forbidden and still is.'

'Why, and how? Why is everything so grim? 'Yet If my crush would ask me, right now, I would say yes!'

'I have and had daydreamed, sheepishly in my mind, I fantasized about him proposing to me.'

'I would love to fall into his arms and say take me, and he would kiss me all over! Yet, I would say, never-ever leave me; do not leave me at any phase of life again; you are mine!'

'I am seducible, maybe? I do not know, I will let you know, if I think that could be happening, that would be a first.'

'Yes, I assume if he makes you giggle. Kisses your forehead, and says he is sorry about nothing he has done wrong, tries, holds your hand. Works hard for you, and attempts to understand everything

about you, then it is my belief he is quite perfect to me. That is all I ask for, what more could I want?'

'Yes, if I tried to seduce someone, that I like, yet it was nothing more than a trip to the school's office, to have displaying actions take place.'

'A girl like me, like a boy, I swear the sister's clan, would rip my tongue out and shove it up to my ass, or there's. I do not need black and blue eyes, butt, and arms.'

'Nevertheless, I do not like to be the one that is involuntarily made into doing their favors for them. Yet they make me do what they all need and want. I must take what they give me. Yes, have it all gone down, then carry the shame all day in the back of my head, I choke on life day in and day out, from being so rattled.' 'Yes, they beat me up, and I must beat them too, in other ways!'

'This is my question, why is it that there is always someone's nose up your ass?'

'I do not want someone to act all nice, and friendly to me if it is not genuine.'

'Stop wasting my time!'

'Oh, because to me, the time is a rhyme, just another nickel, and dime; we are just moving on down the line. Furthermore, I know that everything is going to be fine. There will be no more wasted time of mine. All the walls, like flaming skyscrapers in my life, shall crumble to dust. With a newfound lust, they will all burn themselves out, with their many moments of doubt. I must think about this.'

('The Tower Tarot Card Meaning: Upright. Symbolism: Disaster, upheaval, sudden change, revelation. Interpretation: It stands for the shock

and insecurity you experience in realizing, that your previous notions about a particular situation are wrong.')

~*~

'Hello, I am Chiaz Naztherth.'

'True, I see her every day as she walks down the school corridors here at the school.'

'She is being Nevaeh?'

'Yes.' He spoke.

'I am thinking that she is the most amazing girl, which I have ever seen in my life.'

'Just like a modern-day 'Romeo and Juliet' story, I am sure she has kept all my notes, that must be anonymous, to add to her story; that she has only told me about to append to the story of her life.'

'I know that it is impossible for me to ever be able to date her, because of her past and what others think, and her situation would kill my reputation.'

'Most girls are complicated, whiny, and have a bad attitude.'

'Despite this, there is something about her, something mysterious.'

'Although, there is something about her that I, as well as most of my friends, do not understand her, and her ways she goes about herself.'

'I know this because I love her, I have had those moments myself that make me wonder and scratch my head why I do. Still, there is something genuine and different about her, that I call love, it is like she is more real to me than anyone else.'

'She does not put on any false errors. She is who she is, and she is proud of it, and she does not let anyone change what she deems, believes, or does.'

'She is a true definition of a girl, which I could be happy to be around all the time.'

'Nevaeh death was already ruled that night after the hanging, she was dead from an exception, and found in her room, yet she sprang back to life.'

'Never did I think, I would be in a sanatorium looking at this girl like this, as the only one that cares, in Nevaeh's room, not even Hope was here, she did not care to see her like this, on giving up.'

'Yet, I would not believe that she was dead, nor did she was alive, she was immortal; yet the more prominent question is what kind of immortal.'

'If only she knew before, she tried to terminate her life, that it was me, the writer of the notes.'

'Then maybe it was my wish that she would still be alive, that she would come back to me, that I would always be there if it would if I could change my ways and not care what others think, I could spend my days with her, and give up on all of them.'

'That is only if it was let to be. Why is everyone so defensive, shielding, watchful, and suspicious?

'It has become acknowledged and distinguished to me, that unless you are a complete

douchebag phony; you cannot get a physical, true, and caring girlfriend in this town.'

'Nevaeh Natalie!'

'She is such an influence in my life.'

'Nevertheless, I know that she and I could never be together. Since there are situations that one hateful wicked grandmother has created for her.'

'Why are some people so pathetic? Why don't they get lives of their own?'

'Why do they take life away?'

'Why do they have to sit on using all networks, and conjure up lies?'

'They create rumors, which are not true, just to make them feel more superior? To the point

that they make the lies real and they become true in the school halls and the town for that person.'

'This is disturbing, or is it an ailment; that these people have? Either way, it needs to be terminated, it is just too easy for someone to say that they are somebody, of trust or not.'

'Then destroy someone's reputation; completely, totally, and entirely.'

'Oh, she is like the gasoline that lights my match on fire, and only she has the right moisture to extinguish it out.'

'She fills me up with hopes and desires, and dreams. Let us not forget about the compassion she makes me feel as I dream about her in class, at home everywhere, and even now looking down at her. I think about her nonstop!'

'I have completely fallen for her. Everything she does, everything she is, everything she says. She is the first thought in my mind in the morning, she is the last thought I have before, I fall asleep at night.'

'She is every thought in between that I have! I know it is not going to be a walk in the park for us, I know that.' 'Yet, I believe, and I rely on someday, we would have a walk to remember if we could be together.'

'I want to be in the notebook that she has with her all the time! I like to show my sweetheart that I care by putting notes that I stuff into her locker, between classes.'

'However, I cannot put my name to the notes, or they would kill me for being her friend, or have my mom's job, or take me away with children

in youth, even have mob hits on me and my loved ones.'

'Nevaeh is sad news, like known to be the school walking STI, or you die, or have a reputation death.'

'One day, I made her a friendship bracelet that is pink and white. I placed it in there when her locker door was open.'

'She can't have a lock for her locker, for being in her needs programming, it would be an endangerment to others, over her being sad news; nevertheless, all others can.'

'Hence she is searched at any instant by any academic teacher at any given moment, for whatever they want to speculate is the need too; of

all her possessions and patted down in frisking by the school principal and officer.'

'Yet she did not see me do this, know I would be threatened, intimidated, browbeaten, terrorized and coerced if everybody knew.'

'So, now she where is that bracelet on her little wrist every day; so maybe she knows it was me that made it for her?'

'I like to make her handcrafted gifts. Although in my hometown that is harassment and stalking, with the independent laws of crazy around here.'

'All made by the one and only pig cop in the same family line, that runs the entire thing, even the town mayor is Masel Amsel.'

'Furthermore, she runs the one town Sheriff's department, the full Town Council is underneath her, that was also rigged to her liking in the voting poll, true if you have the wealth you can have your way into anything, and the rest are peasants begging for the leftovers if they feel ever so generous. Consequently, everyone fears her, yet I do not.'

'Oh, to be a red wing radical, if you're not republican or catholic you're wrong, it's nothing more than mind-diddling.'

'Small gifts, I know that she loves those kinds of things; as do I.'

'I think it's good to make it look like she has a friend, only in secret shame.'

'My God the horror stories coming from the orphanage were the kids were like eating the corn back out of their shit, and that is true.'

'Little does she know that I want to be her boyfriend; from this day on even if they kill me for loving another!'

'The sisters and the evil grandmother, they cannot stop love, can they?'

'I know, it is going to be extremely challenging. yet I am going to have to work at this every day, and so will she if I want this to work for us, we can do this!'

'My life ceasing in notoriety that is okay with me. I want her. I want all of her, forever; and never let go of her ever.'

'Sure, if she only knew how much those little moments with her mattered to me, she would know it was me all along that was in love with her, and none of this would have happened!'

'We could fill each other up on the porches and surrounding grounds like all the others, if we had the chance, I would love to, do not get me wrong; yet dating anyone in this town is controlled by Masel.'

'However, I am not like all my friends that bow to this woman of power over their moms and dads, and friends say so.

'I am not like all my friends that just one thing from a girl, I want more, I want it all, just say that I am more grown-up.'

'Yes, like, there is more here than just young stupid lust, at this moment looking down her next to lifeless.' 'It is something deeper that engulfs down on you, to the point you do not know what you are going to do.'

'Because, you feel that your head is going to explode; it will make your brain numb, and your appendages go senseless.'

'This and that is what this girl does to me, every time, I see her walking past me. She does not look left or right she is always looking down.'

'Carefully she moves along, and I can see her, with colorful pink socks with bows on them.'

'Thinking in my memories, her socks as I was saying are placed ever so cutely in her schoolchild black polished leather shoes.'

'They are placed partway up her silky-smooth legs, which contrast harshly with her short tartan blue and black skirt.'

'That seems to bounce up just like her long brown hair, and they both seem to wave back as she treads forward.'

'The shoes she has on today have little bows on them near the toe part. All the girls here have black shoes, yet she just seems to make them look sweeter, because of her style, and expressive, yet hesitant why is that she demonstrates.'

'Yet unlike the other girls here, since she is so small, she has to tie her white button-down blouse, into a bow in the front, yet that matches her famish style.'

'She does that to her tops, mainly, because of the school where they could not get her any smaller top.'

'Therefore, she ties them just above her belly button. The not school code, yet she is allowed to do that, surprisingly.'

'Yet many girls do not follow the codes.'

'Neveah is modestly sexy, compared to what I see around me.'

'Her blue jacket just hangs on her, yet the school logo should be on her upper chest, yet on her, it is more at her mid-torso in the front.'

'Yet, it looks prettier on her than all the others. As well, her bow tie around her neck sits very differently on her too. Her bow tie is the school standard colors of navy blue and red. Yet her

ribbons hang down so much lower on her, than her jacket and skirt, so unlike the others.'

'She looks down as if she is studying the ruby red and cerulean speckled floor tiles that she is walking on. Like she is counting every spot on them in her mind, or something like that; as if there is a sum to every one of them to add.'

'She is watching the surface as if she is making sure she does not get hit, preferentially trip practically dropping anything that she has with her.'

'Notwithstanding, everything she has, that she carries is smashed against her miniature figure. I mean everything she holds; it is like it is being bearhugged by her, it is near to her slightly below her chin, and on top of her chest most of the time.'

'One other thing that she always seems to have with her is a small handbag with 'Hello Kitty' on it.'

'Nevaeh even said she had spent time in a snack pit in the basement; at the home, they call the orphanage.'

'The grandmother would screech to the girls, 'whom that shed the blood, by persons shall her blood be shed, by being with the devil's kind.'

'Told here in this line of hand pended text, the grandmother's eyes were rolled back in her head holding a Bible, her white hair pulled back in a loose bun.'

'For the payment of sin is hell death, but the gift of 'God' is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord, you repaint for forgiveness child.' She said evilly.

'As she would drag Nevaeh to the basement of ghostly dungeons cells, the grandmother helped by tranced like stepchildren assisted by the small hands of her sisters, now in the chambers with heavy steel doors covering the pits, one was opened and the snakes hissed in Nevaeh's you little gentle face, as they uncoiled, as Nevaeh was wholly pushed in the abyss by the other girls naked.'

'It goes on to say for months on end. She said she only was hearing the screams and cries from other girls, younger and older than she, in cells adjacent to heirs where there were just bar openings at the top, in salary confinements of sh-h.'

Mealtime Nevaeh would pop out head and protrude out the little hole of the door, where sister ladies would then be holding her head wedged with

a nightstick to her neckline in the opening, to give her small bits of fruit and bread.'

'They would then push her in the room hard and spray her down with a fire hose, 400 psi for stinking up the cell with her pee-pee and poppy, just to be slammed back in the cold dimly lit room, with no running water, dripping and damp, needing love or something to hug.'

'That explains the teddy bear,' he solved in his mind.

'The grandmother is screaming, from the notes that I have.'

'The Lord shields all who love her, but all the mischievous he will destroy.'

'Along with saying, 'furthermore these will go away into an eternal trial, but the righteous into eternal life.''

'I wonder if that is true?'

'I read in her notebooks, that was stolen by me, and this is just book one, of many on the shives in Hope's home, were just a day before Nevaeh and I just had made a crime of my unsnapped paints, no time to protect, it or I was all up to her schoolgirl uniform skirt from the front, now sing her slight lust she was sliding down on me more than I was her, in high pinched groaning, of 'HO's with airy gasps,' her back agents all her works of many white spins covered and homemade bound books, when the one I had felt to the floor, and I keep without her knowing after she ran off after she gushed, not mine saying 'you must go.''

'Yes, it is true she and I had standing quickie sex, the first time for us both ever, for all of two minutes and thirdly seconds to when the book cracked the wooden floor, before she ran into the next room after being called, and there was on tear rolling down from her eye, on to her pink flashy cheek.'

(Memories started to play in her mind.)

'The grandmother would say to her and others.'

'The soul who sins shall die.'

'The child shall not suffer for the evil of the father that made you in sin, nor the father suffers for the iniquity of the child.'

'The honor of the good shall be superimposed herself, and the sinfulness of the evil shall be superimposed herself.'

'The backtalk she gives was Nevaeh said, 'you would not god from the bad.''

'Do not be fooled child: 'God' is not mocked, for whatever one sows, that will also be realized.'

'She rambles on about many beatings and a butt spanking for an hour a day, where she would scream her surrendering.'

'The grandmother said to Nevaeh and another, the name was pended over with a blemish mark of ink, 'then desire when it has deemed supplies start to sin, and crime, when it is fully matured, yields forth death.''

'This brainwashing all was instilled in her mind from the little girl up, yet to them premonitions.'

'Consequently, just as immorality spread into the world through a child, and loss through sin, and so death spread to all children because all cursed.'

'It went on to say, that she remembered her saying, 'I remember getting all the beatings.''

'Notwithstanding we need all appear here the ruling seat of 'Christ,' so that everyone may obtain what is adequate for what she has made in the body, whether genuine or sinister.' Said, the Grandmother, and Mother.

'I believe, something here is not right about the daddy of the others, or there were no marriages,

to make all these babies, Nevaeh being one of them, and it worked on the grandmother's mind to madness, yet to most, she is just as ordinary as any other in the town.'

'Observe, all souls are mine; the soul of the father as well as the soul of the child is mine, the soul who sins shall die; by the one that gives life to both.'

'It's the blood of a girl that makes a sin.' Said, Leah Amsel to the girls ages 10 and up.'

'I am sorry.' She would scream repeatedly.

'It's all said, in this book yet go to the cops about it, and Nevaeh is crazy, and so would I be too for thinking this was true.'

'Apologize, therefore, and turn again, that your sins may be blotted out, and kept locked away.'

'Despite, Nevaeh spoke the words to law enforcement the grandpa.'

'Everyone who makes a practice of sinning also practices lawlessness; sin is lawlessness.'

'You are no better than I, she said screaming and kicking.'

'Oh, child, do not fear those who kill the body but cannot kill the soul. Fear him who can destroy both soul and body and will go to hell. As I can, to you for being law.' He said back.

'Plus, if anyone's name was not found written in the book of life, he was thrown into the lake of fire.'

'Yet, here is the book of Nevaeh's life, she made, and I do not fear this at all, yet others would ask if it is witchcraft.'

'Therefore I am here; I believe her.'

Anyway, think back to the last day, I saw here, like every day. I see the handbag, which is gray and pink with a white cat on it, and yes, the cat has a pink bow on it as well. It one shoulder, I guess, it holds her pencils, she does not need to use it or says that she cannot use it, furthermore holds all the other girly things that she needs.'

'Of course, that is different from her too, than the other girls. She is everything that I like and wants to love!'

'Sometimes, she smiles modestly, she just rolls her eyes up, yet still keeps her face pointed downwards at me, yet her blue eyes capture the lights from above when she finally looks up at me.'

'Her beautiful reluctant eyes seem as if they get a wet glimmer in them when she sees me, yes, every time.'

'How I would love to hold her hand or carry her books for her, but I cannot.'

'She only looks up when she feels that she can; yet while still looking down at the floor while holding her books to her chest shyly.'

'As if her outdated books could shield her entirely from all of the others, that are in the hall with us.'

'Everyone seems to glare down at her.'

'All the same, she walks slowly yet swiftly clinging to those books as if she were invisible behind them. She would never be invisible to me, which is an impossibility.'

'Sometimes, she stops dead in her tracks to roll her eyes up at me, just for an instant, and then she is gone. She tries to mutter something, yet no words are coming out of her mouth.'

'It is just a small sound of panic, or sigh, why does she is holding her breath when she sees me?'

'That is okay, but why is it when she moves past me; it is like she is panting?'

'I know that I have butterflies, and my heart pounds so fast when I see her; I wonder if that is what she feels towards me, I wonder, like if I had more of her books if there would be something about me in them.'

'Yet she is always looking to the ground as if she has been browbeaten. That is what I have come

to understand that she has had bad experiences. Which is what I think has happened.'

'I could make it all right if I could for her!'

Am I falling in love with her looking at her, and reading more about her? I hardly know her! Yet then again is this what you would call love?'

'Is this what we all come back for, and want more of, even if you cannot have them in your life?'

'All this is what I think of, what I have, and what I have missed, because of what is known about her in the halls, it all holds me back.'

'I have confidence in saying that she was or is browbeaten, she is like a lost puppy, which has been smacked on the snout too many times.'

'That is what happened here.'

'Oh, Nevaeh's she thinks that she is never going to be good enough. Yet she would be perfect for me. I do not think that she knows it is not her fault at all, the way she must be, or acts.'

'She is and has become just an avatar of what someone else has created for her. I understand these people do not know her at all and what to get the best of someone to be mean and nasty.'

'They just see a fake identity of what someone has placed upon her. You just need to think about this.'

'It is like, one or maybe more people, that are jealous of her filter all her; decisions, all of her situations, and choices, and even her emotional state, in her life too.'

'Why I do not know, yet I have my suppositions?'

'I do believe that she is oblivious to the fact of what is going on around her.'

'Yet, 'It!' Is what is said about her- it all must stay unspoken to her, yet we all know this. I know it, but I would not dare to say it to her.'

'I think it all is because of this one person, which has done nothing but slander her constantly.'

'All these unnecessary problems and torment she must face in her everyday life. It is so unfair to her. She does not have much; I know her family life is not that decent.'

'Although, I would give everything I have, to make her happy we could make a family I know if

my family would get to understand her, they would love her as I do.'

'I see her I wonder what she is all about, so mysterious, so unique, and so unlike all of us who are part of her surroundings.'

'Nevaeh seems timid and shy like I said, but she is approachable. She tries not to stand out yet does not blend in. I want to get to know her.'

'Then again, I know if I do, I will have to have the same turmoil and consequences as she does. What to do, what to do, think, and think, is all I do! It is one grouping who controls our situation.'

'What can I do? I have concluded that it is not meant to be until now.'

'Not getting to know her makes me very wretched. Still, the mystery of what can be is

overwhelming my mind. Still, I am going along with my strategy of knowing this could end ineffectively. Still, I know that it would be impossible, nothing is hopeless.'

'However, it is also tempting, for the reasons of the love that I must find in my life, and not the stupid lust I have. All things can change, it is just a matter of time they must.'

'One person cannot control someone's life eternally. Can they...?'

'I do not understand why this occurs. How did it become like this for her? I assume that it is just jealousy, more.'

'Nevaeh is mysterious, attractive, and creative most other girls cannot even compare to

her in my classes or this school. Her overall beauty and appearance are what draws me to her the most.'

'However, I just must sit and look, as the days go by or and over. I cannot make a move at all, all because of one individual grasp. I see her in only one of my classes History, all she does is scribble in her notebook, in a daydream so it seems.'

'She sits in one of the desks in the middle of the room. What is different about this too is, I do not see her in too many of my other classes; like most of the other girls that, I see more of.'

'Most of her classes are not with mine. I have an idea as to why, yet I am not sure. Yes, that would not surprise me in the least, if that is what she is classed as.'

'Before that class, I see her sitting in the lunchroom. As I am socializing with friends, she is sitting alone scribbling in her diary of day's events, or thoughts that were in her mind.'

'I sometimes wonder what her stories are all about. I am going to read them all, that she writes. I would love to no! Still, no one has time for her, no time to see her creative side or any sides.'

'No time to see her abilities, the society here chooses not to see them. Why is this, I ask?'

'Are we just blind or, do we choose not to see?'

'I ask this too, 'do the others make all these judgments for us? It makes me wonder.'

'Nevaeh's eyelashes could put you in a trance as she blinked there now fastened tightly. I

should know they have done that with me, in that one class, where she is only with her grade.'

'She is so petite in her stature; she has it all! I am going to get into that skirt someday I hope, anyway I can. That is if she wants me as I want her so much.'

'She has those sweet pink lips that I want to kiss, which I know that could curl up my toes, oh yes, she is perfect!'

'She is the perfect girl, but the nights are so long. Time goes by and you are alone and must drift apart. Where is she now, oh she is sitting there.'

'The perfect girl, I am thinking about you. It is not our fault it is the way it must be. I can see you there, you look so unhappy.'

'The perfect girl, do you need me? I am sitting here all, yet I feel alone too?'

'The perfect girl, I am thinking about you. I think of you every night, just want to hold you tight.'

'When the moment is right; when we are all alone at one another's sides on that special night.'

'I want to hold your hand all night. I went to kiss you until it breaks daylight.'

'Will you be my angel, you are going to be one, aren't you?'

'Why don't you come along with me? Let our relationships be free. You are so lovely, so I asked why you do not come along with me?'

(Holding her hand)

'I promise, if you hold on, I will treat you right; I will tuck you in every night. I will comfort you and make everything all right. I will cherish you forever; I would spend every moment of my life getting to know you better. If only we had a chance together.'

'Will you be my best friend? Will we last until the end? You have a smile that brightens my every day, which makes all the wrongdoings go away.'

'Your eyes showed me that you care. I know this you adorably try not to stare. I would like to tell you how much I care.'

'How not being with you is not fair. I want you to know that I do care. Just remember that I will always be there. I will promise you that we will always be friends.'

'Now it is your decision; so, I hope that you see my newfound vision. Of what can and will be, because someday soon it will be you and me. That is if you decide to choose to be with me.'

'Yes, I am writing this down, while I am trying to eat the inedible food of the school lunch, in which I am trying to cram down my throat.'

'I see everyone staring at her as if they all could tear her face off and eat it. Yet all over again, I ask the question of why?'

'Yeah, I sit with an unfulfilled heart, thinking that life is so unfair. Listening to my mind as it spins like a tornado through Kansas.'

'Likewise, all the thoughts of what can and cannot be rushing like a racing bolt train through my brain. I must be in love with her.'

'Oh, love, desire is a wicked game that we play.' She said here, in this line of the manuscript.'

(I was reading increasingly.)

'Have you ever admired someone so much, yet you know that you cannot have her in your life? I have and it completely sucks. It is like living without them sucks the life out of you. Besides, it slowly kills you inside, until it shows on the outside, of how much you require them.'

'However, can she see my yearning, or not? Or is she yearning for me, I guess I may never know, yet there is a way I can. So, have you ever had to live with the emptiness of not having someone to talk to, that you want to get to know? I have, yet you cannot even have them as a friend, yet you see them occasionally, it is maddening.'

'I have broken in the Hopes, I know from notes that this room she never goes in there, it was thought by me where we can have moments to be alone and in lust, as we thought about doing in notes of anonymously, or find other hidden passionate spots of meeting-up then she would have found out it was me, yet I never did over fear.'

'Anyways after leaving her for the night, I did not want to, yet I had to at 9 P.M, now in the home. I got into the unused living room with the library and it is all ambiguous and dusty, yet has writings, after the volume notebook pinned by Nevaeh herself.'

'Furthermore, I got the last book, I go right to the last chapter, that I was hoping was all about me, I could not take any more of not knowing, page

after page if I was loving the hot lust of a 14-year-old, to this date, and I was in love.'

'She also talks about her diaphanous nighty and no underpants.'

'Then I read about the big stuffed teddy, that is light brown on the soft fizzy fair pink sheets of her twin bed, she wanted so badly, with the allowance money, that she used some pink rope on the bear she bought that is the same size as her, just to be like me as she was giving him a girl on top loving long hard and then slow, using a tan rubber him for soloing, like being me, as if me in her mind I was under her, and I was lost in lust, of wanting her in that way. and mad in moments of humming hugging and kissing, as it says here, in the text.'

'It was said that all she wanted was more attention, yet if that were true this would be the first time, she got that.'

'Have you ever had to go through life, without knowing what it is like to be in love; or no that no one cares if you are alive or not?'

(Yes or No)

'Have you ever gone through your life, not knowing what it would be like to hold someone's hand or kiss them on the lips, and know that you cannot?'

(Yes or No)

'If you say yes, then you are like a girl like Nevaeh. I know what she is going through, and yet, no I do not.'

'Even the district attorney has been up to her butt about here doing this and that, that is not true said by the cries of the sisters, from what I gathered.'

'It is the same for me, yet different for us both.'

'The tower is the Grandmother and her Grandkids; the clan is what we call the group leaders of control, who will not leave me alone.'

'I bet she knows where I am now, it like she is in my head even this girl that belongs to the family line, like the grandmother and the grandchildren have the power to keep me dumb and in love with the girl of their choice yet still one of their granddaughters.'

'I will explain her name later, if I don't, just ask her about this, I am sure she would say she owns me.'

'Although you should already know that, it has to be one of the others, it is not loving she feels for me at all, it is to keep me away from Nevaeh.'

'While hopping back out the window of Nevaeh's home, as I was running back to my running truck down the lane, I saw eyes looking at me in the fields or so I thought, it was this girl that owns me as if sold by the Grandmother, as all of us are in this town.'

'Everything seems flawless when looking at her in my eyes, but everything changes and everything moves on because of the tower's words.'

'Her fetish for me is about as strong as mine for Nevaeh.'

~*~

Nevaeh- 'That boy!' She said, along with this, as she was waking up in her hospital bed, that she was in, of room number 114.'

'All I member about him being here is when he touched my face and said, 'you are the one.''

'Look at this, I have all the candy, like, I could ever want.'

'I still attempt to talk to him, and yet the clan girls' whirl around me stopping me, one in my mind, and two face to face in confrontations of hardcore bullying; and I am thrown around like a rag doll.'

'We cannot be together as we would like to be, you see, I would love him if I could.'

'Those days were over a long time ago for me, to feel love.' 'So, have you ever been in love, like this? Have you ever been in love with someone that did not love you back or that cannot be of fear, or cannot love you because of who you are? I have, and it is frustrating.'

'Have you ever loved, and not got any love back from him, or them or anyone? If so, then you are like me now.'

'Have you ever had someone in your way, to what you know is right?'

'Have you ever had the pain of being heartbroken every time you try?'

'So, have you ever been threatened to stay away from when all you want to do is talk?'

'I do believe that it is all meant to be, he is my angel and I am his.'

'For some reason, and you feel, that you have the one in mind, that is right for you.'

'Simply, you cannot make it happen ever. If so, then you are like me.'

~*~

Chiaz- 'Yet, I know if I do this, I might lose all my friends. Yet, that is a chance, which I am thinking about making if I find a way.'

'Because she is all I would need! If you have lived a life like me, then you know that I have tried, and it has gotten me nowhere fast.'

'Additionally, if you are like me then you fall in love too fast. I must stop doing this to myself.'

~*~

Nevaeh- 'I remember when I started to try not to love things.'

'I remember being the age of six, and seeing my father's lovely home, being demolished down to nothing. Nothing more than a big pile of rubble on the dusty ground.'

'All the memories are now gone, as the breeze blows, as the house crumbles to nothing but dust. I stood there while thinking about all the lost moments in time, which we could have had in our heads.'

'That never happened, and never can. They were all taken away, just like everyone and everything in my life, that I have loved.'

'I do not want to fall in love over the fear of love and loss, yet, I need the love from someone that understands me.' 'Why do I get so attached to what I cannot have?'

'I am frightened of love! All I have left is a picture of the home, with my dad holding me on the front porch. It was a cute little country house.'

'Nothing fancy, just a small one-story bungalow, with a pitched roof, and one dormer on the right side; and a lighting fixture on the chimney, that would glow softly at night.'

'The shaker-shingles were a creamy coffee color and the windows were trimmed white with blushing red shutters.'

'The porch was elevated with steps that went up, to a rosy door. I remember in the spring, there were flower boxes on the left and right side of the windowsills.'

'It was the nicest home, I lived in up to that point; this home did not need to be ripped down.'

'However, that is what people do these days, rip things apart, and leave empty spaces,' and gaping holes to feel. I mean just looking at all these photos spread about my bedroom floor, they are just snapshots lost in time.'

'They tell a story of a past that has been forgotten. However, they cannot replace the

moments where you or they did not exist. I look back over them all, until I see this one, and reflect on it.'

'This photo is my first-grade class snapshot. I see the faces, yet I do not see the friendship. Where did it go? Why did it not last?'

'Besides, what do I do to fix the situation? It is just like, black-and-white faded into color, photographs of one another.'

'Moments of time and splendor, moments in which, I may or may not want to remember.'

'Moments that gray, as I get older.'

'Moments that once were in vivid color.'

'I remember being in my first-grade class, with the acquaintances, that I have met throughout the year. I recall not fitting in from an early age.'

'The other students would be learning their new lesson of the day, while as for me, I was off doing my own thing like always. Yet, I was made too, I always like being creative; that goes along with being withdrawn from others.'

'However, I cannot help but wonder was it all a forced seclusion at work? Additionally, all children learn and do things differently.'

'If anything, I am almost certain that there is no one set standard, in which someone learns how to do something.'

'That there is no need for separation, just to gain an education. I did not know, those judgments were made for me back then, that they did without my admiration.'

'Let me not feel to mention that having somebody's thoughts being placed down upon me, without me being aware of that fact they were, was just to hold me back.'

'They all were just making my life more difficult for me at such an undeveloped age. That is what started all of this, snowballing downhill for me.'

'This all happens because of their lives. Without the whereabouts of me even knowing how significant this dark cloud, which is forming overhead, would be.'

'They followed me around as if I were a danger to others and myself, yet that is local law and school boards where the counties and courts are as one of being controlled by my Grandmother.'

'My Grandmother would like to tap me on the shoulder with her mahogany wood hand-carved walking stick that was electrically charged with the silver-plated flying lady angel on the top, with ruby eyes, she said 'I had another one of these' she pointed to the decorative pace, then she went on to say, 'yet it was stolen from in gold.''

'Just like my Grandpa would use his gold time-worn pocket watch to hypnotize me as it would swing crossed my face at any time he wanted, where they could do anything he wanted or anyone could do anything to me they wanted by command, as the slave, even now I have triggers to do by command.'

'You can gather that It is going to follow me everywhere, I go.'

'This is how the tower formed her stories about me.'

'I remember all my nights of being confused, as I lay on my bed frightened here in my home. I was and still, am always alarmed by all the evil in my life.'

'Sometimes, I put my pillow over my head. Yet, I can still envision all the faces playing back in slow motion.'

'Seeing all these faces looking at me, at the hellhole and even back, when I was with my mother.'

'I recall the school days repeatedly, from the past to this very day. I can see the water dripping from the asbestos-exposed ceiling tiles, onto the filth cover floors.'

'I can see all the locker doors slam, as I watched the water as it falls onto the floor from

above me. This reminds me of my heart every time, I go to school.'

'When in school, I always wonder, what is going to be said about me?'

'Who is starting actions that will slander, labeling, attacking, belittling, defaming, maligning, and cursing my life?'

'It is just like lockers that are closed, will I ever know the combination? Will I ever be able to open it, so that I can see what lies within?'

'Will the contents ever be known to me? I recall walking up and down the many darkened hallways, that seems to lead to nowhere.'

'With their many fluorescent lights flickering on and off, they are suspended from the

ceiling. The lone window at the end of the hallway is the only shining light of freedom.'

'Everyone and everything faded, to black and white to me. As if, I see them moving in slow motion as they lose their color, as they all swarm around me with their stingers out, I never know what is going to happen to me.'

'These days are forever etched in my mind. They all find a way to crawl into my blood and play around like spiders in my brain.'

'They make my skin tickle from the inside out, just thinking about them. It is like they leach on me, that is why I feel so creepy-crawly in my uniform, and I cannot wait to get it all of me. I watch as nerds are stuffed into lockers.'

'The jocks are making out with random preppy cheerleaders, with their hands going all over one another, with their fingers going up and down and in their uniforms.'

'Yes, I just stand there at my locker, looking like I am trying to catch flies in my mouth.'

'Everyone is making out, yet not me, I just the good girl, that is to know to be dumb and forbidden too.'

'I recall one of them getting a swirly, and by that one, I mean me, flush! It is not that bad of a hairstyle, yet I just washed my hair last night and did some loose curls in it.'

'So, it did not need to be washed and styled in the toilet bowl, but okay. No, I do not mind at all looking like I have a unicorn spike on my head.'

'Most days, for me I am walking along carrying books that have no meaning. As I go up and down the numerous staircases between classes. Well watching the faces go by.'

'Yet, there are no relationships for me that I can rely on here in the school.'

'So, with me being so timid and shy, I do not make any pronounced movements. I just walk down the staircase minding my own business unlike everybody else. All the perverted boys are trying to look up my skirt like always.'

'They are making comments and saying stupid alternate things.'

'Like this one. 'Hey Nevaeh, so does the carpet match the drapes?''

'Nevaeh, because we know you do not have smooth hardwood floors?'

'Hey Nevaeh, 'spit or swallow?''

'I roll my eyes.'

When I overhear, 'We no girls like you don't know what it means to do either over you are retarded.'

'No, but I do trim my lines and as far as that goes but I am not commenting on that one, to them! Then there are my favorite quotes, which they ask me yet not all of them as you could imagine.'

Some of them are asking- 'How is your Period?'

'Can you read the 'Cat in the Hat' yet?'

'Virgin,' they chant.

'Crazy girl,' they chant also.

'So, are you and your lesbian, going to scissors smack your p*ssies together tonight?'

'Sometimes, I think boys if you had the cramps, moodiness, drippy feelings, that I have you would flip out running down the hall saying, 'my dick' is bleeding.'

'Furthermore, repeatedly while screaming in pain doing just that! As well as, roll on the floor like a crybaby!' I giggle out loud.

'Then I could throw used girly things like pads with discharge on it, bloody tampons at your face like you do me; plus see how you like it, for a change!'

'This is another one asked by dumb girls and boys alike. 'So, have you not gone through puberty yet?''

'So, is that why your voice squeaks like that?' They ask me.

'Sometimes, I just say I do not know, I have a lifetime supply of helium!'

'Furthermore, my small boobs are just for show.'

'Dumb questions, yet there asked by them repeatedly.'

'Nevaeh, they say- 'Why does your voice sound like that. I say- 'I do not know, why does your face look like that!' I do not know why that concerns them.'

'Nevertheless, welcome to my High school, and the way they think and act around me. I think that you can get the picture.'

'Sometimes, I wonder if my kids or grandkids will have my voice, someday oh- hum.'

'However, listening to all this mindless chatter, it makes me wonder what is going on in their heads. 'I must be in hell.''

'Then, I hear the eerie sound of the bells ring out, they are calling me; yes, calling for me to go back to my total isolation.'

'I have been left behind, not allowed to shine. Will I ever have anything that I can call mine? Am I going to be fine? Please, someone, give me a sign. Should I not worry about being one-of-a-kind?'

'One class I detest, even though it gets me out of the entire separation, is a gym. The teacher is fond of staring at us while we are running our laps and doing our activities. She has even walked up to me while topless and said- 'you are developing quite nicely.''

'Okay- if you say so.'

'Miss. Stackawitz is one of those butch-looking women, that always has boy shorts on, or sweats. She likes her tight-fitting sports tops also. Yes, that shows everything she has- ewe- wah!'

'Nothing on her seems to be where it is meant to be. She has 1980's style glasses and a whistle that makes my ears ring.'

'Yet, I always try to be nice to her. She seems to act all sweet to your face, but talks to all

the kids, and teachers about how you look in her class, and locker room.'

'The locker room smells of sweat and cheap perfume. I must change out of my outfit and mess up my make-up and hair. While having all these girls, in there staring at me; yes- while I am standing there in my bra, panties, or less.'

'You know, I did not know that lacey, pink polka dots were so fascinating.' 'What are they staring at?''

'Hello, I am just a slightly naked girl standing here changing, nothing.'

'Yet the mindless chattering is going on all around me. 'Talk about awkwardness!' In this private type of school, they can make us shower after Gym class.'

'Yet- I do not feel like being traumatized again, with all of them. However, I can still envision all of them looking at me there.'

'Why are all these shower heads all out in the open in this room? I have all the other girls circled me; all ten of these showerheads jet out from one crucial point, from the only support column, in the middle near the ceiling on the one pillar.'

'We ten girls- we are face-to-face, and front-to-front, with bare butts spending time together in the back. As we, all are in a circle with the sporting, spring, and smacking water drenching on us.'

'The mist does not cover my body entirely, and there is no towels insight. However, they all seem so perfect to me. Besides, of course, I am going to get touched in there by their soapy little fingers.'

'Yet they all laugh like it is fun to them. However, not to me, I guess it could be fun; if I were with someone I wanted to be rubbed upon.'

'Taking a shower is a private, most spiritual cleansing of the body and mind, which should not be publicized in my opinion.'

'There is only one true alternative in my mind, and that is being with the one you love.'

'But then again, it needs to be candlelit, or at least that is what I think, for there is nothing like seeing the steam resonating off the water droplets, that fall upon the entwined torsos in a graceful shining of zenith; while having all the vaporizing, and steam helixing all around us, in passion and adornment.'

'Yes, that is the fantasy I get when showering. That is what I think of; I just put my mind there, to complete the shower in school too. I just pretend that the hands that are touching me are his hands, and not the girls fingering me.'

'In my mind, I picture the shower as the light of a dancing flame of a candle that shows true intimacy. Like having the silky slick shadow on me and the flame of my heart.'

'I guess within that moment; I would feel flawless. I know that you are not going to understand why I feel this way, as of now.'

'However, as you go through my story. It will all make sense, and this is the only time, I have to myself.' 'When I daydream like this, I am gone- go to another place it seems like I said, I do not hear

what they say when I close my eyes, I just let them fade away.'

'Although, I can feel what they are doing to me, yet, I am in my fantasy with my eyes closed. Yet, I cannot help but look at them all too, and I see what is different about them when looking up at them and back down.'

'Every girl looks dissimilar, yet as for me, I still look like a little girl with a bit on top, and an inner one downward. That is why the other girls try to pull the lips apart; yet, I do not want to break anything! Why do they want to do that anyway?'

'I asked the teacher and she said- 'You'll figure it out.' I said, okay?'

'I am going too, and I did, that night outside when I got home from school. I never knew that could happen, and I did not break anything either!'

'Anyways, I also do not like being in the locker room, since there is no one I can trust.'

'Why do I feel this way you ask? Will even though students here are not allowed to have their cell phones during school hours. That does not stop them from snapping a photo of me while standing in my underwear or less or even in the shower.'

'Then posting it all… to their social networking sites. Nice- do not you think! These photos cannot be destroyed. It is on the web, and it is going to last for eternity, even if I do not want it to or not.'

'I cannot say that I was ready for my close-up!'

'Just remember someone's contribution to the internet can never be taken away.'

'I am on there in my pink polka-dotted glory and lathered wet pose forever.' While- at least now some of the boys in school, now have one of their questions answered.'

'I think of life this way; life is like a blade that cuts in all directions. Yet, I am like that one daisy flower that you and I must turn away seldom.'

'Sometimes, I have to close myself to you, and all the surroundings around you, just drift away.'

'Then let that heavenly shower let me grow. Well hoping that someone's blade does not cut me

away from my roots, so I blossom for you, so we can both be together in our divine destinies.'

'That is what I want for you and me. To blossom, while never getting detached from each other, never to be cut away, that is if I could fall in love again.'

'After gym class, I am completely drained, half-sick to my stomach, and then it is off to lunch.'

'The smell of the food makes me want to gag. With the main course being pizza, and the vegetables of tater tots, I think I will pass.'

'I look around the lunchroom; I see- Nathaniel LaMarsh picking his nose like always and rubbing boyish snot in his books, that others have to use for class.'

'So gross!' I say aloud.

'Jenny Valentino is sucking on a banana. Yet, she thinks I suck on glue sticks in the Sped room.'

'Jonathan Eisezn is trying to ram his religion into everyone's ears and going into convulsions. Even if the Bible is prevented in my school.'

'All they talk about in this would most fantastic fiction book is waking of d*ck's, and make others feel bad about being themselves. Shut up your being to load.' Said, Edward Gonzalez.

'I snickered so hard, I snorted at the thoughts of letting the sequence of through he said work in my mind.'

'Yet I am told 'The Catcher and the Rye,' is wrong for me to have, being a band to all in the school, and I cannot read anyways, even so of what you think, the true message is just having the book

in my possession or my hands time from time, and if you do not understand why you are a fool.'

'Just at that moment, I saw Ainge Campo is dumping her spoiled chocolate milk down another girl's blouse.'

'In addition to that, Paul Navis is feeling up his girlfriend- Hannah McGruben, which leads into her playing with him under the table.'

'She has her own found banana to unpeel. Yet no one sees that they only see me.'

'Yes, I am in hell.'

'Trauma and hypnosis have been my life, it all part of splitting my mind, therefore they think I act like a little child, just a color or a sound can make me do as they say, like a human-robot. I even think at times that I am an unpolished diamond.'

'I can stay up days on end, and think about long things to write that seems impossible, and have endless stamina, sometimes I feel like nothing more than a courier, and a byte comfort woman for my master and their picks for me to be with.'

'Just like a human-robot to disable looking, I have to be forced to use a computer to teach me reading and writing, as if cute by my masters, yet never really use one, yet when I do it is less than the ideal computer as if an enables robot fixing what they take away from me in programing like a computer robot of idiosyncratic ways back and forth.'

'Just like a sound or a scent can bring froth memories, only at that time, that is most like blackout of my mind until, having the sent or small made to feel as if Attention Deficit Hyperactivity

Disorder without really having this in moments of rapid eye movement, and higher sensitivities to all sights and sounds and even shadows.'

'In my first year of school the teachers were so loving, just to after having torchers at home and be locked away for hours at a time, in cages, testing to see my I.Q was done, and it was said I was highly gifted so my mind could be shattered by my teachers, kind then shock, and I wonder why, I cannot trust, yet the question is why?

'My conscious mind took flight like the butterfly, and to expose this the end of a mind would come, I knew, within and the unconscious was wide open in a highly subjectable state I was trained to be Special Ed, or a nut, just a sick experiment of giving pain for enjoyment.'

'Take a brilliant mind and kill it, over you cannot be brilliant in this town when all kids must be the same. or that is what I want to think is why so it is not so sinister even though the devil was in the details even my dream is not my own.'

'I am so frightened, yet I would be crazy to say my mind is not my own.'

'Do you even believe me?'

'Just like the delusion now from being the experiments of your teachers.'

'The range of communication they say, about me as the made to be rejected, is now all published worldwide for the world to see, all the labeling of my life.'

'Plus, it is written in writing, using the logic of consciousness, over some made not to have one, yet they have a brain more than me.'

'What do you all think about Nevaeh? Inquired stealthily, on a website pull on Facebook.'

'Who in the hell is Nevaeh? Oh, is she that creeper girl?' said, Paul Navis, in a Facebook post.'

'Yes, she freaks me, and my friends out.'

'This was said, by another in a footnote the following many awful comments.'

'She is crazy!' Said, Nathaniel LaMarsh.

'She is a stocker!' Said, Jenny Valentino.

'She has an STD! She is not the type of girl that I want to take home to my momma!' Said, Jonathan Eisezn.

'Isn't she like- bisexual? No- I would not even go for that girl.' Said, Ainge campo.

'Is not she- simpleminded!' Said, Hannah McGruben.

'Although, I am the one with a mind that is not valid.'

'I have read her reports by teachers and district and have informed all my students of the right to know about her (IEP) and her endangerment.

'I have given them the vocal statements and made online booklets of her 'Individualized Education Program' her documents. Moreover, so has everyone else that can get their hands on a copy.' Said Mr. DeVolcano.

'Mr. DeVolcano then went on to say, her IQ is below what is normal, it is at less than 55, which puts her in the extreme the disability categories; we have informed all the parents about Nevaeh, and all the parents their children; so, that their kids are not in any danger, from this damaged child of endangerment.'

'Also, if they're smart, they stay away, we make sure of that, by segregating her from all others, but her- like kind.' Said, Mr. DeVolcano.

Nevaeh- 'Even the teachers are in on this, yet why?'

'Yet, they would say to me that this is all just Epigenetic Memories.'

'I along with teachers, we think she needs an emotional sport also!'

'He went on to say, she needs help in every class too; she is a hold up for the others that want to learn. The girl needs help, in everything here at the school! I disagree with the guardian and Nevaeh; they do not believe she needs learning support accommodations!'

'Sad this protector's denial, the school staff and I think she does, and that too is the law, we have our experts that say so that we have hired at our expenses. It was either sign or find some other school for her to attend for the mental handicaps.' Said the highly regarded teacher.

'He went on to speak, you know, her reading level is second grade; she cannot write sentences, without having six ears in them. In my class, it is like her mind wanders. She does not want to be taught; she is a waste of time to us all here, that is why I

lock her in the closet and say do not come out until class is over.'

'This boy has been my head for about six months, as a hard-minded lover. I wonder how he got in without them knowing; where I trusted him, yet should I? Conversely, is he being nice to just trick me, like all of them?'

'I thought over wanting to be in my memoranda, to see what it is like to be me.'

'They see everything of my body, at all times, like from my head down, all objects I see, and my lower body as if me, out of my eyes, as if my eyes are now cameras for them to see my everything.'

Nevaeh- 'As for me, I like to keep my ears and eyes open, and my mouth shut.'

'Yet, I am still taking for belligerent for having my thoughts at any moment, that my teachers read at any time they want in are in my body, hide in my mind, and play in my soul like a hidden possessed clown-like child, where you can't stop a thought, they take an action that will be acted out are what you're going to say.'

~*~

'In the lunchroom and in the halls too. I see the Jocks are just being plain stupid, making inappropriate immature gestures.'

'I see all the faces staring at me once again. I see the preppy girls laughing hysterically about their superficial existence.'

'While they all speak loudly. I see the Nerds talking about, about computer-related things. Plus,

wrapping tape on their crossbars to fix their eyeglasses, after getting hit in the face repeatedly by the Jocks.'

'They also talk about the fact that they cannot find any girls that are willing to date them; yet, they kind of fade away in the background.'

'As for me Nevaeh, I just want the day to be over. I sit alone- Yet 'If you are by yourself you are in good company.' Everyone's emotions fall upon my body, like icy cold snowflakes that chill me internally.'

'After lunch, I go to history class, everyone in the class is half passed out from the boredom which they must endure. However, it may be from the overwhelming amount of tater tots that they have eaten.'

'Either way, Mr. Mendocino is rambling on about the destruction and the overall horror of the Holocaust movement.'

'In his monotone voice, half the guys in the class have their hands under their desks playing with it and sending text messages that are extremely significant to their passionate person.'

'I just draw black and white sketches in my notebook! Like- 'You all just cannot wait until class is over.' I do not want to see that, nor have it next to me, or have what is leftover on me.'

'That is why I hate when some of the guys and some creepy girls in class touch my hair. On the other hand, just touch me in general; yes, I just do not know where their hands have been.'

'I am not a germaphobe, yet I like to say clean in school, and only get down and dirty when I want to!'

'So, in my classes where I am still the outcast of being the same grouping of needs, Elizabeth Smith is twirling her hair.'

'Megan Davis is applying another layer of makeup.'

'Besides, to using one of those things to fix her lashes, John Jackson is pulling Lily Anderson's pigtails.'

'My dream love is sitting behind me. I am in one of my average classes with him, yet after this one, it is back to me being in the small room, where I sit for the rest of the day, with the rejects that are not wanted.'

'One of the girls in this class with me is Lily. She is a soft-spoken, shy sweetheart type of girl that has a warm loving personality. She can always find the good in any situation, which crosses her path.'

'Lily, she is peaceful and calm in her expressions, her hobbies include drawing, singing in her church's choir, and braiding her hair with ribbons that match her outfits.'

'She is one of the good girls; she is a lot like me in a way! I think I could say that she is a friend of mine, more.'

'One Sped-er is- J. A Cowering he is shouting things like- 'I like tater tots!'

'Along with other profanity in his slow voice, while he is smacking himself in the chest, with his one hand.' 'Yet this is me, too right?'

'The poor kid requires his needs, (I do not,) yet regardless of the needs overall being thought to be the same vomit to your masters, I am placed with highly retarded disabled kids, yet some like me are not that severe to extreme, yet they are all throw in the same room, meaning you only have at the high second-grade education, do the others holding me back, I get what they think I can handle.'

'Yapper that is what they have me classed as also nothing more than a brain dead a chest tapper, and the kids and teachers reminded me every moment of every day that I am, and next to a child molester or not knowing better, like I understand that of a 5-year-old.'

'In rejecting classes like always, Lily is with me, she sits next to me most days. Along with Taylor

Brown that is asleep snoring, with her lips parted while drilling a puddle on her desk.'

'Again, before passing out paraphrasing to the teacher that the first-grade childlike book, we need to read is fake and gay.'

'There are no windows, the doors are not even that of the same style for a classroom, this was nothing more an old mop closet, made into a classroom, no more than ten old still and wood desk linked together are lined in rows of 5 hold us trapped, the wheelchairs are off to the side, looking at us all cockeyed.'

'Your tooled to be your teacher's toilet in this program, just open up your mouth, so they can take a hot steamy long tard of crap in it, then again poopy in this room seems to be a theme, like self-

playing with one's privates, or the child next to you privates.'

'The sounds and the light seem too bright as if meant to be to chatter the fragile minds even more, in this basement hole of a room with no heat, and it smells of rat tards, and sofa, like in Granny's home with too many cats, along with black mold, the air is tight and stale, the walls mawkish with many years of kids whipping whatever on them and not being clean over no one cares about us, in the room of the insufficiency.'

'Joseph Shaw is tearing his textbooks into spitballs and blowing them on others and me.'

'Kassie Row is popping her gum tapping her pen, farting, asking dumb questions to the teacher that are sexual, and looking at me like she wants a piece of me, she knocks her books on the floor just

so she can look up at me, and they, I not doing any of this bull sh*t, and I'm going to think about you as I go lefty, right now with my hand in my skirt.'

'Anxious to say she was using her right hand, even I know that, and so did the teacher who did not see a thing, only me.'

'Candy Sheldon she is cracking her knuckles and tapping her led pencil on her tabletop that she is carving bent over love depictions into.'

'I think, I even saw a paper airplane go by me, and the teacher did not even blink, as if his intelligence were wasted by tolerating the kid's childish enjoyment, that becoming nothing more than a babysits for the class, this is true unrelenting, of all that is grim, and an inexorable horror, that just suppressed and made to be pent up in the mind,

never angry am I, just sorrowful, filling tragic, and grieving about the loss of time and memories.'

'Nevertheless, none of the teachers even care outside this room to think, I am more than a chest taper.'

'They all are getting paid the same amount of money if we students want to listen or not, and none of us want to learn they say anyway so they don't teach anything anymore to us.'

'These kids jokingly say, now, 'it is time to go back to the hating on others and conic masturbation,' it is all they can do in school.'

'That is just part of the teacher's existence in life, yet should I feel apologetic for them.'

'No, I think not.'

'Yet, this is some of what my existence in life is like here in the hellhole known as the High school also.'

'What do you all think about Nevaeh?'

'She Sped in the head!' Said, Elizabeth Smith.

'Yet he is in the same classes I am in.'

She is a pedophile! Said, Megan Davis.

'Yet he is in the same classes I am in, so you're one too.'

'She is the sweetest girl in the world!' Said, Lily Anderson.

'I understand why she said this.'

Taylor Brown- She is a waste of life! Just like all of us in this class.

'Don't even say her name around me I will throw up!' Said, Joseph Shaw.

'I feel the same about you.'

'She is one nut job!' Said, Kassie Row.

(Next class the bell rings)

Miss. Stackawitz- the P.E teacher, 'I tell her to leave my class or just do it.'

'That girl can't even throw a softball, yet she tries to run away from everything.' I remember this one day in class the girls were playing Dodge-ball.' Said, Miss. Stackawitz.

Along with saying, 'She was giving me a tough time. She did not want to play along. As a

result, I asked her why, and Nevaeh said quote- ''I do not like balls in my face!' And all the girls laughed until they cried, and so did I, I mean come on, that was hilarious. Because it is so true, she can come out with them, without even knowing.'

(Next class away from the incapacitated)

Mr. Mendocino- is the History teacher, 'No comment, on that girl, it would take me too long to express how I feel about her.'

Then he went on to say, 'Previously, I often wonder why so many people were splattered, in the Holocaust, and yet someone like her is still walking free.' Said, Mr. Mendocino.

Along with stating, 'Nevaeh did not even get, 'Who was Hitler' right on my test.'

Then he said, 'she said quote- 'A bad guy, with a weird mustache.' I was not amused… she said I was not trying to be funny. I do not find this cute.'

He responded, 'Besides, she spelled that wrong too. The only thing she got right was her name, surprisingly she did that! 'Fail!' However, Nevaeh cried in class while watching the movie 'Schindler's List' so she got something out of it I would hope when she saw the girl in the red jacket, and when the girl was wheeled away. She said, 'I know how she feels.'

'That disturbed me! Like really are you that illogical.'

Nevaeh- 'Do I take this for them being right when all I can be is wrong even if right or wrong? Preferentially am I just in loser denial, of sucking hard at life, where I cannot win?'

Chapter: 4

Naughty Daydreamer of Nightmares

Nevaeh- 'Next morning the date of September 18, 2009, I am counting down the days, so when I have a break from- this hell once again.'

'The only thing keeping me going is the thought of him in my mind and moments that are cut too short.'

'It is a Friday, and I am thinking that I have no plans for the weekend like always. I am sitting in my reject class; I am daydreaming about my loneliness, which I am going to face over the weekend.'

'With no entertainment, other than me staring at my selling in my bedroom and my classroom, most of the time I just drift off into a trance while every room I am in spins, and the color fades from my eyes.'

'The color fades from them all too, and then I am the only one in color wearing my blue and red uniform, just like that girl in the movie that I saw in my history class the other day. I am afraid of them, just like her.'

'It haunts me now! Just like the red for the blood that we shed, and the blue is there for me it shows me dying slowly inside as I turn that color, all alone I am just like her, nowhere to run, no one that cares, no family left or friends; in the end just to be wheeled away, and not remembered.'

'I am just like her, yes! I am familiar with how she feels, her existences are very much alike! I am a little Jewish girl, and they are the Nazis killing me.'

'I can look out my window and the world moves fast in time, I can see the others have their happy little lives when I look out, yet I can look in my room, and time moves so slowly, yet this is mine, this is my life.'

'At the hellhole, all the days run to gather my first class of the day, and I am sitting in the music classroom. I am surrounded by a bunch of zombies, yet the chorus-musical director thinks I am the one that is brain dead.'

'Mr. DeVolcano is so known as the 'Tiny guy!' as some of the students call him, yet he is huge. He is the type that gets pissed if you do not

reach his so-called standards of superiority. He makes his presence known by throwing pencils across the room and getting all up in your face.'

'It is like he gets so worked up that his eyes rattle in his husky balding blockhead, as he glares right at you. He has a voice that will make you jump ten feet in the air when you are not expecting him to shout everything that is on his little mind out in the open.'

'Once more, I try to be nice to him, but a lot of good that does me. He made all the others in the class completely lose respect for me. He has his pets, and I am surely not one of them. If anything, I am his main target.'

'He has been trying to kick me out of this class from day one. I would guess he is prejudiced against my type. Sad to say that, I must put up with

his bullshit for the next six years. Yet- someday he will get his repayment. I do not know how; I do know not when.'

'However, I am sure of it. His method of teaching is cursing you up and down, in front of your classmates. Shouting at the top of his lungs things like 'I'm the director, if you do not like it then take your ass out the door.' He thinks he is God's gift to music, while we watch him demonstrate singing, and playing out of time and key.'

'Mr. DeVolcano configured his way to the top by using deception. I conjecture the fact that if you know someone, you can become a teacher here at this school. Yes, even without having the degree that you need.'

'He tries to make himself feel like less of a failure, by making everyone feel insignificant in the

processes of his developments in his class. By screaming and yelling at the first-year students just the same as he does the seniors. Just because he thinks, it builds character.'

'Talk about issues.'

'The day drags for seven long hours. Then the end of the day class bell rings out, for the trip back home on the bus and it seems to run back to the way it did in the morning when I got here. Now it is off to my home, where I sit and think for the remainder of the day.'

'It is Friday night, and I just do not want to stay at home all night. Therefore, I thought I would go to the game, and watch the Jocks smash themselves into one another until they have brain damage.'

'If they all know he was in my head now lost and sweet to me when I feel shy, they would not stand for this, he is why I live and why I die, cry, try, and sign, and yet, I still ask my questions of why.'

'Walking around the football field it is either the first or the second home game, I can hear the same disorienting school theme song playing repeatedly. It is sounding horribly out of tune in the background, and its reverberation goes all around the old stadium.'

'The cheerleaders are shouting their battle cries, as they jiggle and wiggle to their chants. A sea of navy blue and ruddy red hues in the stands, combined with the band's uniforms. Besides, everyone is faces old and young have the look of war and frenzy.'

'One middle-aged guy even has a cowbell and an air horn, and he is just losing his mind! Woot-Woot… I think sarcastically in my mind, who cares!'

'The falling raindrops from the skies shine like diamonds reflecting off the lights. I can smell the scent of rain, as I draw in a savoring breath, and yet letting it out my mouth sighing slightly, with a humming sound.'

'As I walk to the ancient bleachers, mud is everywhere, mixed with confetti that is littering all over the ground along with the leftover food from the concession stands. I am surrounded by people, yet I still feel as if I am all alone.'

'Football games in the rain. Yet nobody feels my pain.' 'Should I feel shame?'

'While I stand to look up at everyone just like a freeze-frame.'

'Everyone knows my name, yet they all do not feel the same.'

'The game is over everyone is gone, yet I just sit in the rain as the lights go black on me.'

'Then slowly walk out of there and begin my walk home in the rain alone! While ringing my uniform out as I go alone down the empty pathway. That reminds me that I can meet someone throughout the day.'

'I can have great associations underway. However, the very next day it all goes away. I wonder why, yet I am not surprised by that fact. Nothing surprises me anymore. It is because of who I am? What I stand for, or is it my belief?'

'It is because everyone has ways of destroying one another. How do you ask? Well- one way is by using their communications technologies and the other by the words of cheap talk. Either way, my life has changed. Similarly, mine seems to be metamorphosing into something even more ugly than I thought in previous days of my life, and existence.'

'What is a friend?'

'What are people that you see day to day, and they see what they think you are by what they see?'

'Do they only see what they know of you?'

'What do they see in me?'

'I see them yet; I do not know them. So, what are they? Are they acquaintances, contacts, or

enemies? Is someone you know someone you can trust?'

'To me, it seems like the moral beliefs of friendships have been breached, to me no one is a friend, yet I am open to companionship if they come my way. What people think is not something that can be fixed just by changing a status online, or in the halls.'

'Trust me it cannot!'

'The trust will not be regained with them, or me. Therefore, they do not see me for who I am, because of status, and their friendships that they trust in seeing what they want to see.'

'Do you see?'

'I look at my social page, and it is an empty canvas. With no identified photography, that

corresponds to additional individuals from the past or present time. The towering entity will not allow me to be seen with others, nor them to be seen around me.'

'Can you see my picture developing?'

'Yes, to me the meaning of friendship has been redefined. As I entered the modern age of electronics with my so-called friends.'

'Sure, I can see your profile, sure- I can see all your faces, sure, I can see the description, but then again, I do not know who you are. I do not know your intentions, nor do I know what you stand for. So, should I be paranoid, or should you be?'

'I wonder sometimes while pacing the floor in my room, or just sitting on my bed with the laptop that is pink in color. Should I live with the freedom

that has been established to link me together with them?'

'Must I decide to deactivate, as they sometimes make me do to, I am childlike?'

'So, I can be isolated furthermore; or should I remain ignored while active?'

'I come home before the game is over. It was over for me before it started, I looked at my old typewriter that is sitting here on my disk, a reminder of how things were done in the past and thought that was an effective way of communication.'

'So not, like today. I thought about using it but- am I good enough to say anything, they say that I am not. They must be right; I am not even sure if I

know how to work the fifty-pound clunker of a thing.'

'I have thought about making a story of fantasy a reality. I love old things and old ways of doing things; yeah- I cannot help it.'

'I surely have the time to do a story someday. I could see my writing, a forbidden romance or something like that… yes right.'

'By all, I would need some paper that will not smudge, I guess- I could do it on the computer, but why?'

'I am not much of a writer; I am not much of anything.

It is just like the Vintage Camera that I use because it adds emotion to the moment in time that I

have captured. Just like the Victrola player, I have from the 1930s.'

'I love different things. They say I have an old soul and a young heart.'

'For once, they are right in saying that.' 'Frustrated, with only getting one up and down looking font typed line down, I stopped. Using two fingers on the typewriter does not work all that well. Sticky typewriter keys are annoying.'

'So, that night I went to bed earlier than I normally do. It was a long day anyway because of all the negative spectacles that took place, throughout the day.'

'Also, my mind was thumping just like the sounds that blast from the past machine make as well.'

'I recall I was lying in my bed with my favorite pink nighty on.'

'Before I knew it, I was undressed under my covers with my many thoughts of, school, life, everything, and him. Mostly, whispers in my consciousness.'

'Then, I was in the land of pleasant dreams. There in my dreams, I am in a land where there is no evil, hatred, and no need for lust. My dreams were always my fantasies.'

'However, that night All of a sudden, I am jolted out of my dream, and a cold icy breeze moves across my face, after all-knowing as a child I was sold to satanic sacrificing for sin, thanks to my mother's side of the family.'

'I sat up in my bed rapidly, asking if it was all in my head, or real; the room was pitch- black, and my covers were pulled off me and I felt exposed, as it was an inch over the full length of my body, engulfing feelings from my remembrance.'

'Then, until I cannot believe my eyes at what I was seeing it has dark wings, and eyes that were too temptingly cloying to not look into to have as engulfing into soul travel.'

'It was a creature that was not human, a dark mysterious what I call a fallen angel, I have the gift of seeing them with my subconscious over dissociating, it was staring at me looking into my soul, taking all that happen in the last weeks for my masters, who are cacodemon or fallen flowers of the following the demons demotivators thinking its 'God's work hidden in dark magic, sorcery,

astrology, voodoo, and witchcraft,' like over cognizance possessions, the sweet deception of true evil was peering into my eyes as if it could abolish my quintessence of ethos.'

'I look at myself as a child of pore sorcery, a 'White Angel' when death would come, thus of pouring, I will not be stolen to purgatory, yet that is becoming harder to endure tirelessly when this is what I was born for to slaughter, yet I got away, I got away before, I was killed in the naked virgin child sacrifice, to the 'Angels of Darkness.'

'These girls sometimes on Earth other than being just like normal-looking girls they transform into 'Blackbirds,' or girls with black wings with bloody when in their angel form with wings, having feathered tips, blood-sucking fangs, omnipotent powers, of desire and revenge, of strength, and

voltage, even fiery in the wings at a time, they are my sisters are divided angels the Amzel's are the darkest of 'Fallen Angels.''

'The Natalie girls not so much, they went for the genuine, even if born into evil and made of sin.'

'The Fallen Angel had long fangs, a cat pulling in my eyesight of frame- the moment of like having aesthetic abilities, with a face with sharp-pointed horns that protruded from the top of its head. Am I dreaming, I knew I was not?'

'I was frozen in my horror of knowing I was slowly being taken to the dark side of enchantment; I did not know what to think.'

'I know what it wants with me?'

'I know what this meant, until the edge, coming stronger every day?'

'As for me, I am pore-like some of my other sisters, who like me are at war for our souls.'

''White Angels,' like me are heavenly, holy, divine, celestial, sweet, charming, yet sadness, will make them shed light gray as if the light dying within me, in the wings like me, over depression, grief, sorrow, catastrophe, and misery, yet I think this boy, I like knows what I am, I wonder how? Internet, my books, and religions?'

'Therefore, I can read his mind like I can anyone around me, I let him in, I think? Or it is just one of my gifts or so they think?'

'Yet something you demand to perceive about my Earth life is that I was half-human half-pore white angel, now ending by hanging over mind games, in a dark death was the change they wanted to take me to the dark side lost in purgatory, where

death can't be had, nor can my soul that was damned rise, I didn't want immortal, as a teen girl locked in my limbo angel body.'

'I wonder what he would say if I let wings rip as they do only when I want them to penetrate my smooth fleshy white skin before his eyes?'

'Notwithstanding that night, as I sat staring in my bed, in an instant I watched as this entity was sucked into my dream catcher, it was absorbed away like a vacuum in a swirl.'

'Was that just a dream?'

'It has to be a dream; it is just a dream I kept thinking in logic- I was saying.'

'So, I lied back down in my bed. Besides, I got my covers from off the floor, and it put them back over me and my head.'

'Scared, I begin repeating my prayers. Until I drifted, off into the land of blissful dreams once again. I still do not know what that was.'

'Just a nightmare, I guess. At the start of new days, sometimes I hope that all the stars will align so that God's grace can shine down on me. So that I can feel the ray of the sun as it gives me hope and strength.'

'Sometimes, I start my day with reading. I light my candle and start laying them out, as I get ready for the day. I started to do this when I was feeling hopeless. Lily she gave me her old deck saying try this, it may work for you as it does for me, and I said, 'okay.''

'I have been doing it… oh my, yeah- back then; Like when I was in seventh grade or so, is

when I started, and that is when they began in full swing on me.'

'My readings for today, as I shuffle my deck, the cards fly out on their own, right out of my tarot pile. I know what I am going to face throughout the day before it happens sometimes. Like today and most days, it is not good. Today let us see what we have!'

'Tarot Card One- I got the Fool- yet I wish that all the fools in my life would not have any beginnings… in getting me to do as they do. I am not a fool… they are the ones that are the clowns around me.'

'Tarot Card Two- the Tower- I get this one every day, and to me, a tower is a person or persons. Yet I must find why they keep towering over me! Yet

the mighty tower may be strong now, in making them, make me.'

'Nevertheless, as with anything, like the card cries. They will smash themselves at some point down on me, and they do about every day that they can get on top of me.'

'The towering clans will make me have the circulation of an explosion in the hall, bathroom, and even sometimes in the classrooms. Wherever they could get their hands up, and on me.'

'They are the destruction of me, with fires within their eyes. That collapses down on me, just like the girls in the clan that sits on my face.'

'One by one on me, just like the fiery body on the card in my hand exposed; which shows the tower falling to its knees. They all just ooze their

heated hate on me, and all over my body. What they do to me, is what keeps the tower in power!'

'Tarot Card Three- The Lover's shows that I have a lover, I love him, yet we cannot have a love, which I want so badly.' 'Yet at the same time is it him, which I see in this card? Who is in love with me? It is some other boy or girl. That is worth thinking about- oh-hum!'

'Tarot Card four- Temperance is the learning to bring about balance, in life, for me that balance never comes. I am forever on the wheel of misfortune, when is it going to be my turn to have the thing go right?'

'I didn't even get that out of my mouth, then card number five an extra one, just seemed to pop out at me and flew out my hand out of the deck, and

down on the floor in my room and that was the Devil card.'

'Now it is lying at my feet. That card shows me being hauled back in chains in everything.'

'Yes, I saw him in my nightmares, I think last night… or was it a vision? Yet I know that all I have to say is be gone devil, I am a child of the highest God!'

'You are not getting my soul! These cards show me that I need to beware. Yes, I will keep my telling deck in hand, to know when they will try to deck me, in the face, or even more that must come. I will use astrology as my philosophy, why not; I do not think it is evil?'

'Yet, the nuns and priests that sin more than me… they do. Yes, life is a will of fortune, it is always in constant transition.'

'I never know which section the arrow is going to land on, it changes with discoveries and my mayhem. I know that each day is a gift that shall bring me the perfect someone in my life in the future from the heavens.'

'I know Just like the apple tree in the background of the lover's card; I shall blossom and grow with this newfound inspiration in my life.'

'That is if he finds me before it is too late for me! This can only take place though if the entities in my dreams, and in real life lose their grips on me.'

'That is draining all the exquisiteness of passion, lust, and caring of chastity out of my body. I

refrain from acts that cannot be satisfied by a divine stimulation.'

'Yet, I am overwhelmed in not making associations, like shaking hands with the diminutive porthole to my soul that leads into Satan's darkness.'

'I do not like confessing that, yet I have. I remember father Joel, saying to me in a stern voice, 'Do not do it again Nevaeh!''

'Yet, with a dumb smile on his face through the mesh, at the church booth in there, my feet do not even touch the ground. I can kick my feet, and they swing freely when I am so nervous just like that.'

'Yeah- he knew it was my voice talking to him. I told him everything I did solo and with my shamed fobbed lover like a good catholic girl I am, I

even said, I do not know why, he was there inside me, but he liked, and so do I, what I was saying for some reason he was understanding, I said to Priests, 'what we did that night will last forever in my mind, it could never be erased.''

'All things are not a sin child, even when you know they are good for the mind-body and soul.' He spoke. I recollect the last thing He said was- 'Just try to be a good girl- Nevaeh.'

'Okey-doke-y!' I said, squeakily. Then, I went on my way out of the old church.

Father Joel- 'What a kid, cute as a button, and the same as all her age!' He shook his head thinking my 'God,' at how cute she was.'

~*~

'I know that I am misunderstood, most people just do not get me. I always feel different as if I come from another planet. I know that I have sensory overwhelm, sometimes my senses are too sharp.'

'Every sight, touch, sound, hearing, and sense of smell can be excruciatingly strong at times.'

'I am sometimes angry and have explosions with meltdowns, at school, and at home, this may happen when triggered or feeling trapped, as I do always.'

'Although I mostly avoid situations like this, it can happen that when overwhelmed or extremely painful I explode with rage.'

'To the point of crying meltdowns, I know a girl my age crying, yet happens when bewildered.

After shaking in anger, I may feel distraught and cry uncontrollably.'

'So, I have a teddy bear. Yet still, have many silent shutdowns, times when you cannot speak or socialize.'

'Seldom, I may prevent noises by going silent and withdrawn. When this happens, I want to get away from people and to be quiet until I am calm again.'

'I use avoidance, not going places you imagine will be troublesome for you socially. To withdraw and not have meltdowns, sneaky escaping habits may develop. There may be many situations I avoid out of the fear of being overwhelmed or uncomfortable. However, since the avoidance is sneaky it is often hard to realize it about oneself.'

'I am a sensible person who thinks and analyses everything too much they say. Although realistic and make decisions based on the analysis.'

'I find a pattern in everything, the way I look at my life, I see patterns in everything. I am having the talent to connect the dots to produce original ideas or ways of understanding people and the world.'

'To the ones that I love they say I am an open book, when comfortable, I am extremely open and honest, like a being with him. More open than people in general when feeling comfortable and accepted.'

Some say that I have a bluntness and directness, that my words are straight-talking. I favor literal and direct communication. I may be confused when people say things they do not mean

or say things to me when talking to them. I will take them as false politeness.'

'I know in a normal friendship is alienating, feeling alone and empty when being colleagues in a normal way, yet I ask is it me or them.'

'Being friends in the 'normal' way is either something that I cannot do, or it is social behavior I had to learn by observing to stay away or its charges and court.'

'I try to dissolve my boundaries when intimates boundaries truly dissolve completely. I am far too clingy or bossy.'

'I am a 'genuine advocate,' I enjoy spending time with those that understand me. However, relationships with such people may be rare. Close tenderness lacks firm boundaries and I have been

too clingy, bossy, or controlled by a friend or partner.'

'I have monotonous eating habits; you always eat the same thing or follow a rigid diet. I prefer to eat the same thing most of the time or follow a specialist diet that restricts certain foods. I prefer an eating plan for various health or personal goals and then stick with this (is not tempted to go off the diet like most people are.')

'They say I make funny noises, when comfortable the sounds you create carry meaning in communication.'

'Plays with the voice and accent or speaks with sounds instead of words. When feeling comfortable and accepted may make wet noises, high-pitched noises, or other noises to express feelings in the moment rather than use words.'

'I am stubborn about time and plans; I know- I may freak out if plans change unexpectedly if your time is taking away mine. True I do not like plans being changed. Lateness can trigger my biggest fears.'

'I know- I am awkward about social touch, I do not touch other people, or if I do you do not like this. I know that my demurral is that you may enjoy your touch with your romantic touch only.'

'Oppositely social touch such as random holding on me, patting on the shoulder, is not that big of a thing yet, I do not like men's hands on me. This is all essence that must be learned and forced, preferably then comes spontaneously.'

'Some say- I have a dissimilarity or hypnotic speech patterns at times, even if squeaky. The normal speaking is cracking at times and raised

needed. I know that I have strong self-discipline, I am reminded every day, I like to keep to my chosen routines. I am remarkably focused and dedicated to the things I chose to do or work on.'

'I have been told that my mind goes blank and empty, most of the time, this is said to happen when I am surprised or overwhelmed.'

'I have the feeling of the mind going blank is like a frozen empty pause in which the mind is not able to think for at least a second, though it feels like longer it lasts for longer inside.'

'I have eccentric interests, I know, I have many unusual hobbies or collections; yes, I know.'

'I know that I have mastered some things in researching hobbies or daily activities, anything and everything I love to learn, about most of the time

something unusual to what other kids my age like to do.'

'I have been told and believe that I do have a child-like imagination, a part of me has never grown old after 14 years or so.'

'Meanwhile feeling comfortable, I express a childlike quality, no matter what age I am.'

'True to say- I am bad with hair, somedays, I just cannot do it! I am not good at styling my hair. Also, over it being so long, my hair feels uncomfortable at times.'

'I have a crystal ball, sometimes, I see a girl's face within, that looks just like me yet is not me. I wonder who she is, or is this me, as a prophecy?'

'Ah, bedtime is a sweetly, gently, soft, pleasantly, comfortably, definitely an innocent time for me, of feeling guilty, lustful and sinful, yet as a girl as all do, like yourself I am sure.'

'I feel the shameful need to feel, think known in just those wonderful moments of escaping, explore, touch, sense, even taste, even if I have said I would stop to be most holy of a girl I could be, know in my mind this so varies wrong until I am much older or with a man.'

'Although my body needs to feel of being safe worm and naked in my bed, my mind damning my soul gives many fibs that are unstoppable, in my loving, crazed, ever so natural, need of feeling the freest I can feel as being well me, being so aroused mind is dumb with being excited, my breath quickens so heavy and stimulated, truly the horniest

I could ever get, upsetting at the time as a young lady to not sin, when purples are black and wide with passions, the most alive I can honestly be.'

'Sin is pleasant, balmy, comfortable, I love before bed I read all things at are magical, in the phantoms of my investigations on life from the afterlife, wondering where, I will go when dead yet like loving me, eating too much, or not eating enough, magic, music, and smarts, and loving a female is all a sin too then; I cannot say I am a good Catholic.'

'Nevertheless, at least, I am not taking it up the butt, and saying- 'I am more holy than you,' not worded that way, yet you would get this, attitude, like every 12 up 17-year-old girl: Walks the Hall's would say they think they are, as they think they do

not know after 8 ½ years, or think they do in there mislead understanding.''

'The more that I think about life this way the more, I pull away from Catholic thinking, of judging what is not the same, or dooming someone from loving the lord, as I do, still after having a life of shady, dubious, dishonest, unethical, and unfair, from those that think their Godly I question the why of it all.'

'However, I do sometimes at night in bed; I do, just by laying on top of my pillow or my big teddy bear, and I straddle it and embrace it like I am with him- only if I need, nothing wrong in that.'

'Then sometimes, it is like it just happens in my dreams when I am with my lover in that perfect fantasy. I do not have to confess that too… do I?'

'I do not want to!'

'However, I cannot help but think about that kiss. Nevertheless, is it okay if it happens in my dreams? Why is it that what feels good in life is wrong, and what hurts others is what feels good to them, yet not to me?'

'Either way, I just squeeze taut, with a fizzing bubbling that is heavenly in the finale. Yet, I do know if I do not refrain from these engagements, instead of having a crown of purity. I will surely be cast into the eternal lake of fire and burn forever in the afterlife. That is what I know, what I have been told.'

'Yes, oh how I believe that guy should ruin your light pink lipstick, by kissing you.'

'Not ruin your black mascara by crying over them, I get sick of crying over what I cannot have!'

'However, that is hard to find. When all they want to do is overpower you, and not love you- yet you love them, and they control you it seems.'

'That kind of love is scary to me. I know what I want!'

'If you are truly meant to be, life and god will find a way to make it happen.'

'Yes, even if you are forbidden.' I must believe that!'

'Oh, yes, my dream lover is someone I see in the halls every day. I can see him in my dreams too, with his brown eyes, black hair, fair skin.'

'He is so laid back in his ways just the way he looks at me makes me tremble in an effective way as you have gathered. Yet in bed I toss, turn, and roll around, then morning, it comes, and I did not get any sleep.'

'Also, I am so scorching worm, flustered, and exhausted. Because all I thought of all night was being with him, in every way imaginable.'

'Yet, I know that it cannot be. It is just a dream in my fourteen-year-old mind; just my starry-eyed fantasy.'

'Good-God! I am going to need a cold shower, after confessing all of that!'

'So, anyway, the next morning comes and it is the start of a new day. It was just going to be another Monday morning; I was being dropped off at

school because I did not want to be part of the school bus association again.'

'Consequently, I was getting out of the car to go to school. It was not particularly warm outside. I could feel the sight of frost in the air and fall upon my skin.'

'Of course, I did not realize that I had my skirt caught in the car door. The car pulled away along with my skirt and what was underneath… was all… me showing, not another time I was thinking.'

'Maybe I was getting paid back for the night before? Yet, there goes my blue and red skirt that was flapping away in the door, like a flag of a sham!'

'Hopes rumbling chocolate brown- I think it is a 1963 Chevy Impala, did not stand out enough in the school's turn out as it was… yeah- No!'

'That surely got everyone's attention from the start just pulling in with her in that car! Yet, that was not shameful enough, hell- no!'

'I had to go and add more to the spectacle, and boy… I sure did! Consequently, to all that, her car just kept going, all the way home.'

'She did not know and did not see it when she got home either, she got out of the driver's side, and my skirt was on the passenger side looking sad all frayed up, from the road muck while flapping on 'God' knows what down the uneven pathways. So, if you have not figured it out yet, my uniforms are red, white, and blue the schools' colors.'

'Accordingly, there I was standing in my glory once again. It seems like in my life what can go wrong will, and with every occasion, this kind of thing happens to me, it seems.'

'Like always the jocks get a free show, the nerds start forming at the mouth. Furthermore, the girls say something like- 'oh- would you look at that!' So, ounces everyone is done staring, and taking pictures. I just think 'This is not happening again!'

'Yah- now I know how a naked flagpole feels. It is moments like these, I feel like they will remain forever, and never end.'

'They just keep happening in new ways, one way or another. Because as always, everyone is laughing hysterically.'

'Equally, I hope he did not see me like that; I am so terrified, so I just ran like a bat out of hell out of site, to the nearest shelter, whatever I could find.'

'Yeah- I found a bush and waited until everyone went to the school.'

'So, that I would not have, to have them all looking at me. Naturally, I knew that no one was going to help me out, yet he wanted to recall precisely, as I was running, he called my name- 'Nevaeh, you okay?' He said, No!'

'I squealed, bolting down the sidewalk, past him like a crazy girl off her Mids. With me holding my handbag in front of me.'

'Yet, he saw my but cheeks rubbing together as I ran by. I thought I could have died of embarrassment, of all days to go to school like this, for that to happen. I mean really, who thinks that their skirt is going to get ripped off.'

'I mean days when I have Gym class two days out of the school week, I have something on underneath. However, days like this one, yeah- not so much.'

'I hope- I did not do anything to him to make him think I am a jerk. Because, I was so freaked-out! I mean I am an open person, but not that open. Now I am going to play that over in my head.'

'Certainly, I always dreamed about him calling out my name sweetly like such. Yet I did not ever think it would be like that! Yeah- I was on my own.'

'It is just one more Kodak moment that I will never forget.'

'That was the longest, yet fastest, run home ever… for me to do.'

'Just to come back with a different uniform on, one hour later the same day.'

'Yes, I have learned to look before closing the car door.'

'I have read, studied, absorbed, digested, and received.'

'I have learned!'

'Yet, that day I walked through those big doors late, just to have to face all of them inside.'

'That was fun explaining that one to the school office ladies, with the principal one door down. I walked out of there, and it was back to my day as normal; while what is normal for me, that is!'

Chapter: 5

Steeples, Dwellings, and Tracks

'My home- 'The House of Lost and Lonely Dreams' as I have named it, is an antique structure, with peeling paint that is tearing away from the wood-clad siding.'

'It has its original led glass wavy windows, which whistle, rattle, and leak when the wind blows; or it is raining heavily.'

'My home has a foundation of stone tan and gray rock, which is crumbling under its weight. I would say that it is a result of old age.'

'Because it has seen numerous frigid winters that contrast with searing summertime and time over. The home displays a wraparound porch that has old wooden plank flooring, which is cracked and blistered. We have a bench swing hanging by rusty chains that cry in agony as it swings back and forth in the wind. The crying swing is adjacent to the oversized door entry into the dwelling of loneliness.'

'When I come home from the hellhole, I slowly open the heavy wood door with all my might.

Besides, I drop everything from my day next to the door, my books, handbag, and shoes.'

'Everything is placed, that I had with me, out there on the porch. Yet before closing the door, I cannot help but look over the land.'

'The mailbox is all dinged up in its light tarnish, reddish, and blueish paint chipped colors, and limppus, and yes completely cock-eyed!'

'It is hanging by one nail; it seems like it is on the post. The red flag that is part of it is broken off, just hosed down in the ground also like it is trying to be erect, straight up with a slight bend in it off to the one side too.'

'That is okay with me I guess; I do not get any mail anyway. He-he, our mail girl Marsha just

loves us, she always says when I see her delivering the mail.

'Your box reminds me of my husband, it needs a little help getting up!'

I say- 'yes,' with a confused look on my face, asking my mind if that is funny or not?

'Yet, I did not get it- whatever that means?'

'The grass is tall and needs to be whacked down with the brush hog, the sidewalk cracked, and the weeds and dandelions pulled out from in-between the orifices.

'The gothic gate at the end of the sidewalk is hanging by one hinge wide open for anyone to come penetrating through our yard at any time day or night.'

'The old farm tractor is sitting in the front yard next to the hand plow and garden hoe, along with whatever else all that junk is, yes lookout for where you step, you just might find that missing pitchfork.'

'Oh, and that green thing is not a snake, I can assure you I have tried to kill it! Nope, it is just a garden hose.'

'You know none of that stuff has moved in years. That is why this place looks as it does.'

'The barns hardwood is rotting away, that holds its treasures inside. Yet once you get past my yard you can run free in the fields, I know I have entirely unleashed, with the grasses rubbing up on me.'

'Try it it is fun!'

'So, the silo looks like 'The Leaning Tower of Pisa,' it is surely going to fall one of these days, and certainly plummet.'

'I know, one night, we are going to hear a thud, and it will be on top of those bushes or fall into the barn, and I will cry.'

'Oh, let me not forget about that junked car over there rusting away. Looking down the fields, I can see the many bales of hay, which have been there for some time.'

'Hope- she has a sparking fire shooting up from the metal rusty burn-barrel, to get rid of our garbage… out here, which is not particularly uncommon, I guess.'

'Furthermore, over there I can see my other uniform parts and the only pink nighty, it is on the line that sags nearly to the ground.'

'There is a stick holding the lineup, yet everything I always smelled so good, because of the wind that blows through here, and the citrusy scented soap we use. That is why my bedsheets are so cuddly and soft.'

'Hope must have gotten those chores done for me; I do not like using that ancient wringer washer anyway. It is just too easy to get my fingers caught in there. If you have not guesstimated, the washer is on the back part of the porch, next to the droopy lines.'

'It is just like the 1930's Frigidaire in the kitchen with the broken handle, which will not lock when I try to close it, and the cabinets that are way

too high for me, that I need a chair to stand on to reach.'

'Yeah- just to name some of the old pains in my butt, which I have to use here on this farmstead.'

'Yet, I am blessed with what I have! Undeniably, it is gratifying just to come home from school, and have my bedroom that is mine.'

'Though on cold nights, I have to heat the upstairs of the house with the potbelly stove, that is right outside my room in the hallway, next to the staircase.'

'That is uncommon for most of the other girls that go to my school. Like the other animals far off in the distances of the land, I may too, tonight have a grazing period on something at some point.'

'To keep from passing out, or I may just go into town for something too… I do not know yet. It would be the first thing I have eaten all day. A midnight snack feast is in order, or something like instant macaroni and cheese, and a cold tall glass of Iced tea… tonight, yes sounds delicious!'

'Oh, with something that is chocolate on the side also, ewe-yeah! Chocolate! Anyways, like I was saying before, I went off on a tangent, I stepped into the foyer of the dwelling when I came home.'

'I am greeted with the timeworn wrap-around staircase, which has been well acquainted with me over the years. The end column of the banisters shakes, rattles and trembles as I walk up and down, the squeaky risers of the steps.'

'It reminds me of myself every time I come home from the hellhole.'

'I am looking down the main corridor of the hallway, with its old incredible woodwork, and its yellow faded scrolling wallpaper.'

'The tarnished French lightings sconces flicker their soft glow onto the dusty crystals, that seem to rain down from them. The round Victorian hall table still has a bouquet of dead roses on it.'

'The pink and red roses were on there if I can remember. Overtop is the dusty, dirty, partly burnt-out cobweb-covered chandelier. The whole house has a gothic feel.'

'It is spooky, ominous, uncanny, weird, and mysterious, yet lovely at the same time.'

'The worn-out mismatched rugs are tearing under my feet, and underneath them are the

tattered wide, dark, and uneven wood plank floors. That makes my feet so sore as I walk on them.'

'I can see Hope she is slaving away over the cookstove. I wave, she ways, as the fire is blazing, with the smell of cinnamon rolls; which has been baking during the day.'

'She is not in touch with modern-day technology, she does everything the old-fashioned way. I will make sure to get one of those hot gooey rolls when they are done!'

'Hope- she does exactly what she has done over the year's inconsistent repetition and refuses to change. She lives life in a trance doing the same routine day in and day out. It is the lifestyle; she was born into and raised into, so that is all she knows.'

'Her dad was a devoted Catholic and her mother in a tranquil Baptist grace. She believes in both ways, yet some parts more than others.'

'So, which leads to me being raised with both styles. Catholic at school, then somewhat of a relaxed Baptist, when I get home.'

'Additionally, she is continuously in the state of mourning over the loss of her only son, who died in the line of duty in the war against terror on 9-11, eight or so years ago, in 'The World Trade Center.''

'I try to comfort her nevertheless; I know that I am never going to be a replacement to Benjamin Huber Black, which was her blood relation.'

'I remember him- yet not really. I remember that day too, yet not really.' It is time to let Hope say

something I think, Hope- 'Yes while whatever… hi-there, what do you want!''

'Nevaeh- 'So, just say something to them…!' Hope said, 'Okay… what should I say? Nevaeh- whatever you like!''

Hope- 'Oh-hum- so, I am getting older by the moment, and feel as if I am weathering away. Yes, just one day closer to the casket.'

'The life I have had has done nothing but pressure me into becoming what I never intended to be. how is that so far?'

'Nevaeh goes on!'

Hope- 'Then again, look what I got to show for it. I got everything I ever wanted, just not in the way I wanted it to be.'

'Everyone that I cared about died, so I grew old too fast. Yeah- if you do not have anything keeping you young. What in the hell do I have to live for- Nevaeh; she is no comfort to me truly.'

'My Benjamin was only twenty-two years old fighting in the battlefields. Nevaeh is just there, just like all this work I must do. Nevaeh- thanks a lot… keep talking I am learning so much!'

Hope- 'Don't you talk back to me… you little brat!' She said to Nevaeh.

She went on to say. 'So, like I was saying every day, I like to sit in my chair in the living room when she is at school and go through the pages of the family album one by one.' 'Always knowing that when I get to the end, I will most likely close the book then start all over again, just so, I can remember my boy.'

(Nevaeh- she is yelling loudly!)

Hope- 'Girl… do you want me to smack that small blushing ass of yours, just keep it up!'

(Nevaeh sticks out her tongue and rolls her eyes.)

Besides, it speaks- 'Go for it, then!'

Hope- 'Nevaeh does not have any photos in my book; all the photos in this book are from my family. So I will see if I can find something that I missed from before.'

'Maybe I will have to find one that I can add to her, that is if I can find one.'

Nevaeh- 'While who's fault is that?'

Hope- 'It is not my kid, why don't you, go be somewhere?'

'Then, looking in this book, every time something comes to mind that takes me back to when I had my son in my life.'

'All the things that happened during that moment in time, that are escaping my mind slowly are all there.'

(Nevaeh runs out of the room crying, to go play by herself outside.)

Hope- 'Let her go, she knows when to be back!'

'Anyways like, I was saying it is comparable to beholding the photographs, reading all the notes he sent from the war and looking over them so intently by the light of the fireplace, my eyes shoot blood from doing so. I need to get new bifocal glasses.'

'That's my- boy, my baby, just look at him!'

'He is gone!'

(Hope- sobbing.)

'Each page comes to life, and the photo starts to move as if I can look into that time, and place just like a slow-moving film clip.'

'I can see all the scenes play out. I can feel, taste, and even hear it. I look at what was going on in the frame; as I view into every one of them, just like a porthole of the bygone.'

'Okay…!'

'I am okay now- one of the other photographs that I find unique and intriguing depicts this very house with nicely painted white siding and white trim.'

'And in the distance along the lane or walkway it used to be lit by flickering lanterns, those lanterns are long gone, no- there here somewhat, but they don't work.'

'Some I just had replaced with modern electric candlelight, so now some of them work and some do not, as of now I am too old and soberly to change the light bulbs.'

'This property is becoming too much for me; I was hoping that I would live long enough to have someone inherit my empire of dirt.'

'However, as of now, it seems like a far stretch to me. Some of these relics in this place make my heartbeat rapidly fast, and others bring tears to my eyes, some make me joyful, and others are very disheartened. I am only tired.'

'I think that I have been blessed for all this time that I have had. Blessed for the times we had, and all that was part of my life, most of them are gone, and I am getting older, and she is an image of what I cannot be anymore, it is annoying.'

'Oh- hum, to be like her, and know what I know now! In my book with dark green covers, I start from the beginning. I see the little faces in shades of gray.'

'Though faded I can still make it all out. I see myself as a little girl and see all the places that we saw as a family as I got older, like a timeline.'

'The first pages are ripping, tattered, and torn from being so upkeep. The binding on my book is hardly there anymore, you can see the string that holds it together, and some pages are falling out.'

'All these notes of my life are now stained, all the love letters he and I wrote with a pan that I had to dip into an inkwell; all of this is my life, he is gone too, I loved them so.'

'All these notes, some from my husband, some from the war, some from others that say that they loved me, this all tells a story, and it is just all history now.'

'Nothing lasts forever it is all going to be dust in the wind.'

'Evenhandedly, I gave you everything, just for you all to die with a smile; all we wanted is for you all to live for a while. No, you took everything and left me empty.'

'So much I do not understand, all I ever wanted to be was a happily ever after.'

'Yet, I am still hoping for it. I am so tired of being here, without you my loved ones; you are the evanescence of my Immortal love.'

'All this time has passed, after you all pass away, yet it cannot erase them from me, now or ever. Both of your faces haunt me in this book, and in my consciousness!'

'How you wiped my tears then, when we were young; I feel that nothing has changed, only the moment in time.'

'You still have all of me!'

'In the summer days, after Nevaeh goes to her room at night. I look out my window in the summer, and my wandering eyes overlook the honey golden fields and thick dark woods.'

'It splashes the sun's light and it shines my life before my eyes, in one blink.'

'As the sunsets, and I sit there eagle-eyed. The darkness comes to let me know that I am sitting here in my home alone, on a summer's day.'

'My life is just like my husband's red 1932 Ford convertible, which was his first car; he loved his old cars. The 1932 automobile he paid 417 dollars for the car.'

'That was a lot of money back in the day, and I can still hear that horn.'

'YAHOO-GAH!'

'He always planned to fix it back-up as a showpiece, but with that said it never happened.'

'However, it was nice when it was new, not like these tiny wagons of today. It is rusting away now in the weeds in the front yard; it is next to the barn, which holds the other cars.'

'The 1932 automobile has a chrome grill that is pitted, and the headlight glass is now smashed, and the inside is trashed, from getting wet too many times.'

'It needs some love, just like me. Nevertheless, it is more work than what I can do, so it is just another memory of our memories.'

'Oh- hum, I remember, cherish, treasure, value, and faithfully honor that we used to drive around, running all the traffic lights, wild, crazy, a little insane as could be, and we shared our time.'

'In addition to that, we made secrets in the front seats. He would kick up dirt in the air, as he would drive to our spot on the gazebo on the pond.'

'If that vehicle could talk, it would remember more than I do.'

'Pain is love!'

'Pain is all I have; pain is like the rain without my lover next to me, it is like the rain brings my pain and it- washes the memories away from my mind.'

'Pain and the rain are all that comes from these old eyes, which I rub red, pain as the rain that I will cry over the spot in the graveyard, where more than one stone holds memories for me.'

All a little way away from the mansion home, that was part of me, as it is with Nevaeh. This

is the same ground that will hold my old bones someday too. Said to say, just to be next to them; as I want to be as of now at this moment.'

(Out on my long walk around the ground and railroad tracks, I start to get into deep thoughts like always.)

'Sometimes, I wonder if Hope knew what she was singing me into in the school system, they had her deserted, in thinking she is delayed in the brain also, over her upbringing, or if she knew that my mother was saying, I was more than slow, as an act of revenge for stealing me away.

'Nevertheless, Hope had to sing me in or it would have been money out of her pocket for schooling for my delayed kind, where it was the school doing me justice for them to give me what I

could handle in their mindset, or you're out a free public education.'

'Made to be nothing more than backward, yet I know to this day, Hope did not have a fair fight for me to stand, it was taking it or leaving it contracts.'

'I am back!' Said, Nevaeh.

Hope- 'Where have you been it is 11:59 pm, girly, you should have been home at 10:00 pm, start explaining; you know it is a school night!'

'I was out!' Said, Nevaeh.

Then moments after said under her breath. 'Wow- she is so dramatic is not she, sarcastic even, scornful still!'

'Right, I can just guess, you little hussy, seducer, I know what you have been doing with that boy, I am not stupid you know!' Said Hope.

Nevaeh- 'I do not even have a boyfriend, geez!'

'You don't think, I know what you did that night with that boy I do, shame on you girlie.'

'Confess?' Said, Hope.

'NO ONE!' Said, Nevaeh.

'...Tonight, yet you have been in the past; do not lie to me.' Shrieked Hope.

'So, we had quickie sex.' Said, Nevaeh shrugging.

'He smells like a boy, and I love that small.' She spoke.

'You are going to end up with a baby, that I will have to care for or lose the child by the courts, or this town madcap sources of you not being able to care for him or her. When I will not or have to have an abortion. Again, I will have to pay for, to hush it all up. Then where have you been.' Said, Hope.

'I was all over town and the land, and that boy is too scared to be with me, okay get off my back please!' Said, Nevaeh.

'He loves me more than you do, that I am sure of.'

'Just be safe.' Replied, Hope.

'Like I am not, it is all I think about being.' Announced, Nevaeh.

'Nonsense girl.' Whispered, Hope.

~*~

(At that moment, they both stroll from the main doorway to the formal living room.)

Nevaeh- 'So, anyway, what has happened to Benny is forgotten; then again, they brought what was left of his remains back in a cardboard box, without even the echoes of the bugle, call sounding off in the background for surviving his county as a young man.

'Hope held that military funeral, the guns going off, she was handed a flag; yet, I don't remember everything.'

'For Benny's bravery, he got nothing in return, he was placed with all the rest that no one cares to truly remember.'

'I don't care to live.' Said, Hope.

'I cannot take much more, I feel the same way, I feel rather than being burnt up after I die, just roll my lifeless little nude body down the hill in a wheelbarrow, and just tip it and dump me in the Susquehanna River.' Said, Nevaeh.

'However, in all truthfulness, I do think that after my death though, I should be placed on the ground next to my loved ones; yet, I know I will, and so will you Nevaeh.' Said, Hope.

She also stated moments after, 'Notwithstanding, that is if I have any to pay for my way to be there, you know we are poverty, and your other side took everything, I have had, but this home, yet they wanted that too, I had to fight to keep, and yet I got you, they let me win. I get why, do you?'

'I remember when your husband Henry had a heart attack on September 11, 2001. When he was gazing at the TV, when he saw the airplanes go in, knowing his boy was inside the Pentagon in Washington D.C.'

'So, just like benny he also was left to be forgotten, upon the same mountain, with all the other forgotten bodies in the Gothic graveyard.'

'He haunts me, Nevaeh.' Said, Hope.

'Henry was one of those, 'where are my teeth- girly type of a guy's,' not much of a father figure in my life when he was here with us, more like an ass hole.'

'Then again, you are going to think, I don't like anybody that is not so, I just seem to find myself around all the butt-heads.'

'He was always so cranky, irritable, cross, and crotchety all the time.'

'He likes to tap you on the head with his cane too, just to get your attention, saying, 'girlie.''

'Furthermore, he smoked a pipe all the time. I remember he smelled of peppermint tobacco.'

'He is gone, yet, I always tried to be nice to him. So, it is just me and Hope here, in the old farmhouse now.'

'My room, the bedroom of mine is pink; the room where all I do is think. I have a bathroom attached with an antique claw-foot tub and pedestal sink. It is a land of imitation fur, which is pink.'

'The bedroom, where the day's events are a blur to me that runs together like black ink.'

'My stuffed teddy bear is my only loyal friend; we lay together on my bed at the days' end.'

'All the feelings that will never mend, all this time in my room I spend.'

'In my room, I week up to the beep, beep, beep of the alarm clock, and throw my sheets off me, and I stagger to my feet on the weekdays.'

'Then, I see my undressed body in my mirror like always when I get up.'

'I grab one uniform from my closet in my room, and I start buttoning and zipping everything up on me. I do my make-up and hair.'

'Go down the steps; get my shoes on my feet that partly cover the fun socks that express me.'

'I open and shut the door; yes, that is every weekday. Then walk down the lane of emptiness, the trees stand like soldiers in a tension.'

'It is six in the morning, and the lane is eerily calm and quiet, there is nobody around for miles.'

'Yet I do not feel alone, I feel like, I am being followed by eyes in the sky others kine me of my kind, it is like it is constantly following me within the parting clouds, kind of like the moon, seems to walk with me, you know.'

'It is like something or someone of the occult, or even magical realm is advising, monitoring, proctoring, and directing, even my wings wanted to expand, in fear of what was around me while demeaning me in all the ways of the Earthly life, I had just the day before.'

'Even, just walking down my lane, I know what I now was, I am forever on the route, that seems to never go away or end; I have fallen like them, white to gray, gray to black the wings I hide from them all will be, I am certain of this now.'

'I was kind, good, considerate, helpful, generous, and tolerant; they made me evil.'

'The sunlight slowly rises, and my face and skin start to glimmer, glint, and gleam with friendly affinity, and the sun shines through the trees.'

'The various animals speak up often; while the mysterious fog burns off which was once part of the night's low clouds.'

'It reminds me of myself every time, I get up to leave the dwelling of lost and lonely dreams, but unlike days past now it is like my hearing is sharper,

and my eyes can see everything as if zoomed and for miles, and I can hear things movie that is way off as if my hearing is amplified.'

'I can move swift-like and run great distances in a way that is not human, from here to there and back in record time. Even run towns in minutes flat.'

'One- to hunt, something, I must do now even if it is nothing more than killing, destroying, and murder.'

'True, I have to take young souls like mine, even if- I feel I don't want to linger within them to take them to purgatory if I don't, that is where I will stay.'

'Two- to be able to spread my wings and fly, high in the heavens where there are no non-magical souls to see.'

'Three- also to let my glittering skin twinkle, and warm my cold non-oxygenated blood, in the true sunlight without fear of how it looks.'

'Songbirds and they make their music, I remember days past, as I march along skipping down the path as I never did before. I step to the beat of loneliness, on a path of emptiness for the arrival of awareness.'

'I am in a haze and fog thinking about everything that would be going to 'The Underworld,' and then- I slowly awaken to the rays of reality, as I glow, and remember my past faith. Even now losing my faith, I still have it within me to believe in what is right.'

'I think about all the kids on the bus knowing, I could rip them apart now by the throat, and drink the heavenly blood, with my fangs holding them down with my newly strong arms, and keep their souls, yet still, I cannot yet think lingers in my mind as revenge. I could kill the bus driver to like a bonus.'

'I whisper to my mind. 'Be strong, Nevaeh, remember you're a newborn fallen angel.'

'Walking along at my stature of under five feet tall, on this route, my shoes on my feet and my toes gripped in them tightly.'

'Like days past, I am left to be greeted by crossing roads, with nothing more than golden fields, and many lush big and small trees, as far as my newborn eyes can see; I only have one choice to make.'

'You know that scarecrow is not going to talk to me or get down on his pole and dance, and help me; yet right now, I feel like Dorothy, after learning my lesson. 'There is no place like home.' Nonetheless, I will never get that back after what I have done. Why did I give in, or did I?'

'Likewise, I cannot help but say 'good morning' to him- the scarecrow, yet there are no charms, spells, or magic, there only within me, I can see, it makes me question realities and even my state of mind or did I just lose my mind? I questioned everything and anything.'

'Oh yes, I forgot all this was taking place in moments, yet time seemed to stand still. I giggle and say, 'you do not have a brain either, whoopsies, yet you have seen, and know more than them, by hanging and being unliving too!''

'I wonder if... I will?'

'My only choice being, the road that leads into the land of simulated hell. And as the bus meets me there, and I step foot upon the yellow vehicle of impulsive mistreatment, along with all the combats of retaliation; knowing I could prevail if in a battle.'

'The branches flutter by like arms that want to carry me back to the 'Dwelling of Loss and Lonely Dreams.' However, the vehicle is thrusting forward, sucking me onward into the pits of the hellhole also known as high school, to all the others, that seem so weak to me now, yet they have no idea what I am.'

'The road has its twists and turns; it seems to go on forever- yet not long enough.'

'However, there is always an end to the tunnel of trees. The light breaks through, and the

sunshine bright as it hits my face, with the hope of delight, but most days it is nothing but fright of darkness and gloom.'

'Also, now unlike before my mind was blank as if all voices were now off, I wonder if they would come back, it was defeating the silence.'

'I also wanted him in my mind, so all I did was squeeze my teddy, and suck my thumb the whole way to school, like the cute sweet girl, I once was.'

'Just like all these days, I wait for the revolting yellow bus to take me into the land of my most freighting, panic, horror, terror, and loathing.'

'I wonder, if I can make it through another day until it is the night, then this is unlike other days even if I feel the same yet not.'

'Remembering at the day's end there is no one to hold onto me tight, I wonder now if I will ever get someone to do just that. Nothing in my life feels right, as the day goes fast at times then fluctuates slowly at others. I just must follow the guiding hope within me to keep it together, feeling baffled, perplexed, puzzled, and most bewildered.'

'I take my first fight, where the tracks hangover on the far side of the steel viaduct, that has twisted and bucked from a storm hundreds of feet in the air I dive arms to my side with no fear, wings ripping out of the flash of my back, were my back is fully exposed, and even ripping irregular slices into my uniform top and jacket magically.'

'With the hope of optimism and faith, I take my end of the day walk, along the tracks, thinking. I do not wish to fall from the dizzying height unless

most sure, as I have thought about doing many times, in the past walks along the rails of all falling bridge that hangs like questionable, mysterious tracks in the sky, piercing the line of Earth and the Heavens; and that I will never see more then, I do at this moment.'

'Now, I don't have to think- I can just jump freefall, and spread my wings and flap, fly, and climb great heights faster the railroads did in the yesteryear making it from one end to side in the stream of air beneath my wings, at last, I felt free, and found the place I was born to do this.'

'I sword with all the fog and mist so and the structure weaving in and out of the supports, I can see all the lovely sites, all the valleys and trees, the river below, and all the mainstays of the bridge that still stand, and lie on the ground below me. This

night for the first time in years, I was happy to go home, and the movie on living, even if not, I felt alive.'

'There was only one other thing on my hushed mind without thinking was him like never before, as the true feeling of love, with my power of mind not being overruled.'

'I am a girl, at last, that is free.'

Chapter: 6

Dwelling of Hell

'"The Oak View Catholic High School,' is the name of the place- that I nicknamed the hellhole. From the outside, you can see it was built in the 1940's it was meant to be an Art Deco style structure.'

'Though in the 1960s, they added on to the school and killed its former glory. They tried to make some of the buildings look modern and contemporary, which looks cold and unfriendly.'

'This building is so stupid in its floor plan, that rooms are cut off from the main hallways, for example on the basement floor, they only have one way in and out, and that is going up or down a long set of stairs.'

'Just like, I must walk through the woodshop classroom, to get to the other classrooms on the basement floor where I stay most of the day. There are no hallways down here everything is just linked up with no rhyme or reason.'

'What is so curious is that if you are trying to get from the basement to the third floor you must walk through some classrooms and the teachers get

pissed off? Because you are annoying, irritating, threatening, and disturbing there- so-called teaching.'

'With that only path, the way I use, to get where I am going, I know that I am never going to be on time, until now.'

'Notwithstanding, there is only one main staircase in the configuration, good luck gotten up when the others are coming down!'

'The building has split levels, what can I do? If you are trying to get to my one class on the third floor, will you know to just forget about getting there on time, most of the time, I am docked as late on the roll-call records?'

'The school is made like a labyrinth, a total puzzle, network of dead ends and doorways, and a complete maze.'

'However, if I am late it is my fault, even when the teachers that follow me around know what happened.'

'They do not believe that the other kids slow me down over my being tiny, they are the blame or the poor building planning, yet go figure?'

'Therefore, so much shit goes on in these walls, teacher's eyes cannot be everywhere in these dead-end cellblock hallways and unused classrooms, that is still too good for the likes of us.'

'Oh, this is my favorite pathway for them all; I love this one. In this floor plan design, someone thought that it was okay to have one staircase going

from the second-floor entrance down to the girl's locker room. Everyone uses it and they can look at us in the girl's locker room changing for class.'

'Yes, they can see us girls standing there they can look at our vulva's, all of us being smooth-shaven and completely hairless, and only one other girl not so much, she is a tad bit trimmed with a triangle.'

'Yet, I am not going to say any names, you're smart you figure it out who she is you would know that girl is me.' 'Anyways the girls are all out in the open, with the unsympathetic air blowing in from the door, because of the observing eyes of the boys that are peaking at us.'

'Yes, the girls are standing in their nude postures, defenseless at any time in the beginning, and end of gym class.'

'By whoever opens the door that is linked next to, that staircase that goes up to the next floor to another door to the knower.'

'Hitherto, all the classrooms lead to other dead-end hallways, and random bathrooms, or random places. Where I sometimes, find the popular kids hooking up, you know having kiss time and fast pocking touching genitalia sex, as I do sometimes with him, and even her too, yes you can hear some of the girls thanking God, as I look at them in lust, with their dirty talk; as I push past, yet yesterday, I found out why, I feel like them now a slut, yet as a girl my age that is what you must be to feel alive.'

'My lover even asked me why, I have scars down my back, as we had our affection bond, yet this would not be with whom you would think, yet I

well get him today, I will pin him to a locker, and no one will stop me.'

'Then, I saw him walking towards me, I graded him by the pants and placed my hands in his pocket. I know he was planning to walk past me. Yet, I seized him knowing the eyes would be on us. However, I did not care, like what are they going to do to me now, I was becoming like one of them?'

'I pushed him to me, then extremely hard to the lookers with a bang, and I made him love me, like all the others, around us, and time stood still for me.'

'Yet, I like to thank God in other ways, yet now I wonder, like if I should hanging yourself is a lingering purgatory and hell. I wonder if God could understand, or if I can make him in all the time in

this world being ever-so trapped, I will grow yet much slower than the individuals around me.'

'I understand what I am.'

'You know what is thought-provoking about the name of the school is that no landscapes are looking outside anymore; because the school covered up most of the large split-pane arched windows, with bricks, when they added more classrooms instead of replacing them because it was cheaper.'

'Although, in their eyes, that was meant to be a good thing, or so they deem.'

'However, the money that was meant to go for the building, it went into the pockets like some of the teachers get paid more than others, of the higher authority like my Grandmother and Grandpa,

who pull the strings of the school system. We kids sure did not see any of the funding for books, papers, technology, and education, they do not care about us.'

'Heck no they will not even put butt protectors, pads, and stuff like that in the girl's room for free, I would know just days before I was here, and you know how revolting these toilets are, that none of the girls seem to flush, I mean it is not that hard to do, push the handle.'

'Yes, the dispensers are there, yet it is not like, I have the money needed, to get what I need, that is not a necessity as Hope would say to me.'

'Yet, I must bring what is needed from home, they say, which I buy, yet have no money too, and I run out long before, I can get more when I do,

I cannot afford to get more. They do not understand I am a poor girl.'

'Therefore, I go to the school nurse and get one a day, all the days that I need to, and I must beg and plead for it! Miss. Davies, she hands me what looks like a diaper pad, yet I use this over not being able to afford my own.'

'Come on really…!'

'I want something a little cuter, pink with flowers, and that fits me! I mean I am a small girl! I am not complaining, but it is not comfortable, they are damp, and irritating, yes, and not all that flattering for me to walk in.'

'Okay, I am sorry…!'

'That is enough of me ranting on about that!' 'Yet, go ask for condoms, and you will get them no questions asked? I do not get this.'

'Oh, yes that was just my life as a teenage girl bleeding out a lot, I am thrilled to announce I will not be doing that like that again ever!'

I will never have to say in ditto, 'forgive me, I am a little bitchy today!'

-Or-

'I just want someone to hug me!'

-Or-

'I want to cry!'

-Or-

'I feel emotional!'

-And-

'Oh, I need some chocolate!'

'Plus, I remember that it kept going from hot to cold, yet my hands feel like ice.'

'I was jumpy all the time, around my time.'

'I was nail-biting, have knuckles cracking, and the polish is falling off from chewing my hand.'

'All the young girl days lost to the remembrance of the past were, I had that itch that, I cannot scratch right now.'

'God, I feel fat, and cannot button my skirt!'

'I am now delighted to say those days are now over for me.'

'No more, 'someone kill me please, oh- my-God, admin pain!'

'I remember just three days before; I must squirm here sitting in class!'

'Not, saying- anything, with all the dumb pocking fun, in the room not getting what a girl like me has to go through.'

'Additionally, odd to say the blood of others now is what I want then anything to sink my fangs into, yet I need to control, and they can't find out what I am.'

'That night was, no dream, the demon hunter that was once seraph the purest too of white angels, I remember her how she once existed, yet now dark and she has power over me, to do what I

have done as if taking over me, I was an ever-so succubus young woman.'

'So far, like- I don't abhor what I have become, and a free, female demon, known to our world as a fallen angel, believed to have sexual intercourse with sleeping men or young girls, to cast them to 'The Underworld.'

'And take over their minds, control their bodies, so they find their pleasure of wanting complete death in the evilest ways imaginable.'

'So, I, like my sisters, can still their souls, to the promised land they asked for, of 'Hell's Purgatory.'

'All for our masters, our evil grandparents, who sold us at birth for satanic sacrifices, to the devil's cult they serve of Death-deviator's, the shield

of arms 'The Black Crow,' over us girls, all of us sisters were made of sin, by being bastard children to or unwed whore of a mother, that we must now obey her and the cult, to not prevent the wickedness they want us to keep forever in the afterlife.'

'And to think, I was worried about the fact we are given one pencil for the entire year, it seems silly now, and I do always have a pencil for this class.'

'So yes, we must get our supplies- along with all my notebooks, folders- and whatever!'

'Yet my day is filled with light and dark magic now, oh yes, the awesome, dark powers to bewitch the mind, positions to make them drink, to fascinate the ideas that I want to give!'

- 'Death Spells.'

- 'Hurt Spells.'
- 'Resurrection Spells.' (I like what my one sister has done for me, at the ending of my true life.)
- 'Banishing Spells.'
- 'Binding Spells.'
- 'Conjuring Spells'
- 'Energy Spells.'
- 'Nightmare Spells.' (As I have had them pulled on me by them, to be here now.)
- 'Power Spells.'
- 'Revenge Spells.'
- 'Bad Luck, and Misfortune Spells.'

(I was taking up my time in my class of endless hell, thinking of a main plan, to save my kind with the light magic for the dark stolen throwing magical girl, yet of all things noble in hope for the fallen angel girl. I was thinking about a site, where

this all could be a study in its world, all girls like me, I could see it already in my crystal ball at home that night; I knew what I was going to be, it was glorious.'

'So, the plywood covering the big windows on the inside was covered gold shag carpet where the windows should be, except for a few small openings that are covered up by old dusty blinds, that is over what is left of the cracking antique windows, that do not have money and do not open anymore.'

'Despite this what is most odd is that the largest windows are in the stairwells that go from the first floor to the third story ceiling, and they are single pane glass they are shattered and leak air.'

'Sometimes the rain runs down the inside, they get covered with this like fog, that I can see the

ghostly childlike faces of my world from the past children that went here looking back at me in looking for a savior, to the point it is eerie to look through them; yet, I wonder if that is just all in my mind too or not.'

'On the outside of the school, the contaminated brick is crumbling, mainly because the building is sliding down the hill that it was constructed on.'

'Everything in 'The Land of Many Staples' was built on the side of a hill or down in the valley where most of the town remains.'

'On the outside of the school, the contaminated brick is crumbling, mainly because the building is sliding down the hill that it was constructed on.'

'Everything in 'The Land of Many Staples' was built on the side of a hill, or down in the valley where most of the town remains.'

'I swear that the architectural engineer was stoned when he made these floor plans for this high school remodel.'

'Either that or he went here and wanted to get back at them. Who knows?'

'So, it is a new class, as of now, I am sitting in Miss. Lewis mathematics class observing the same stem and leaf plot lesson for the tenth day in a row. My mind slowly drifts back into time.'

~*~

'Back to a day that will remain in my mind forever.'

'The year was 2005 spring was in full bloom. I remember walking down the pathways that lead through these lush gardens.'

'While I was standing along the red brick path that was part of 'The Andrea-Morgan Gardens and lagoon.' I reminisce about how, when I would walk over the arched bridge with the stream that ran underneath, all the colors of the flowers overwhelmed my senses next to the gazebo.'

'My rudimentary perception of the outside world of how it could be as a child.'

'The gardens, past the railroad tracks, and the whistle and X crossing sign, and split tracks were the tracks cover North West to the coal mines and to North End of town where there is on last village church from the 1900s, past all the hay

fields, sunflower fields, barley fields, and yes also all the cornfields.'

'Sometimes, on my trails, I would make a stop along with the thick timbers, where this older man would hideout and, would want me to run a few jars of moonshine for him and I did 10 jars for a dollar or so.'

'I could see the warm heat of the hot flames, the worm, the clear liquid running from the raccoon-pecker into more jars; I could see the copper still making corn whiskey, and I remember the small corn biscuits.'

'I just called him Popcorn, from the day we first met, when he said all youngsters like me did, and he was singing and dancing about, and did not even think to mind the oddities of that name;

conversely, understand he was a legend in many states. or what I was doing was illegal.'

'Anyways that is how I made a little side money that no one needed to know about, it was about the only job I could get being me.'

'I walk through old stone train tunnel with a keystone arch, my little young feet in my girlie flats with my socks pushed down in them, one foot in front of the other on the shiny still rails, strolling through, however, this is my only path through the hillside in my walking path, that I want to for self-analysis and meditation that felt almost blessed from the heavens.'

'The place where- I could remove myself away from all the awareness that is in my life's past.'

'A land where there was no pain, no hatred, and no fear, that was not far from home, new home yet far away from my old, yet far enough from the new and old that I was at liberty to do as I wanted, needed, or wanted.'

'This was a place where the stream trickled softly and the plant life grew wild, a relaxed atmosphere, where I finally felt as if there were nobodies' eyes upon me.'

'This was the outside, after being locked up for years.'

'I remember that this was such a tranquil, location, I was supremely comfortable, spacious, rich, and happy, and I felt carefree.'

'All these pathways led me out of my hellish habitations that I remember always, as well as 'The Dwellings of Lost and Lonely Dreams.''

'This one time I was wearing a pink sundress and white boots. I had come to the end of the path. I sat with my knees folded up almost next to my face, to take a rest under the massive weeping willow tree.'

'The tree shades the flowers that are hanging slightly over the stream.'

'The tree seemed to move mysteriously in the cool spring breeze.'

'The gardens and its trees, and waterfalls uphold the creation of a misty fog which created the stream next to me. The bubbling waterfall adds to

the divine, spiritual, apostolic, and consecrated feelings I need.'

'Some days, I would take off all the restricting clothing that I had on, and go swimming in the glassily golden looking pond, with all the orange sparkles.'

'I used to swim over to where the waterfall is, also get out nude to dive 200 feet into the waters below, and then I would get out of the water.'

'There is this leg under the falls, I would walk up to stark and stand on the immense rock, next to a hollow pool opening with soft glowing green water- where the sun would give waves of light.'

'The waterfall shower was falling on the outside of that entrance, where the cascading water

would fall on top of me, moderately. Still, I pressed agents like grotto walls.'

'At that time, I was so much younger. Wow, that always felt so amazing to stand under and even to lie under as I did.' 'However, this one time, I was there, and sometimes had passed.'

'I opened my eyes out of surprise, to see that Codi Martinez was nearing the end of the path, he was my first crush. My first kiss on the cheek, he was, he held me in his arms as I would sit in his lap.'

'Like most days, I was sitting in a grassy patch under the weeping willow tree drying myself in the open air. That was the first time I let a boy see me this way.'

'Yet most of the time the girl that, I spent time with, and swam with was a thoughtful, gentle,

tender, sensitive, winsome, and kind young girl named Lily Anderson, she is why I came here most days.'

'I have admired, loved, caressed, saluted, soft petted and kissed a girl and loved this, I had just gotten done with my swim and I was putting on my dress.'

'I looked up, and that is when that girl was looking over at me the whole time. She decided to sit down beside me, most days.'

'She reached over and held my hand for no reason, to find the weakness of needing love.'

'No one had ever shown me that kind of affection before, I was so nervous, I barely spoke a word; my breathing became rapid just, because of the way I looked at the time.'

'It was a hot and bothered lust to find young love, girl or boy at this point did not matter to me.'

'I was too young to know what true love meant, I was captivated by him, yet loved her more, and did not know why.'

'Furthermore, what all I saw, that he showed me, was the first time a young man ever did this, that was not mean, signify, intend, and anticipate.'

'That swim that we had that day together, was one that I will never forget. I still cannot believe that I did that!'

'Most nights from that day on we sat under the tree every night until the day became nightfall, one of those many nights, and socked in the grotto.'

'I use my magical scepter of enchanting power to make a lustrous, zealous, and phosphorescent ball of glowing pulsating light to make the waters gleam, redden, radiate, and glow from underneath.'

'I was hoping that we would kiss even more than we did she was like me in many ways even with magic and falling like an angel, in that perfect setting. She became my best friend. She was a girl that was a girlfriend like most girls have a boyfriend, yet she was the only one I could trust with all my thoughts.'

'Moreover, love was something we could not honestly hold, not over being same-sex- (girls,) more like we had the same bloodline down the line somewhere. How? I did not know. Yet I was told, by

others in my class that seems to know more about me than I do about myself.'

'There is nothing more disappointing, than being in the friend zone if we are over feeling shame with each other, including descent, mostly blood, even if everything was ever-so right when together, and not genuinely knowing why it was.'

'Notwithstanding wanting to move onward that way regardless of our relationship stigmas.'

'All I know is that to this very day, I dream about that time we had together grasped, that I can't live without her, but only with someone else that I dream about less seems unfair, if only he loved me.'

'I wonder what that first kiss would have been like back when I was about ten with that boy. I can say now it was more.'

'I ask this because being fourteen and never been kissed at all by someone I loved, yet have been kissed by man I did not, maybe that is why I can't find love in a boy yet like damaged, even so, all moments were a virtuous sensation to have, remember what it was like to my mind in the past.'

'I wonder what might have taken place if she would have been more open with me, without thinking as we are both accused of not doing.'

'Yet someone like Lily she was, I wonder why?'

'Yet after her death, I did not wonder anymore.'

'Although, I still do not know what it is like to have someone, which absolutely loves me now as she did even if so wrong.'

'I wanted her sex!'

'I do appreciate what that first passionate kiss would be like and miss it every day now. I have held hands and miss them now to hold, yet it did not mean much until she was gone without a goodbye.'

'It is like, liking someone when you are that age, and liking someone, as you are a teenager is such different things. As always everyone is taken away from me. Codi Martinez and Lily all that; I have loved either moving away at the end of that summer or have passed on.'

'I have never seen or heard from him again, yet Lily I have. I still wonder why he never tried to

find me; though, that is okay, because he is not my dream guy anymore, and Lily needs to let me go in her attachments to me like Lily was more than a friend to me in a time of need, yet I feel selfish to say that.'

'As I got older, the gardens withered away just like me. Depressed, discouraged, oppressed, and saddened I heard the end of the class bells ringing out, snapping me out of my daydream of the remembrances of all things past.'

'Yes, I am now back into the real reality of the hellhole, looking at the black and white checkerboard like a floor in this classroom, only on this floor, hand-colored butterfly dangle from stings dancing about above my head, from the ceiling ironically it a class about the study life, yet still thinking about my grandmother being my handler

like a dirty crazy secret, that is my true existence in life.'

'All the catholic nuns that teach my main classes also in black and white, it was a theme to my life, yet the color is coming back gradually.'

'I sit and wait for my next class to start, I think and hum about 'Somewhere Over the Rainbow,' where bluebirds fly over the rainbow, yet why can't I?'

'I have my life's saving out on the old wooden desk in front of me, of seventy-five cents in the shape of Mickey Mouse ears.'

'I vow silence, as the teacher wants us, kids, to hack up a dead white rabbit for every two kids, for a piece of information, yet that I will not do, I am scrammed to the office for more enforcing discipline

on me to muffle my brain, even more, where I can be anybody walking into the door by them, and sometimes, I pretend with my games and seldom not.'

'As I am making many black and white drawings depicting me at stages of my life for my book covers; maybe some color we wash in when I find happiness, I start thinking and make little riddles in my head that I add to my book of life, that well become long-drawn-out novels.'

'At this time, in the moments that I have I look into my purple feline compact mirror that is cracked and a little shattered, that looks like a kitten's face.'

'At that moment after getting yet more in-school suspensions tacked on to my growing list of 'The Bad Girl,' stigma.'

'Like, Pinocchio nose, listing more lies by them grow; yet, I am the liar, and the child just handled in the same a doll on strings, denominated as the child that is nothing more than an article of rubbish of misusing teacher and student participation, that takes away from them that want to discover what I don't want to receive in their teachings.'

'At that point, for being 'The Bad Girl,' my teacher's assistant aide teacher helps me go to Speech therapy class by holding my hand going down the halls, for all the others to see, as she drags me there as I am more than limp.'

'Oppositely, I am turned over to the local cops for criminal charges, and handcuffs, of fighting my teachers and kids and given yet another uniform by the young kids holding jail, when all my teacher

is doing is taking me down when I need emotional support for being, 'The Bad Girl.'

'Speech class is only for me and two others that divide classes for me that should matter to my future, we do what is said to be testing in the subjects they think matter yet, I do not, in reading and understand words as we have word stupidity to the max, but that is a cover for what it is- truly brainwashing.'

'Simply, I open my eyes, and time has passed, yet have no memories of why, to see a bored grin of the creepy teacher, of trust, being far too nice to me, know what she did.'

'She taps on the table with her pencil and it trains me to have triggers to the sound, sight, and even words.'

'Immediately, I am in deep hypnotism, to keep me drain-dead so my teachers can keep me 'Sped,' at the tap of a click of a pencil hitting a stack of paper.'

'Finally, she gives up on what's made to look like an attempt to be trained in nonsensical words, that I can't do, where I make no progressions in learning, yet have been trained to go backward in the understanding of reading and writing.'

'Little do they know; I write it all down; even if they try to erase my mind.'

~*~

(Daydreaming, as I do a lot in school.)

'Someday, I would like to be part of the steel city and go out and live in Pittsburgh. I need to escape all my misery, which is surrounding me in

the small town. When I come of age and am left, go off by them.'

'Where the moon is shining throughout the night on the demand glass statues buildings which embrace the silky black sky.'

'So that, I can find what I am searching for in my reality, somewhere there is purpose more than thinking about my past. I need to find a brand-new place of signifying freedom.'

'Yes, I have come to believe that it is a cutthroat world, in my hometown; either you learn to cut or be cut by others. I have been there just more issues I have had, yet I do not expect anyone to understand.'

'That reminds me of some nights, and I do not know why, but just like roaring steam engines of

the past, I walk along the lonely railroad tracks rails that are forever apart; never to be joined in harmony.'

'In a way, there are many crossing rails but no connections for long distances of those parted rails.'

'This reminds me of myself in every emotion in a romantic sense of my existence of life, long times without love or thinking I am lost, and just crossing intersections of tracks when romances happen; just to keep traveling the same line lost.'

'Although, in my real life of the past and yesterday, as a pre-teenage girl, to this very day, I started to wander, walk, and step along the railroad tracks, every day.'

'They have been neglected, overlooked, disregarded, forgotten, and ignored by the community; I live in.'

'I go through the cornfields of delight, enjoyment. Yet there are no fun, kicks, joy, pleasure, and thrills for me; It is like I can find happiness.'

'I pass the windmills that twist, twirl, and turn in the night's cold breeze and zephyr.'

'This reminds me of the ones that mock, counterfeit, sham, and burlesque me to my face. That has someone in the night to tumble with, similar as they do.'

Nevertheless, they like to rub it in my face at school, that I do not, conversely, so they think.'

'Accurate for me in saying- yes, they remind me of the windmills, just like acrobats dancing in the

night's sky, and with me in the past with ones I never genuinely admired, cherished, loved and even chosen, I was adopted for what love and affection denoted in a state of mind, damage to me in my thinking, investigating, and discerning to this day what it really could be.'

'I can hear the haunting notes, tones, and sounds of the whistles from the ghostly railroad, which once traveled along here, as I am now, of the part they play in my mind in visions. I can feel the pressure as it builds inside of me, like the steam; I must let it out, or I will scream.'

'I can feel the vibrations; though should I get off the track, there is a new modern-day train coming. I can see the lights now and here the dinging of the bells, a high-speed commuter diesel.'

'I do not get off until the very last moments when my heels slip off the rails. Furthermore, I know when I derailed, that it was not the end of the line; It is just the beginning of a new course for me.'

'It was in a shiny blur and the air horn sound stretched in the air around; I mean yes, I do balance one foot in front of the other as I go back home.'

'These old tracks run next to my home, in a long cover, about 10 feet away from the one side of the house as I walk along until I come to the bridge of dizzying heights, that has been bypassed with a new 8 miles longer; yet a much safer route.'

'This line was shut down in 2000. Therefore, like I still walk up to this bridge, yet cannot get home this way even if shorter than it has fallen in

places anyways it is a structure that has been forgotten by the amenities.'

'The bridge was built in 1882, It once stood in bewilderment, surprise, wonder, and amazement of its engineering marvel. It was strong, durable, stable, and magnificent at about 1,025 feet (about the height of the Empire State Building) high.'

'Um roughly even higher than that, call me crazy, stupid, insane, and absurd; but I would say it is still the highest in the world.'

'Moreover, I know that it was about 2,100 feet (about twice the height of the Empire State Building) long, now that only about 600 feet are now still left standing.'

'However, one night one stiff breeze came through here, and it collapsed under its weight.'

'It was built of wood and steel; it is a crumbling pile at the bottom of the valley.'

'It has served its purpose in the establishment of life; just like me I am slipping away, plus crumbling just like the steel beams, and wood planks that once was a masterpiece.'

'I wonder if my story will be a masterpiece too?'

'The bridge is dissolving just like I was every day, as I must undertake the weathering of the hellhole or high school.'

'I would wonder when I would get to the broken-off end that hangs like an arm in the sky if I had come to the end of my line too or not.'

'I taught this daily, to the day my ending if today was or should be the end of my journey along

this run like this forgotten railway, and take the leap?'

'Including if I should go back home? Where no one cares, if I live or not, go to school, where I must go, even if, I do not want to, and they wish to my face; that I would kill myself, like the townspeople what me to do for being a waste of life.'

'I asked myself daily if I should go down to the bridge, and fly to silence, harmony, and rest?'

'I asked myself daily, which decision should I make, with that small voice in my head saying do it, and others screaming not too?'

'Despite daily I turned in the opposite direction and put one foot in front of the other then slowly caress the rails that lead me back to, 'The

Land of Many Steeples,' to the dwelling of Lost and Lonely Dreams; where I would do my life on repeat.'

'Sometimes, I step off the tracks, I walk through the cemetery, and Lily grabs me by the ankles.'

'It is like she rises to hold close to me, yet this terrifies me quite truthfully, yet now we are the same, I understand.'

'Nevertheless all the day of the past up 'till now; I loved it, because, I cherished, treasured, worshiped, and adored her, she was one girl that knew what she and I went through, and what I put up with now still.'

'Now it is just me, left agents them. So, I will tell you about her shortly, and why she was gone before me.'

'She grasps me in all ways, as I did her, yet she follows me on the trail back to the homestead. She is the warmth that I have now, as my blood is getting so icy feeling, as I transform into what she is now.'

'I look at her headstone on 'May 30, 1995, to May 29, 2010.''

'It is overgrown with tall grasses now, yet it was not all that long ago she walked in the halls, with all of us. I missed her so much, yet now she is back to me, as I am to her!'

'She was only fifteen, and her birthday was the very next day, yet she never got to see sweet sixteen, she did not make it nor did she want to, or her sisters.'

'I see my one pink rose, the only one she had, that I placed for her the time before; I was here over her grave plot.'

'I see myself in the glossy stone ones more, and I see that young girl's face looking back at me, she looks just like me looking back into my eyes.'

'Also, this stone was all I have left of her until now, yet it is like her spirit is with me, now more than ever. I can feel it; I can feel her, and I even see all her now in front of me, also fallen just like me, thanks to our evil sisters.'

'This is all that reminds me of what she used to be, yet a birth of what we both are now, the eyes that watch me here tarnishes her and me to the town, unlike me, she went into the ground, she keeps me from being next to her laying in the graveyard, just like her I can be in other souls, take

them to save them, or steal them for my own, yet she chooses for me to keep my body as long as I can, as if magically persevered, thanks to her death wish, to go lower place in the afterlife to save me.'

'They don't wail about her being in her grave, and part of my soul goes with her, when she died, they think it hilarious to see young girls die.'

'Yet, as for me, I'd cry for her in the past; intertwined entangled with her.'

'Some of these nights without her, I sit there until the moon shines on me in the twilight, furthermore, the rocks are shown as colorless shadows of gray; against the blue-black starfield heavens.'

'The graves are all that are alive to me even now, plus the world is dying around me.'

'If I could label what she was to me, I would say she was my girlfriend, and still is; Lily, she was so sweet, never felt, loved, kissed, or admired by a boy.'

'I think about her often, now that she has remained gone as I once knew she is lost to memories that get succumbed in my mind, brain, and spirit.'

'Oh, some of the things we did, yet seldom it makes me feel down reliving the past, knowing she is not here for me anymore, alive, and I couldn't be there for her when she needed me the most.'

'Besides, I know that she is far better off than I was, that is why I decided to join her.'

'I must remember that some angels on Earth are not meant to suffer, they are warm, caring, and

loving. Will carry them away by their soul, like a French Kiss to me in a goodbye, on a magical school day night, and they will fly away and find genuine freedom.'

'Although, I cannot help feeling depressed because I know that she was the only girl in this emotionless world that I had an identity with?'

Nevertheless, the part of me that knows that it was a sin… to let her pass before my eyes are okay with it because being locked up with her was the only delight for us to share where death was long-time peace, reconciliation, rest, and tranquility.'

'Yet the halls here that I walk in are that much paler, colorless, cold, bitter, boring, and dull. Now that she is absent forever!'

'I can picture her in my mind sitting next to me, yet- I guess I just miss my girlfriend, mortal!'

'I have done this for a year now, think about life and death, how it is so final, every day until the last true day of my mortal life.'

'I could see my breath wobbling within puffs out of my mouth as I exhaled, as I still made my walk and saw all the seasons change; yet my mind I was numb, to terms and seasons.'

'Even at school, and days after Lily's death, so days it was almost too cold to sit here in this form, in all senses tolerable, mediocre, poor, and common, yet I had too, yet she was always in my thoughts and prayers.'

'You know it is absolutely true, I prayed to have her back as she was.'

'I can see now why I have become what they say looking back on my last year, I had an incomprehension, I had an unawareness to everyone and everything.'

'An unconsciousness state of writing my life down in notebooks as it happened, so that someone would discover, perceive understand and even discern them for what they unquestionably mean, yet I had naiveté to wanting to move on and learn; an innocence to myself and others even, with a pure unfamiliarity with whom I was on the inside and within.'

'I know the lack of enlightenment, I had regarding everything and everyone close, next, and near to me; I was walking around ever-so cluelessly.'

'I honestly weaved my caring toward nescience and lack of education, influencing me into

what they wanted me to become, stupidity, foolish with idiocy and denseness of brainlessness, mindlessness, even more than what I used to be, making me have a case of: 'What is the Use.''

'All this just to find comfort slow-wittedness, likewise, I did not heed in caring.'

'Yes, it is true, I have found my stiffness, my thick-headedness, in my classes, now that I have a dimness, of my full day- where I owned dumbness, and dopiness. Furthermore, was lost to a doziness of not minding anymore.'

'Yes, I have tried to walk away and leave it all behind me, but the bond was just too tight, she was always so snug to me, preferentially at least that is what the sisters said about her too.'

'She was so tight she could squeeze; I suspect as she squeezed me as we would hug.'

'You will get to meet the relatives and see them as I do; yet you make your judgments don't let me influence you.'

'Good luck you are going to need it; I know I do!'

'Like, I have said, she called me to her grave at night too, and what can I do? I must talk to her.'

'She hugs me, and then, I come home and sit at the window undressed while looking over the train tracks that are next to the oversized bow window, and fields of gold.'

'I just sit here in the window, while I am thinking about how I could tell someone what goes

on in my life, more than writing it down in my books.'

'Including how my life is for a girl like me; I can still hear her voice calling out to me.'

'I have to stop, and just overhear it in my mind, as I did on that day, she was screaming for me, for help, and I did not go to her, in time I was observed by them, no not aid.'

'I know that someday it will all come out in the open in an immense, huge, deep, and enormous way, of what they do to girls like us.'

'However, as for now, I just have to sit in my closet in a classroom and think, until I cannot anymore over pain.'

'Although is it okay, for a girl like me to come out of her closet, over my type of breed, and or

would in the same moment of being pro-gay say, 'I should go to hell' over it? So, they tease me about it.'

'Lily, she follows me everywhere as the spirit of a girl that has fallen, she calls herself an archangel, yet I know that is not altogether true.'

'When people die, they stay the same age even in the afterlife; this is something that I found out as of late.'

'They look the same, just translucent, natural, straightforward, plus manifest, and at times she is even transparent to my sight.'

'Lily was always a tiny girl just like me, she stands at five nothing also, in a way we resemble identically.'

'Yet I never let it in, that she was born the same day as me so maybe we are long lost twins, I

know of another girl that was said to be the same as us, named Naddalin. So, I would say that I am a triplet; nevertheless, I never really met her.'

'Still, her eyes peer into my eyes, and they investigate my soul like they always did. If only, I could have helped her out sooner, but I was in a softened, reduced, an exhausted and weakened, position they had a hold on me.'

'Still, I cannot help but think we all have some type of value, even if I don't and neither did, she.'

'She was just like that spark of lightning that I see, when I stand in the rain with my arms wide open, pleading to God why she was taken away from me.'

'Additionally, I do not blame 'God,' even if I want to at times!'

'I can never be angry with 'God!' Yet that makes it simple to believe in something, that I cannot see, yet now after death, I can say that I have, and I can also say, that I was turned away.'

'She had a hell at school, and at her first home I recall fascinatingly deep in my mind.'

'I remember, that reminds me that Lily's adopted dad was her hero; because, for seven years a woman her real mother would stomp, beat, slam, sodomize, and tie her down, to a bed.'

'I should remember, yet I do not. I had to succumb and die to yield to remember everything that was taken away from me.'

'Her mother, like my mother, so I would say our mother, would twist her feet and limbs until the bones would crunch; she even had her toes nailed down to the footboard on her little bed, so she would not run.'

'If she sprinted away, she would not get fair now, or if she talked back, they would wire her mouth shut after breaking her jaw. I know, I had it bad, but their beatings were worse than mine.'

'Sometimes, she used a ball-peen hammer on her feet, and her toes would be where her heels should be. Meaning that her feet would completely spin right around.'

'Lily was given blinding light, punishments one thing they did to her in the basement of the orphanage.'

'Given visual impairment, also known as or eyesight loss.'

'A decreased ability to see to a standard that causes problems not fixable by usual means, such as glasses. That is the main reason she was in the program she could not see well, or walk well, and learned helplessness; making many difficulties with normal daily activities, reading, socializing, and walking. She will never be able to drive.'

'Lily her life was truly churlish; water torture was one of mom's and Grandma's methods in which water is slowly dripped onto the scalp as your naked on a wooden board tied down with straps.'

'Supposedly making the bound prey of us girls go insane, therefore we're both in emotional support in school now.'

'I remember the screaming, and long subbing of crying in my ears all night long asking for love, and help; most of them under the age of 10 years of age.'

'All some of us girls locked in solitary confinement always totally naked, where we sleep in their shit and piss.'

'In many stone chambers of a cell with jail-like bar doors, unveiled as the day they were born of sin, lined in the corridors like a death row.'

'A death row for the so very wrong ones like us- the 'The Bad Girls.'

'Just the proper punishment for all the young girls, that were told they were crazy, erratic, insane, stupid, and mad.'

'Just like, I made powerlessly and had a helpless to escape the hell of the mothers, grandparents' hands of abuses, as their wardens.'

('Girl-81433, as the little silver tag would read.')

'She was drug out of her cell, by her arms next to limp, she was murdered not fully dead yet by the beatings she received, of thrashings, drubbings, whippings, and floggings by my sister's and mother no that wasn't threatening, creepy, frightening, and painful enough.'

'No death- would be far worse than death by boiling water while still alive as all had to stand as a witness, over the open flames of the furnace, in a massive corn pot was this girl bobbing, this was a means of execution, by the child in fighting back, in

which the little five-year-old girl child was killed by drowning in a boiling water liquid.'

'Furthermore, that night she served us, bad girl, as a meal, and a reminder we could be next.'

'There was a girl that was crossed from me, I can still see her young face. Despite trying not to remember the pain of seeing a face I cannot forget, and life has taken.'

'I remember her only identity, being what I have here in my hand; this identification tag, that I kept to this very day, to not forget, even if I was helped to not remember.'

(''Girl-81433') I remember when I took the tag of the nail it was hanging on with all the other ID tags, like all the other numbers in a row naming young girls that do not have genuine names of

anyone caring to give, the other ladies would say to me. 'It doesn't matter what her name is like we're all going to be dead, that girl you care about is soup now, she's gone, and we need to exist.'

'Bone fracture with a wooden staff and even garden tools, for us all was common, even I have had broken bones, given to me by my sisters.'

'It is a true wonder, that I did not have a disfigurement, some of the others were not as fortunate.'

'I like all the children still have our human branding or stigmatizing denoting the method by which a mark, habitually is a symbol, is burned into the skin of us living girls.'

'Moreover, also the number tag as a hooped piece of jewelry, with the purpose, was the resulting scar makes it permanent on the head.'

'The mark of the 'Fallen Angel,' this is what I was given, just like Lily including just like the foreign Naddalin.'

'That I forthwith cover over with my long hair. Just one type of body modification; or under coercion, as a punishment or to identify an enslaved us, young ladies.'

'Combing long nail torture was used on Lily's back, a signifying a red blood jacket showing that she was now a woman if she did not cry.'

'I thank God, I got out, just two days before they planned to do that to me. Nevertheless, I have had rusty nine-inch nails through my young seven-

year girl nipples and have also spent a night hogtied sleeping on a bed of nails.'

'Crushing or pressing was a method used to kill children, I even saw them use bricks to the heads of young girls, having intense weight upon a person by placing heavy things on their little bodies.'

'I never saw this, although I was informed about ('Girl-30265,') being in this room, where the walls would slowly close in on her in a room engineered by the Grandpa; to mash children. I do not know if that was true, she was before my time, so- I took it as nothing more than a rhymer.'

'I have been through cutting, dehydration, de-nailing, the drowning feeling of being held down by my mother in a bathtub. I have experienced dry-boarding, flagellation. All of this was done to me,

and others in the back courtyard next to the graveyard, that was the playground.'

'Some girls' skins were flayed, and their skins lie around, like bear rugs as the bones are sorted in the basement in pills.'

'Genital modification or even forced circumcisions were done on Sarah and Lily, I was there standing over the girls when Grandpa did it, who said 'I was next,' they did not do that to me, yet it was close.'

'I ask why?'

'I still do not know why, they did not; like, over Ava wanting me for her love interest, and to keep the butcher knife from my clitoris. I announced in agreement that I would be her delicate lover for life.'

I am sure down in the passages of the orphanage, oxygen deprivation was a factor to my education claims now, like Lily's.'

'I remember at times pliers, and to this day they make me cringe when I see them.'

'I remember them being used on me and others. I remember Sarah had a full teeth extraction by Grandpa, so she would not bite the other kids and them anymore, she spent her days drinking her food through a straw.'

'My sisters found all my pressure points, with their fingers, hands, and tools, of their liking, when I was up with them in the bed chambers.'

'I retrieve all the remembrances of all the rape and roping of young girls for their giggles.'

'I recall all the sensory overloads, and all the sexual assaults of us young girls.'

'I remember all the sleep deprivation, all the rats poking around even in the beds as we tried to sleep, they were even crawling all over my legs and upper body too.'

'I remember all the sounds, some extremely high volumes, some just at the active range, some at low frequency to make the mind hurt, some at high pitched noise, intended to interfere with rest, cognition and concentration.'

'God, I remember all the starvation.'

'I remember all the stoning by other kids, in the yard, as they would throw rocks at me for being smaller and weaker.'

'I remember Lily being on 'The Rack,' a torture device consisting of a rectangular, usually wooden frame, slightly elevated from the ground, with a roller at one or both ends meant to pull the body apart.'

'I was on this thing too, for something- I don't remember doing, like if I did anything at all other than being alive.'

'I like was attached at the ankles and fastened to one roller at the wrists and chained to the other. As the interrogation progressed, of questions, I do not remember, I was in too much pain and shock.'

'A handle and ratchet mechanism attached to the top roller was used to simply gradually retract the chains, slowly building the strain on my shoulders, hips, knees, and elbows and causing

excruciating pain; until I agree to everything they say.'

'This was done to Lily to the muscle fibers they became so stretched extravagantly, she started to lose the ability to contract, rendering them worthless.'

'You know, I cannot believe that she was able to walk as well as she could.'

'That is why she had an Individualized Education Program too.'

'She had a cute shambling walk; it was sweet, like her. Yet she was perfect, in her body, and her mind. We had so many similarities, yet we did not get to talk about that all that much, she did not like to. So, we talked more about that, what was happening in the now, and not then.'

'This woman would keep her locked up in a chamber that was cold, damp, and dark with only one light bulb hanging from wires under the tin roof tiles in the long hallways that seem to go on and onward.'

'I retain in my memories, there was no bathroom, the windows covered up with wood planks, with the smell of excrement everywhere in that cell room.'

'To this very day, nobody knows where this evil person went to our mother that is. It is like she was there and gone before anyone got to know the true story of Lily's mom, being my mom too.'

'Lily did not know that she could get away. So, that mother got away with all of this, she had a fear of the rage, fury, vengeance, and wrath that is why she never attempted to flee again, after being

hobbled by Grandpa and Grandmother's walking stick's smashing into the tops of her feet.'

'It is amazing how someone can brainwash someone, that is that young. What can a little girl do? And what does a little girl do to deserve this? Additionally, she was just like me; she had someone that fights for her, which saved her from certain death too.'

~*~

Mr. Anderson- 'So what could I do? He said, along with, I was not going to leave her out in the cold the night she came crawling to my home, she said to me everything that happened to her, and I got to adopt her as my own.'

'Like how could, I resist that adorable little girl?'

'You know, I do miss Lily so much, now that she is gone, you have no idea. It is just not the same here without her around here in this home we shared, yet I am getting by, I have too.'

'I saw Nevaeh going down the same path, I was concerned. She stopped over sometimes, and it is like she is not even on earth anymore, I do know what is wrong, yet I am powerless to heal her pain.'

'She used to spend more time here when Lily and she would have their sleepovers. I do not know how to help her; I could not help my own, that I cherished so, I feel as if I have failed.'

'Yet, if I see Nevaeh, active, I always ask her to come on in and chat and have some milk and chocolate chip cookies.'

'Nevaeh, she is not like others her age, she is one of the once-in-a-lifetime types of young ladies, that speaks her mind, yet she is polite and charming, engaging, endearing, lovable, and endearing.'

'I remember that Lily always did have a way of melting my heart too, and I guess she always will. It would not have been for this little girl; I would have given up on life a long time ago.'

'It is not easy being seventy-nine and losing your whole life- my life was that girl. I guess that my assignment in life is over. My next stop is up on the hill, next to her I presume.'

'Life goes by like a blink of an eye. I did the best I could, but I frequently wonder if my best was good enough. I was too hard on her.'

'She was unhappy; it was me? The only hobby I have, as I get older is looking at the scenery that surrounds me.'

'Looking over the pond that cascades a reflection of the trees along the walkway. Plus, stumbling back and forth from the kitchen, I mumble in whispers, remembering her voice in my mind, while trying to write my fragmented thoughts down on paper, as they rush in my head faster than I can scribble with my pencil.'

'Oddly, Nevaeh is the writer I am not, yet I have given her all my notes about my memories.'

'As you may have guessed, I do blame myself for her being gone! I always tell Miss Nevaeh to put her life thoughts down on paper! Because of it a story that will be marvelous in the end, good or bad.'

~*~

Nevaeh- 'Mr. Anderson was not Lily's real dad; awe, he is a wonderful older person, even so, he was like a daddy to her.'

'The story goes that one night; he had knocked on his front door. They are sitting on the doorstep as a little girl. She was only five years old at the time.'

'She was nude with a tattered blanket wrapped around her, she looked up at him and said- save me, and that is what he did.'

'Mr. Anderson was friendly, kind, cheerful, polite, and pleasant to everyone, but his love in life was caring for a girl he named Lily, that is what I remember him for.'

'He liked me too... however, the past two months after she did, yes, he was another one out of my life too. I still think about him, now and then, he was a friend to me.'

'It was said, Mr. Anderson, when he first saw Lily when she was five, he did not know how he felt.'

'The feelings of being overjoyed led to the feelings of being horrified at what he was seeing, she had a broken cut up wrist and feet, and her fingernails were chewed right down to the bones.'

'Her eyes bloodshot, with tears running down her cheeks, and everything in-between was cut up, you could even see all the welt markings.'

'She did not even know her name, so she was named after his favorite flower, that he had everywhere in his home, as I remember.'

(Present time)

Nevaeh- 'I feel that I have been cut away from the umbilical cord to the womb of society's connection, yet I have to breathe on my own and develop my life-cycle.'

'People will come and go. Things will come and change. The pages will turn; the chapters will open and close, in my book of life, regarding all the sh-h.'

'Some of the text, which was written, will fade away, and a broken heart will mend. Yet some of it will remain in my memory bold and vivid.'

'Nonetheless, I have to understand it is all that I want to remember, and not what they choose for me to evoke.'

'Yet, I can hear whispers, undertones I can feel, whispers that used to give me a thrill.'

'Murmurs from the ones that kill, whispers that give me a chill, I recall whispers while trying to find love.'

'I hear them whispering from the wings of the dove, even the whispers from the above one. I hear whispers!'

'You know life is all choice; one can either choose to live content or choose to live in suffering, torture, pain, anguish, and agony.'

'Sometimes one cannot have a voice, preference, and choice, furthermore, will have to

live with the results, outgrowths, outcomes, consequences, and weights, of a towering entity and dangerous person's, that takes everything away from her, and that girl is me.'

'Yet, in my life, it is like someone is filtering, channeling, and monitoring all my life's events. They are the ones that give the allowances in the establishments in the society's circle for me to have.'

'They are the string that is attached to me like a puppet; nothing can correspond or takes place in society without the approval.'

'Just like the mystic, magical cards this one here is showing the 'Tower' in my life is my grandmother.'

'Everyone has to bow down to them or live a life of failure or killing.'

'Either way, I and the ones around me lose out on a life of liberty to decide on their selection or you could die just being my friend, or go to jail for saying, 'hey.''

'I have a question, 'so, is it nature that drives us, or nurture, which possesses all of us?'

'It is just like now, 'The Land of Many Steeples,' has its houses of horrors and its many mockeries to the true faith.' 'The people contribute nothing to the utmost following of God's instructions.'

'There are more souls made than saved, no lives in this country have a clear understanding of what they are doing.' 'Most live life in their brainwashed rituals, which keep them in purgatory. Besides, they do not know what to follow because it

has become a routine of what they think needs to be known.'

'So, they prefer to not follow anything, and those are the ones that are lost on their path, or that is the way I see it. My path has its difficulties also.'

'I have learned to follow my heart, and go with my gut feeling. I believe that I do not need to be a bible fanatic to have true faith; I have faith.'

'All I need is to have a love for the man who breathed his last breath so that I could breathe freely, yet I was asked to see more than what I did at death, I still don't know why.'

'I ask him to do more for me. Yet, I must do more for myself, and I will know that someday he will answer me, with what I will become!'

'Still, I feel like this, there is nothing to do in this town. There is nowhere to go, no one to see, and no one, that cares about me.'

'I wondered before my death, how could I live a life of glee, happiness, joviality, and merriment; if I am not surrounded by people who are happy, or do not need me?'

'I like some in my grouping was just a part of the towns and school's unknown history, of no one, cares, and have been chosen to be forgotten until the time of remembering my legend, and the others that should not be forgotten.'

Chapter: 7

Sisters from Hell

'Not every 14-year-old girl is indicted for murder sentence brought to trial with no evidence and found guilty unjustly, given life and the afterlife alike to rot like the so call 'vegetable' that I am.'

'If you all are taken by novels with delighted conclusions, you would be better off reading some other book, I do not have time to tell you what happened to me but all the pages in the world to say my story you would not understand.'

'Hey, I am only fourteen, what do you expect for a girl no-body, I can be remembered as a sinner. I need to rewind the time turner some and relive the past to see what I am missing; I have the magical power.'

'You know that I never invested much thoughtfulness to where or with which I would expire, nonetheless fall to the dark side of the 'Angels in Disguise' back when all I wanted to do was walk the halls, as a girl of equal.'

'My hands lift to my neck; and on my necklace is a device used for the time I travel, when you are me at this point you have privileges. This extraordinary timekeeper that favors an hourglass on a chain holds my soul, and my mind, and all the days that I have left behind that I do not remember. All my days, weeks, months go back, even years, until the beginning of my first year of high school, up until that day I fall to them.' What do I mean by fall you will find out?

Even though I would hold reason enough in the last few months to think if life is what I want,

despite if I had or not, I was the dead girl walking to most, with a target on my back, even if I had the halo above my head.

I would not have thought it would be like to have your life slowly taken away, nevertheless nothing more than the former remembrances, that is the least of my worries. I have always been the kind little Catholic girl, all my life; I can sin a little- right?'

'I watched outwardly exhaling out my mouth, looking out at the great fields all around as I long for the coming of the school bus. That was less of hell than standing here, in fear, into the mysterious eyes of the sole snatching demon looking for a young sweet girl like me; that took the look of a young girl, a ghost. Furthermore, she thought thoughtfully back at me.'

'Admittedly, it was an immeasurable way to depart as I did the night coming home, I was not myself, I was not someone that would I adored, cherished, and embraced; I hate myself, this ought to score for something, of where I am going at the end of this day.'

'I grasped that if I would never fade and disappear or vanish away from home, even if I dreamed that I would, not be meeting death immediately as a flash to my brain-dead mind. However, very much- frightened, terrified, and scared as I lived daily, I could not make myself mourn the determination I made to go with the death angel. If experience allows you a vision so far exceeding each of your expectations, it is not prudent to bewail when it concludes.'

'Remember that the words, words said and words given are powerful and voices are substantial to all life, just like mine should have been but was decidedly not! I dedicated this book and my life, and all that would come after, to every girl out there just like me, misunderstood for being you, to understand- the book of misunderstandings for the misunderstood you need to have a voice when you were made not to have one or told not to have one. Maybe if you are like me, you are just trying to get your voice back this is the story you need. Nonetheless, remember all the voices, which will never speak again, for being rejected and misunderstood.'

'To understand, you must read, between the lines of a story just like mine, sometimes more than once. I am going to be that voice with this book, yet this book is for you, to speak up, and be heard. Why?

So, there are no more lost and forgotten voices of life. This book is a stepping stone to abolish bullying altogether, along with your help; we can take that step forward and forget about the past!'

'At this time, I would like you all to take a moment of silence, to remember someone, that is no longer with us. So, they are not forgotten.'

'Sometimes life is going to suck, and then you make the discovery, that you are going to die alone as I did long before I was 14 years of age, and the hex- like the joke the Gods have played on me, will now be on you; if you do no read this story to its end.'

Part of my daily hell in school are the Amsel girls; they are unquestionably the most mischievous kids in the memoir of the experience of my childhood.'

'I have gotten to have the immense pleasure of having these fore girls around me, at all times; 'yes me,' the girls I call the sisters.'

'Unseasoned, gentle, sweet, sympathetic, winsome giving, innocent looking girls. Then turn in to horrifying shapeshifting demons sometimes, into wendigo's, or even banshees.'

Additionally, I know that they show up in children's lives as shadow people, long before any of those to come afterward. Asking as if their benefactor, allies, protector, and sympathizer, everything that is an angel.'

'Most would just call us just ghostly, yet most of the time we would take the humanoid shape of one of those.'

'I was once a white angel, the chestiest type I could be, nevertheless, I was the hunted over this, and that had to arrive at an ending.'

'Although over time, I have fallen with them as you know, now just as weak as them hunting young girls for the sweet taste of blood and souls, to keep for their own, to take them in the most sheepish, timid, cowardly, and spineless way a child like me could do; acting like a sweet fallen angel.'

'Just to victimize, when they are just like me looking for hope, that I give misleadingly, in the time of their need, just like I was in too.'

'I am no better than the bullies, that picked on me, and I could not live with myself, as I was falling more every day, thinking, I was still ever-so good when I was just as wrong as my sisters and even my grandmother that made me this way.'

'I remember that demons can take the shape of anything and hide within anything even you and me, and in me they did.'

'Sarah's soul was assumed to be lost, bull to me she lingers within a toy doll; to find a new body to stay within someday.'

'Despite this, this can take months, years, even decades at a time.'

'They were always a pain in my butt!'

'However, in high school what they did became, so much more arousing for them, more hardcore. Likewise, you will see why now they like to find pledger in all the pain they think is a turn on, that is what I mean to say, like everything will be relieved, at a point coming up, soon!'

'Okay, the four Amsel sisters were also known as 'The Blackbird Clan' to me all my life, or that is what I call them, in my book of life.'

'In my mind, they peck and stalk all human life, which they think is below their perfection, supremacy, proficiency, and superiority.'

'Hence, you know that I am one of them that they chew on and play with and not the sweet childish play you would think.'

'Alissa Amsel is a blonde hair, blue-eyed girl; she cannot weigh any more than one hundred pounds. Although, she is taller than most of the boys' gangly looking- conversely, so it seems to me when looking up at her from my worm's eye perspective every time.'

'She is the head of the girls! She is the main squeeze, that gets all the others to participate in her girl's group as a horde.'

'She is the one that created this pulsating, diddling, and banging bullying gang in the school halls.'

'Still, I just call them the clan sisters, yes they are my sisters from hell.'

'Alissa, she towers in her overall authorities, control, and influence, in the society's ranking of rheostat within the hellhole.'

'Indeed, Alissa is a senior the head cheerleader, she makes everyone that she wants to be associated with being her friend, and the ones she does not want to be her fools.'

'Since, she has to have consistent attention, in any forms imaginable.'

'Yes, a refusal to bow down to her authority, she does everything in her power, to make your life miserable; and I know that she does for me and others like me!'

'Alissa is constantly smothering Chiaz Naztherth, with her crazed oversexed clingy nature.'

'That makes me angry, he is mine! As if, he is her plaything. Nevertheless, she knows that she has the power to date, anyone she wants, without any remorse or compassion for his or her true feelings, the door is always open for her, and it goes both ways.'

'Though, she closed my door to get anyone a long time ago. Everything, I have prepared, love

linked, past and present are hiding away for that reason.'

'Sometimes, falsifying it is the only way to make it real for us. As expected of him, Chiaz accepts the relationship grasp, and all that comes with it or else.'

'She sure holds onto him with both hands, hugging so tight, kissing sucking face, and God knows what else, and all the other things too, more than we ever did.'

'Yes, me knowing that she is fondling him as well as, forcing all kinds of bonking on him, it makes me sick to my belly.'

'He is mine… mine… mine!'

'She like they have said to me doesn't know the difference between good touch- bad touch.'

('Can you see me stomping my foot while making a pouting face! This is my man!')

'I have already pinned him… AS… MY… BOY, so back off! Yet, is he going to make me soon? Oh, he could, yes, he so has dibs on me, and I would not fight him! I want him too, I would even do all the work, in that way, I am the bad girl.'

'Although, I do not like or want to be his dirty little secret, like being in the front of his car bobbing for apples and pogo-sticking, like most girls here. Moreover, if that is what I must do to be his I well.'

'Though if I get the chance, I will take it, I am not going to pass that up, for the world. Still, I want true love, with real passion in a romantic place! Though I cannot have everything, I never did.'

'There must be a way to make this happen, I am sure I will think of something, the way it should be, the way I want it and need it to be!'

'So, call me a dreamer and old fashioned, that is okay with me. I can see me pinned up against the lockers or something like that.'

'Yes, he could merge with me over one of these school desks.'

('Oh, honey!')

'He could overtake me in the bathroom if he would follow me in there.'

('Laughing- aloud foolishly, strangely, and oddly. I was making plains.')

'He could get me in the library, and in-between the bookcases too, so many places we could make love.'

('Yah- that could be, 'Marvelous!'')

'I am going to find a way; I was having this chat with myself aloud in-class you no with that little voice in my head going crazy, which likes to be bad now and then even when I am not.'

'I am going to find a way, even if I have to run into his arms and have a dry humping performance, of me being mad and covering him with crazy love kisses.'

'Yes, we could fasten into one another; all the time.'

'Am-hum… humming sound, I make in class daydreaming as I do, yet that is better than dumb

school, were the teacher in the front of the room almost becomes voiceless to me as I tune him out, and get lost in my feelings, ideas, opinions, beliefs, plans, images, and thoughts.'

'Yes, I want more from him too, I want more than just friends online on Facebook; I would love him to follow me online and not have someone care that he does if he only could, and be with me in real life, and online too, as his girlfriend.'

'Until now, I do not even have a tagged picture of us yet! I am so sick of having a single status, which refuses to transform me; into a popular girl!'

'Sometimes, I make myself snigger in class. While thinking of something funny, in a lecture class, and it is silent in the room, and yah start to

entirely bust out laughing, thinking about everything I want.'

'Have you ever done that, changed my relationship status?'

'Then everyone looks at you like you must be stoned, or in my case quite retarded. Because with that look upon my face, like ideology.'

'Furthermore, then it is like no time has gone by at all and I don't even remember getting to this point and place.' 'Where I am staring, gawking looking, watching, staring and gazing into the sunshine, so intensely feeling warmness, temperature, and heat, along with glowing gracious, with the thoughts, predilections, sensibilities, and emotions of liberation after getting dropped off by the school bus.'

'Amidst all the disturbances and characteristics of not wanting to remember the day, is the freedom looking upon my face now.'

'Likewise, so intensely showing that it makes me laugh foolishly; as the thoughts did in class, thinking about my freedoms to appear, as they are now.'

'Then again, I have been rehabilitated until some consider and imagine that I need life support.'

'I remember that I was squinting my eyes, all at the same time, in class to see the blackboard. Which are more odd faces, they think I make, just to report, in a false script about whom I am going to become.'

'Remarkably, while holding back a smile, I sometimes do this, plus holding some weird sounds

back, I try to not do in a class of the work being so childish. When they all looked right at me. Then, I feel anxiety, panic, dread, and worry.'

'Yep, this girl here me, myself and I, just had that moment sitting in this room, where you can hear a pin drop.'

'I am laughing aloud.'

'That reminds me that Hope, she thought (LOL) or 'laughing aloud,' stands for 'Little Old Lady,' when I finally started to text message!'

'Ha!'

'Hope she is my guardian, just so yah-know.'

-And-

'Nevaeh, do you have something, which you want to share with the class?' Asked, Miss. Bradbury.

'What…?' She replied.

'What's so marvelously funny?' The teacher questioned.

'No, it is anjoke!' Said, Nevaeh giggling.

'OKAY, then sh-h!' Said Mr. Bradbury questionably.

'So, I just look down at my little 'her,' and tell her to sh-h.'

'Right- 'Sh-h,' I place my one little finger to my lips and make the sound.'

'Despite, I snickered, myself to the principal office, for being distracting.'

'However, in my mind, at that time in class. I was thinking could it be either Lily or Chiaz, which gets to sway me one way or the other for my passion, devotion, admiration, and love.'

'I walk out the door surely, certainly, clearly, unmistakably, undoubtedly, and unequivocally smacking me on my butt; with my plaid skirt up, showing my bare white ass.'

'At some point, you stop caring. They want to see it all anyway, it is all these kids talk about.'

'You know, this place is making me messed up, like them this act was beneath me!'

('I am giggling so hard in the office, to the point of delirium! Punished for being like them, although- I cannot be, I see.')

'What, are you doing here?' I was asked by the blond secretary out of two in the office.

''I do not know, I am just a good little girl,' I say to them, I just needed to have some entertainment; as they all do, where are kids and told to grow up, yet in the head, you say we cannot ever be grown-ups. 'So, tell me here and now, what is that you want me to be, and your right.''

'Yet there are hands-on me at this point, and I am being talked down, by officers and teachers alike, and not always the ones that I want to have their bodies on me, do not get frustrated, they say, she is mental, you will see what I mean shortly if you do not retrain her in handcuffs and ankle shackles-NOW.' Said Mr. Bradbury.

'I am now taking time away from my teaching all the others in her class now, who want to

learn, over this one being decidedly bad and acting out and being disrespectful, and sexual.'

'Lady you're the one that is twisted in the head.' Yield, Nevaeh.

'You see what I mean?'

'We do.'

('Next day, same class, I am drifting off in deep thoughts.')

'I am thinking about him, Chiaz- like, I can tell that he is not in love with Alissa at all; it is obvious, in his body language.'

'However, I do not think he is in love with me either, but he is, I do not know?'

('And again, I am making faces to the thoughts.')

'Nevertheless, she is with my dream boy! This reminds me of the fact that he is always near me, and I do know why.'

'Still, he cannot figure out a way to get away with me. I pray for the day that he does. That is only if he feels the same way I do.'

'Additionally, I am not going to wait forever, if he cannot get away from her then, I will understand where I need to be, and settle.'

'I will have to settle for someone else then, and I know that she will be a girl like me.'

'Furthermore, he looks at me from a distance, with the expression of helping me, then again, she has him grabbed by the family jewels, he is saying, all the time, the words like save me, and

them too, with his mouthed silent words! Besides, I just look away most times of panic and bashfulness.'

'Sometimes, I give him that flirty look, I just look up slightly, but then again, I cannot be caught doing this; for the reason that- I do not need Alissa's glaring eyes peering into my soul like a hunter if I did not do something unequivocally wrong.'

'Previously, in her mind, no other girl can talk, look, or even think about him. Though she keeps me away from him, and other boys and even girls the most of all the one she hates in the halls the most.'

'Unquestionably, my reputation category is bad, dangerous, critical, dejected, inferior, and bad enough, without her finding more reasons to diminish, wane, abate, and lessen me more.'

'I do not need all of her three other jerking-off sisters jumping me in the halls, or anywhere earls for that matter.'

'Anyways there is Adriane Amsel she is the junior and part of my family also. She has black hair with red tips. She has green cat eyes, or at least- that is the way they look to me.'

'She is squat and bumpy; yes, that is about how to sum this one up. Adriane, she is also known as the emo-gothic girl's ringleader.'

'She was like a satanic power over everyone, which is part of her surroundings, this girl is a real sucker. She does this by manipulating, and brainwashing the prey, which she wants. She sucks the life out of me.'

'She is the one that likes to find arbitrary, random, and stray objects and put them in places in my body they should not go, that they should never even go in, or be in, and I am not her only victim.'

'Naturally, I know all too well what she does, and I am not afraid to speak such here. Nevertheless, I would be any other occasion!'

'She wears all black with a star around her neck, blood color lips that are never shut, just like her legs. She also makes other girl's lips bloody too.'

'She has a pale white face that is evil, wicked, sinful, and clown-like.'

'It is so safe to say that she is the badass of the hellhole; and yes, I have seen all that too; all her victims being used as I was for her entertainment.'

'She knows that she can get away with anything like all my sisters. Why…? Because of our family's stature in society, my grandmother lets them get away with anything. Just like our sister Alissa, she has a crazed oversexed obsessed clingy nature also, it all over our history to feel needed, I think.'

'Adriane's object of affection in her selection is Lily Anderson, the cute little good girl with pigtails; the one I let be my last hope. Love but not truly in love.'

'Although nobody in society finds this to be wrong for anyone, meanwhile when I am with her it is so very wrong. Adriane is attached at the hips to this girl constantly. She was using my girlfriend, who is my sweetheart!'

'Once more, get off her. She does not like you; she does not want you getting off, by you using her, and beginning like all pressed upon her!'

'Although Lily prefers to date boys, yet she loves me… however, she must do whatever Adriane wants her to do, regardless of her true emotions.'

'The refusal leads to Lily undertaking the vengeance, fury, rage, and wrath of the Blackbird Clan. Her and I giving denial leads into open demonstrations of them all being placed upon her somehow someway, they go down on her, while on top of her body while she loses everything, she has to them.'

'Oh yes, that includes being undressed in the hall that we both walk in, stripped of all forms of dignity in front of society within the high school, as we always were even in middle school some things

never change. There is no authority like a teacher's observation of caring to hear her cries or my out for help in these hellish halls, no one cares about us as they are rejected.'

'All the students choose to look away because they know they have no control, and nor do they even care. This one- time Adriane used a hairbrush handle on her, while her class friends watched her push it inside the lips of Lily's hole and back out forcefully repeatedly.'

'As well they duct-taped her mouth, so no one could hear her scream, even if she did no one concerned about her and me in our category!'

'Then they tied her hands with her top to her legs, and her skirt went out on the flagpole as did mine, Adriane just pushed her undies to the one side, and her legs were just held spaced-out, until

she was tied up, by the two other girls that used her for horizontal refreshment, as she was lying there in the hall on the floor.'

'Furthermore, no one reports, on cameras at all in the halls, in this old nonconformity unending, limitless, and lofty hall, with exceptionally low daytime light.'

'Furthermore, artificial light, ever-so dark, dem, and dull sable stained wood-paneled walls, lined with old undusted lockers, scream, yell, and shriek you can do this- yet, no one cares.'

'Besides, even if they do tattletale nothing will be done about this, you're the 'BAD GIRL,' and the instigator, and have it coming to you.'

'Additionally, specifically, principally, if someone reports to teachers, they have the fear they

might be the next person, to face the wrath if they snitched, living in fear, is what you do if you walk these halls.'

'So-o, the next one to the title is Allison Amsel is the redhead; she is a momma's girl that cannot do anything wrong in our mom's eyes.'

'I know that what I am saying- about them is not nice, but these girls are not nice individuals, so that makes it okay, or that is what I think.'

'Allison is immense for a girl her age, eyes always squinting. All she needs to do is sit down on top of you, and you are doomed.'

'Her hobbies included selling and injecting and ingesting whatever she can find for herself and others alike. She loves the heron and abusing and popping medications and getting all kinds of high

with her 3-foot bong as do most in my main classes to do the same, and she is their drug dealer.'

'Though I am blamed for that too and she gets away with this, and I as always get the blame, and I don't do drugs or could even think about doing them.'

'She is a distributor for most if not all the stoner student population; her main headquarters is the third-floor bathroom.'

'Allison's hobbies also include drawing very artistic graffiti illustrations of rockets in flight on the bathroom walls. I find most graffiti beautiful, but some of these images are morbidly disturbing, to say the least.'

'Allison spends all her time in the bathroom stalls fantasizing about having a boyfriend or girlfriend for her play toy.'

'While she let us, say- dismisses all her day's stresses in there, going number three, masturbating, and pooping at the same time. She smoked and drugged her brain cells away. However, this does not stop her from going to all the hellhole's activities.'

'Our mother makes sure that all her girls have dates, but me and Lily so that they feel as if their asses are gold. Yet they are as ugly as homemade sin, just like their evil grandmother.'

'Although most of the guy population thinks that Allison is nasty and ugly, however once again, this does not stop her from being popular.'

'Also, for her, there is no need to attend classes, she has an assured diploma, in her chapped up, and snack leftover covered chubby hands.'

'Yes, mom and grandma's side of our family fixes that for her also.'

'Allison does nothing and blames everyone else for being lethargic, sluggish, idle, and lazy.'

'I just do not get this! Sometimes, I ask myself the question of why is it that some butt holes can fall into the shit house, and come out smelling like a rose?'

'Additionally, as for me over this truth, reality, fidelity all I get is a very sincere anguishing with torture.'

'Nope, nothing was ever handed to me by my bloodline, that is for sure. Although that is okay

by me, I am the kinder and sweeter person, for all the heartache.'

'The youngest the best of the worst is this last one to come out of mom kicking and screaming, Ava Amsel, she is a brown-haired girl.'

'Like, she is so petite, though she is bigger than me, yet everyone is bigger than I am, and she calls herself an athlete.'

'However, she is not coordinated at all, she trips over her toes.'

'Though, she has a guaranteed scholarship to a prestigious university for sports already upstate.'

Thus, she still has three more years here, sometimes- like, I ask if I do too. If I do not start

passing my bashful, slow-witted, slow, and listless classes.'

'Accurate to say that, Ava bounces around and gets with any person she wants to be with also and bounce on.'

'That is just the way she commands, doctrines, rules, and habits. She blames everyone else for having sexily transmitted diseases when she is the one on her back most days.'

'Ava is the one that is in my grade yet, I will always be behind her and the rest in my grade.'

'Nevertheless, she makes up so many stories telling the community, civilization, fellowship, and societies.'

'That she is touched inappropriately, preferentially looked at, or divulged along with and

talked to by unwanted persons, though she is asking for this, by children alike. then lies, falsifications, tricks, and fables.'

'Further, she gives all the male teachers a free show of her girly parts, boys to she is a sluttiest- slut to ever be a slut, just so that she can get good grades.'

'Then like in class, all you must do is look up her skirt and see it all. I mean that is okay, but at least cross your legs like me, try to be ladylike.'

'Also touching and feeling can get a girl a long way here in the hell hole as I call it, known to others as high school.'

'Moreover, Ava, she likes all the attention, mutiny, insurrection, treason, sedition, and sensations.'

'It is manageable, plain, clear, simple, and obvious that she finds it all stimulating, lascivious, ever- so hot plus at times lewd, being inside arousing including having the wet warming, and even exciting moments; by the ways, she acts with them all teachers, girls, and boys alike.'

'Oh, and how they all get sucked in by her. She is one elusive creature.'

'Yes, I must see all of Ava in the gym, History, and Music classes, thank God that is it. Like sometimes- it is good to be gifted to get away.'

'It has become known around the school that she is into older guys, that are in college, and older than that old man type like in their late forties.'

'She thinks that high school boys just do not have enough experience in life, simply mostly for her familiarity in the like the bend me over, front, back, and sidewise, preferentially held in all compromised, bang me hard sexy coitus, but she will give one or two a thrill and tumble throughout the school day even in the halls we call a place of learning, boy, girl young, old she gets what she wants, and what she wants is me, in the scariest sexiest, most sensual, most libidinous, lewdest, most suggestive, way possible.

'This girl is messed up, and no one chooses to see it, she has even said she wants to savor, ginger, tongue, and smack, on my genitalia.'

'Therefore, she has an 'A' in all Mr. DeVolcano's music classes, all taught by the same man. Yes, sucking the flute backward, I swear she

would be that dumb, yet she is better than me, he had the condescending speech to say to all in the class, no truth to this, yet he made the long run-on statement.'

'I had a dirty comment in my mind- that I should have said. Nevertheless, I did not say it aloud. However, it was like he read it anyways, by his blood pursuer going up and his face getting flushed.'

'Nevertheless, he would know all about that , he was her most highly-grade teacher, and she is the pet. It is sick the love they have for each other even in class, like PDA even, just kiss, suck face, and privates.'

'Yes, take your student in the class, hold hands, and make a baby- man, go for it. You can do no wrong here- can you?'

'Nonetheless, every guy in the hellhole wants to be with her. They stare at her as if she is the centerfold of a magazine, and she could post nudes all the time on Snap.'

'She has over a 3,000-fan base. They cannot see the ugly that lies on the inside. All the guys and even some girls drool over her with their tongues hanging out, and their hands stuffed down their fronts.'

'I am a sick freak pervert if I do it, yet when she posts she's a model, all they see is a perfect fourteen-year-old curving object of desire; nothing more than the nympho.'

'A nympho is someone, normally female, that eats, breathes, & lives for sex. She dreams about it, often playing it over so much in her mind

that something she has never tried can be exceptional the first time done with another person.'

'She is insatiable and always ready to play but that does not always make her a slut or whore, for she can be fussy in her selection.'

('A freaky sex-kitten with an incredibly lucky boyfriend.')

'Oh, yes to be under the spell of a girl like this, is like getting hit below the belt. Or some of the guys say as I hear them talk, just like a banged pushed in taint until the point it looks like a girl's fleshy hooded nub.'

'They're all like stockers, you know that it is going to be like instant nausea when being around them. Ava also has crushes on a girl's too, here in the school; although I mention that, that girl is me.'

'So, these sisters of mine, they are part of my everyday life; they exist in my conscious and subconscious too, it's scary.'

Girls, what do we think about Nevaeh?

'She is a dumb ass slut!' Said, Alissa.

'She is an idiotic tramp!' Said, Allison.

'I am 13 years old, and she could die tomorrow, and I would not care, and neither would my sisters.'

'She is a no-talent hoe-bag!' Said, Adriane.

'She is a psycho tart!' Said, Ava.

'Yeah- our mom and daddy, said to stay away from that.'

Nevaeh- 'I remember how I said, that if you are popular, you have it all, and if you are not then you do not have anything to look forward to?'

'While- I recall the night of the winter formal boy-girl dance for all students that had dates.'

'It was such a long night, every minute seemed to drag on as if it was hours. I thought that it would never end, conclude, or have an ending.'

'No one asked me, all the ones that I asked chuckled in my face, and said, 'No!'

'They all were abruptly rude, and unkind to me. I would get answers like this. 'I have someone to go with.' I love this one. When you know they do not...?'

Or this one, 'Why would I want to go with you?'

Dead air- nothing replied to me, yet I still ask- 'Why, not?'

'...I questioned, I would say this, and they would run away.'

'I asked one hundred and twenty-five different boys, they all said, 'No!''

'I recall that I even asked a boy at the beginnings of the year, that I thought just might say yes.'

Plus, he said- 'If I do not forget!'

'I did not know that I was so forgettable, that was a no, I mean come on?'

'Some, meanies said, to go 'Stag!' I ask this, why would I want to do that?'

'Besides, going with Lily was not allowed, she had a date anyways with someone, which was planned for her and out of her hands.'

'Additionally, I want to be with someone and dance… to have an enjoyable time too like any girl.'

'I do not want to stand by myself with my thumb up my butt while looking at everyone else having an enjoyable time.'

'Completely looking like a loser, yet I need to remember that I am one, leaning against the wall.'

'I could see that, and it is not pretty. It seems to me that no one wanted me to be there anyway.'

'Everyone that I asked about the dance… like the day, time, and how to get a ticket, they all just gave me the run around about this.'

'So, when I found out for myself where to go to obtain one.'

'The girl that was given them out is named Angelina Nolan. She asked me why I wanted a ticket.'

'Why not?' I responded.

'Because no one likes you.' She answered.

'Go back to your little classroom and leave me alone.' She replied.

'I remember I lift without a ticket nearly in tears.'

'Ah, is the little-retarded baby girl going to cry!' Angelina announced.

('Acting and speaking like someone, which is mentally challenged.')

'I said 'no,' yet I did cry at school.'

'Yes, I was the only girl in the first-year class that did not get asked to attend. I even had the perfect dress all picked out. It was pink with shades of lavender.'

'I was not about to go all alone.'

'So, I sat at home eating popcorn and watching old movies. I eat when I am feeling hopeless; besides, detesting myself even more during the loathing process.'

'Chocolate is a girl's best friend.'

'Consequently, I am going to polish off this entire chocolate pie, as well as sit here and cry, yes just sitting in my white tank top, and light pink comfortable old short shorts, with the black drawstring in the fronts, tied, into a big floppy bow.'

'I sit looking at the TV, hugging my teddy bear. Tonight's movie lineup is 'Shawshank,' 'Misery,' 'The Notebook,' and 'A Walk to Remember.' While my black mascara from the day runs down my cheeks.'

'Life is not a fairytale, so I can go next year. I know the prom is not going to happen either, yet I want to go at least once in my life. Yet, some get to go to prom, and dance for five years running. They go all four high school years.'

'Plus, they get asked for their date, which is still in school after they're out, even though they have gone many times before.'

'Then someone like me never gets the chance; that is not fair! I am not jealous; I just want to have the same opportunities, the photos, and the involvements.'

'I could envision in my mind the couples swaying to the music.'

'I could picture the bodies pressed against one another. With their hands laced with desire, all the girls having their poofy dresses pushed down by their partner's closeness, as they look so in love.'

'I know is just dumb dances, but I want to go. Why am I such a hopeless romantic? I could visualize the passionate kissing.'

'I can see the room and how it would be decorated, but all I have is the vision of it. That is all I have! Yeah, I know how Carrie White feels too, well not like that, but close. I might get through that one tonight too because I am not going to sleep anywise.'

'So why not be scared shitless! Ha, that reminds me of another one, he- he.'

'I am sure that this night, which they had, would never be forgotten about! I will not forget it either. It must have- been an amazing night which is shared, with that one special person.'

'That singular someone, who only wants to be with you! I think about all the photographs I will never have. All the memories that can never be completed and all the time lost that can never be regained.'

'The next morning, I must go through the same repetition over again. Something is changed slightly but not much; I must ride on the yellow wagon of pain and misery. Yet do I want to today?'

'I do not want to go after the night that I put in. I was feeling vulnerable, moody, and a little twitchy.'

'I do not want to listen to the ramblings of my educators. Yet knowing if I do not show up at the hellhole doors, I would be asked a million questions, like why I did not show up, the next day I arrived there.'

'I guess saying that I need a mental health day is not an excuse. Then again, some can take off a week, and nothing is said about that.'

'Although for me if I miss one day, it is an amiableness of imbecility. Like- always I am going to drag myself out of my bed, brush my hair, brush my teeth.'

'Grab a bra out of my dresser and slide it up on me. Today it is an adorable baby pink one with black dots, and a little bow in the middle, so sweet- like me.'

'So anyway, I am going to clasp it in the back, as my long hair falls forward while doing it.'

'Then spin a white blouse through my arms and on top of my shoulders, I will fix my collar. Button everything up, to a point; tie it up at the bottom so it is snug to my lower ribs. Then I slide a skirt up over my body, zip, and button it in the front. I will use the bathroom one last time.'

'Fix my hair for the last time, while looking into my oval bathroom mirror, which is lit from both sides. That is where I do all my makeup. I like to use a nude shade of powder, pink blush on my cheeks, and a soft eyeshadow.'

'Black mascara, I always line the inside of my eyelids too, some girls do not, and they look like a sad raccoon. I use beautiful light pink lipstick. That I am ready for my day, I must keep my perfect attendance- yes right. So, then I bound' down over the rickety staircase.'

'While I continue walking out the door of the dwelling of lost and lonely dreams, like always I stroll down the lane of emptiness then wait in the chilled weather for the arrival of the repulsive number 9 yellow bus.'

'The ride on the bus, it is always annoying, to say the least, everybody is staring at me like always. The bus slows to a complete stop many times with its yellow and red flashing lights on and off. To pick up more of them only to drop us all off at the hellhole of shallowness.'

'My day consists of the same schedule: Homeroom, Music, Mathematics, English, Science-Biology, and Gym two days a week or Health, Lunch, History, elective of Family Consumer Sciences, that is a fancy way of saying Home Economics. Study Hall and Library classes if wanted.'

'Someone thought it would be good to play with all our heads, so everything on that list rotates days and classes- fun, fun, and fun!'

'Yes, 180 days (about 6 months) of hell, only 90 more to go I am counting!'

'I remember day 161 one girl a face without a name, tricked me into John Hancock-inga the freshmen hall poster with a blue pan.'

'When all names needed to be in black, big deal, that is what I thought too, I was wrong. The music teacher is the one that is an asshole to me, he was the head of that project, and the yearbook it-seems like he must have his dirty stubby fingers in everybody's pie. Anyway, the poster was going in the yearbook at some point.'

'He called me out in front of everyone and said sing- 'One of these things is not like the other.' That song is from the show Sesame Street if you do not know.'

'Nevaeh, can you see what is different? Along with Nevaeh, do you not see what you did?

Then just after saying that he said. What did you do?' Mr. DeVolcano said.

'He is contemptuously speaking down to me; he was trying to belittle my intelligence. I thought at the time, what is next, are you going to dance down the hall, while clicking your pointed-up feet together, and say- 'Nevaeh sucks, Nevaeh sucks!'

'Therefore, at that moment, I just photocopy it, and that made him angry. I would like to tell him to stop wasting my time.'

'Sherry drew the girl that made the poster for our spirit week; she was upset because I ruined her artwork. I felt bad too, however, she made a new first-year poster for the class, and my name was excluded from it. Which is what everyone wanted in the first place, she was noted for her creativity, yet not me?'

'She could not even draw in my opinion. Yet she has a certain spot in the yearbook at the end of this year, for doing that new sketch poster, whatever.'

'Days like that my mind is going 1,000,000 miles an hour, visions of the past, present, and future race through my mind. It races, like a train as if I were looking out the window of the car while it is speeding down the line. I am on a track that will never end.'

'I am going to derail from this runaway train that I am becoming. I cannot sleep at night, because of the fear inside me.'

'I feel restless, depressed, and loveless as well as not content with myself. I would have to say that my passion for life is gone; my imagination is the only thing that keeps me going.'

'I write the day's events that have gone by in my book of life of all the pastimes, while dreaming of what could have been in it, and besides what has not been in it.'

'If this does not stop, I am going to crack. I investigate my mirror, and I do not see me, I see an impression of what I used to be.'

'I see my long brown hair that covers part of my face and covers my blue eyes of emotion. I see the cross around my neck that brings me confidence.'

'I hide behind a smile; I see the body in which nobody thinks is without drought flawless.'

'The bare body that is touched in all ways, yet I tried to hide behind my makeup. I gasp at my pale skin and the look of my body.'

'I am 95 pounds, tiny; surely there is someone that would find me attractive?'

'I wonder if I can find someone who can think for themselves. I want someone who will love me, for who I am- and not what they want me to be.'

'Most importantly, I need someone that will not use me. Is that too much to ask for?'

'Fear!'

'Anxiety is something that I have inside, it is the source of the things which lead to distress. Not finding someone that loves me, for who I am, is some of my fears.'

'I fear the fact that I am going to be alone forever. Another being that everyone that has meaning in my life is fading away from me it seems.'

'I fear not always having a family by my side. I have tears about the overwhelming struggle to rebuild my reputation, which has been destroyed.'

'I ask this question if I were to die tomorrow would anybody come to my wake, to see me lying there?'

'I fear what society has done to me. I fear that I have no trust in anyone or anything. I fear that my life has no meaning.'

'I fear that I will never get out of this hell.'

'I just want to start my life and get a degree in nursing someday from- 'The Conemaugh School of Nursing,' if I can make it through all of this. I do not think that is too much to ask for or is it?'

'I think that if I could be left alone, with the one that I want. I could have a life; you know what I

am sure of it. I fear that the towering entity will never collapse, and the demons will keep playing in my head. I fear that I will never have a social ability, to be part of the nobility of compatibility.'

'I fear that the terror will never stop in these innocent lives like mine, and they will not be saved. I fear that nobody will ever see my creativity or recognize me for the good in which I do for others. I feel like I am the only one left in this world, that I call my life.'

'All the beauty in life has been dejected, and it is all ablaze around me. Yes, I fear to be in the outside realm of things.'

'I want to scream yet no one is going to hear it. I ask- am I becoming institutionalized?'

'Help!'

'I fear the vehicles that follow behind me at night. To this very day, I still fear lightning at night, though I do love to stand in a thunderstorm while completely open to the world.'

'Of course, I know you know that about me already. I fear that the world is becoming like a bunch of androids, with no leader in which to follow.'

'Most of all I fear loneliness!'

'What is a hero?'

'To me, it is someone who sticks up for somebody else and does not let someone else's opinions influence what they do.'

'You do not need to have anything to be one, you just need to be a loyal friend, with eyes that see

the truth, ears that listen for what is truthfulness, and a voice that will speak up for you.'

'You know, I think all of us have a hero inside; we just need to let it speak out.'

'For instance, for me, I want him to show his brave, sweet, and loving side, absolutely to someone like me, a damsel in distress!'

'What girl does not want that?'

'That to me is the true definition of a hero, another person that is helping someone who is unfortunately in need of comfort from another person.'

'Yes, you can have heroes in the forms idolizing human life and cartoons, but I do not recommend that you do.'

'Why would you want to? They are not going to help you when you need them?'

'Always do this, do not mistake courage for wisdom; being wise in your choices, will help you make the right choice.'

'Remember it is better to be sometimes a coward than a dead hero.'

'Make the right choice at the right time, which will please the divine hero.'

'Always help if you can!'

'Remember that your adversaries can help themselves to you at any time, so always be on the lookout for your hero, if you are a damsel in distress like me!'

'However, I never realized that there was so much more to life, which I did not appreciate. I came so close to the edge. Yet, I got additional unplanned lifespans.'

'Yet, was the second chance what I needed?'

'Nevertheless, there were things that I concerned my mind with, which was not substantial to my existence.'

'If anything- learn from me. Try to do the virtuous things I did and not the mistakes I made. Though it is up to you to decide what was great or immoral, it is what you feel and believe is morally right in your mind.'

'Yes, it would be right in saying- I never really establish any thought into what was going to

happen to me someday and the others that are part of my surroundings.'

'However, life goes on, and the existence of what was stands for nothing but- a memory of what you can and cannot have. If you are someone like me, but all I ever wanted to have is someone that appreciates me.'

'Everybody around here would say life is free, yet or is it?'

'Like, do I even want it?'

'No- not anymore!'

'The existence of life…! Is what I mean.'

'This belief is what I do not want, to have anymore.'

'There must be a way out of all this misery, suffering, pain, agony, and distress, that I relish in the day today?'

'They say dying, departing, and falling is easy, as well as lasting, and living is difficult, uncertain, ambiguous, and unpredictable.'

'While with a wild carless heart and reduction of insight I am going to find out!'

'I presume life is all about what you want, need, love, desire, respect, and love.'

'Furthermore, existing in life comes down to what you cannot have in it. All I have to say is do not let anyone or anything pin you down and make you less than who you are. Always be who you were meant to be, regardless of what they say… because who in the hell are, they!'

'This is a warning to my story, I will only say this once, this is my life, and others I have loved and lost, and it is graphic at times.'

'Just like looking into a book of Sh-h, of deep dark girlie secrets, photographs in the mind like black and white still frames of the past developed, or like a painting of time last just at the moment- a picture with my words of how I will be remembered, the story will come to be perceived sharply and with much clarity.'

'All the color in it washes away over time, yet not all, they become soft and pastel, and some things fad yet it's all been said, yet not hidden.'

'So, one way or another- you now have memorabilia, of lives until now never had a voice. Besides all that is left is still frames that keep on fading, and distorting.'

'Let us go through this excursion combined with a mighty voice, and our heads held up. Let us be proud of- 'Who we are, not what we are.' Furthermore, in time you will know what that means if you have trust.'

'Just so, you know that 'you all' have been informed of what to expect! My normal dull, everyday common, and ordinary life goes into much detail about me so it is explicit and labeling, disparaging to the point... I like the ones that were part of me had or have little worth; to the point of derogatory, defamatory, sarcastic, and my loved ones equal to my malice as a teen girl.'

Chapter: 8

Contacts with Foes

'This school year, I had to work hard, and I had to take things very seriously. As well as let, the others who are part of my hellhole society fade away into my memory, if I can.'

'I have realized, I need to get out of the dwelling of lost and lonely dreams more often.'

'Even if I feel isolated from others, I need to say goodbye to my teddy bear, and get out of the comfort zone of my pink bedroom, if I can.'

'I feel like I have something to say, yet nobody chooses to listen to my point of view.'

'The year 2009-10, has been frustrating with its substantial collecting of energy, which could not

be satisfied, which left me exhausted, as I look back at the time now as it has rewound for me.'

'Besides, I have a couple more weeks to go, I hope I make it through this. This energy or lack of it did not benefit me any in establishments in the existence of life.'

'However, life is not always sunshine, unicorns, and rainbows, life keeps going long after the thrill of living is gone.'

'So, I have made music my life, the lyrics that I sing tell the story of my existence.'

'I put my words of poetry to the cords of my guitar expressions. I like to let the music move my soul to another dimension.'

'I do not think I will ever get so depressed that I start to play or like country music, I mean that I am not going to hate it.'

'However, when they start singing about their tractors that is when I am done.'

'Plus, you can be a country girl without liking that type of music.'

'Today's music for me is like sticking guitar strings into my eardrums. I do not like it; some yes, but not all.'

'Ha, I could see me rapping, yet I am in the country writing to do that, and squeaky.'

'So, I have also cultured myself in the keys to delights through the belief by following the beacon of motivation and inspiration.'

'Like that one night, I did when I cheated death, you have to understand something clearly at last for yourself, but not like that.'

'Plus, I am not up to that day. I tried that either. Just keep tight there is more you need to know, okay. So anyway, that is why I try to teach myself everything; that I can, that is if I can get my hands on it.'

'Oh yes, I am determined too. Someday, I will have my hands on him too, he- he- he!'

'Even though I go to Catholic school, they do not go into much about what is right, or what is wrong. They do not go into detail about what to believe or what not to believe.'

'They do not say what you should do with someone, or what you should not do, they do not teach anything.'

'Besides, if you are a girl like me, they just let you sit, and rot in a sorry tiny room.'

'I always respected this too: 'I am the light of the world; those who follow me shall not live in darkness.' I love that quote that is one of my favorites.'

'I try to study the teachings of eternal love. I know that I do more than most in my class. Yet I am just a girl, I am not perfect.'

'Therefore, I try to clean away my sins with the Holy Spirit, and it will if I have hope, that can bring countless blessings.'

'Besides, I cannot say that I have any major sins. I have not done any like that, yet I do not think anything I have done counts.'

'I try to remember that all the good things are from the divine. Worthy things come to any life that follows the light, in heaven, there is no sun.'

''God,' is the light of the word that shines on the golden streets of the heavens. I loved reading that fact, yet the people in this school all think I cannot read, ha.'

'However, I have read the teenage 'Bible' cover to cover in my bedroom.'

'What is more, a lot of it is recurring wording in different phrasing. Still, if you need to know something that is when it is said repeatedly, so it sticks with you.'

'That is what it is all about, doing the right thing, to have the gospel of hope, to share!'

'Nevertheless, that is not what life is all about anymore, time's change everything changes over time, perhaps, which is a good thing for me to recognize.'

'Revelations are scary, like the moon turning the color of blood and all that.'

'I wonder if I will have to put up with all this crap until the rapture. I love- love- love, to study the alignment of the planets, and all the galaxies so that I have a guideline to the existence of my life.'

'Oui (Yes,) I have to say I see it coming someday, and I can say bonjour to all of them.'

('The end is nearing') - 'La fin est proche!' Yet they say I am not smart enough to take French in school.'

They can- 'Embrasser mon petit cul.' ('Kiss my ass.')

'You can decode that one… He- he! So, yeah- I believe that everything lines up like a big universal clock, like the one I have around my neck now, that is lost in time looking back, that you have a place at that time to remember all things past, and see why they should not be changed as destiny.'

'Although I just have to figure out when my time is going to come, that is when I'll know I belong in life, that is what this is going to be all about.'

'I asked, is it my end of time?'

('Is my end of time.')

'Est-ce ma fin des temps?' Oh yes, I have learned more than anyone else around this school on my own.

I know that a toxic tongue can lead to the abomination conclusion to an innocent person's existence.'

'It is just like, if I ignore the shuffling of my cards it will lead to ignorance, and discontent within a crumbling deck- do you see what I mean?'

'I am going to let my hands be my lifeline companion, and then write the existence in which I want to lead. I am not letting the hands from society write my establishment in my life's novel.'

'I try to believe that if you let, your heartbeat freely and openly with others who are trustworthy. This can be amazing, I try to refuse to

let any hellhole society still my heart away, and make it play a different beat than my own. I have learned not to feel guilty for mistakes, and some actions are needed.'

'Either way, there is always repentance, since some things I have done are just out of spontaneous mood changes in life's analysis, like things that just happen impulsively.'

'I would say, always make the right decisions that will benefit your life regardless of what is acknowledged by society.'

'I feel looking back, that you need to do what you want, what you think, and what you need. Only if you think it is the right thing to do for you, as it was for me.'

'See, with me, the choices I make will be private, and not be plastered on the walls of publicized misinformation of social networking.'

'I know you are going to ask me why, okay- for the reasons in that, I know what is written about me, and what others say about me it all can be twisted; plus used against me in non-beneficial ways.'

'So, just keep this in mind- 'Keep your face-to-face friends close, and your cyber friends closer.' I guess you can see that I am a fan of the 'Godfather' movies.'

'Oh, do not get me wrong, I like a good love story too, oh like something from Nicholas Sparks.'

'Despite, I do love a good romance story, like in the 'Twilight Saga!' Also, if I want to pee my

nightgown from being horrified, I watch something from Stephen King.'

'Though, Someday- I hope to see those movies again only with him next to me. That is the movie that keeps playing in my head.'

'I have learned to look back over my life in the spinning haste backward in time looking down at myself as I was; that interaction is not always in your regulations.'

'Whom they think you are, your name, and where you come from has a lot to do with your establishment and placement?'

'All, labeling was created for the reasons of jealousy, hatred, and inferiority.'

'Furthermore, most of the time, if not the main reason these people who are classifying you

are just trying to make themselves feel more superior, in their miserable existence.'

'I try to not let this keep me down, remembering that I am my person. I am not going to fit into anybody's mold other than the one that was created for me.'

'Remembering that I am the child of the Most- High, and it is better to have a belief than regret in the afterlife. I do not have to answer to anyone that is not worthy of my presence.'

'I have learned to always respect authority no matter if you want to or not, it will benefit me in future societies.'

'I know that humbleness, wholesomeness with confidence makes for a well-rounded person.'

'I like to say that- 'One must develop confidence and trust in one is self, if not then one will never have confidence or trust in anybody else.''

'It is better not to have loved, than someone taking the dignity out of a beating heart. Plus, all good, things come after a great struggle.'

'One should not confuse lust for the feeling of love, as well as love, which is different from in love.'

'I should no- yes?'

'I live my life by my rubrics that I have invented in my many stories to learn well, as I and many of my friends have contested.'

'I do this hoping that there will be comforting in my existence in society, and so well you in yours if you read a story like mine.'

Furthermore, the girls I have advocated just being me, in finding my place in this world, and showing them how to find theirs. I do what I think is right and making this long novel was how I did that.'

'I was summoned and remembered for being something, 'Angel's in Disguise,' to a lot of young girls with this bible of several, I have made recalling all things past and forthcoming; I never would have thought this in a million years, it could help you too.'

'I believe that ignoring the confidence of the past teachings, along with modern knowledge is an outrage to life.'

'I think knowing is believing and believing is what life's all about.'

'Just like I wish, I could honestly believe in his love for me, I have fallen in love with that boy,

sadly to say I did not want to fall in love! I do not, I do not! Because he is something, I cannot have.'

'But I cannot help it, I just cannot!'

'Why is everything, so-o frustrating, trying, and annoying to me?'

'I guess being the girl that I am; I have to have faith that it is going to happen someday.'

'It all comes down to faith with me in everything really when I think about it. I need to get faith in him too. I know what I want.'

'Sometimes my faith is a little shaken at times.

However, I am just a girl, and I am never going to be flawless, I know this, but I try to believe.'

'One thing that I believe is that our culture is slipping away, mainly because of the devices in which the others hold in their hands.'

'Instead of seeing the beauty of the world which has been painted for us every day, society chooses not to see it, I hate it!'

'I cannot talk to kids my age younger or older, it is like they have their faces smashed in their phones at every flipping time. I see them there but, it is like they are not even there.'

'Nor do they speak or look at me.'

'Yes, some speak to me, but it is nothing worth listening to.' Unless they are, the soft words from him, when he walks past me.'

'The kids in my school do not think I am worthy to talk to.'

'So, I am not on the text list, and lists of lists. Yet, my name comes up in all their fragmented and misspelled illegible talks, which they send.'

Even when some of them talk aloud, they do not make any logical expressions to me, like what they are saying. Thus far, most just make fun of me, as they speak looking down at me.'

'I am not even in their little world, I am just someone they talk about- they say she did this, and she did that, along with what she is doing now.'

'That is okay too, I guess it must be, right?'

'So far, I like to think of the world like 'she' is a masterpiece, every day.'

'She has been created repeatedly, for everyone's enjoyment to live on.'

'With different strokes from the expert artist's paintbrush. Yet no one cares, however, if you think like me, then someday it might not be there for the taking.'

'So, look up at her, because someday she might not be there anymore. She might just die in front of you all!' 'Yet you do not care to even see that, do you?'

'I appreciate what has been created like I appreciate everyone and everything in my world. Why do they not appreciate me- is it because of them? I will comfort others; why do they comfort me?'

'I think to keep the main dwelling in life living and loving affectionately in the societies around the world; she needs someone that will take

diligent care of her, which is what she needs, just like me! I am going to stop chatting for now.'

'Because, it is time to go home, and when I get there, I want you to take me with someone. I am at home!'

~*~

Hope- 'Okay… so the house was once part of the working farm in the 1900s. As you can see from the old windmill and horse-drawn plow, sitting in the front yard.'

'Look you can see the rope swing that is hanging from the angel oak branches. It is still here, after all these years.'

'I have thought about taking the rope swing down because it could be hazardous; even so, it is not like anyone is going to hang themselves using it.'

'No, it is not likely that someone could or would attach themselves to those ropes, or get themselves hooked unless it was done intentionally, with something that could loop around the wooden set.'

'No, that is just never going to happen around here, so why take it down it is not hurting anything.'

'Plus, Nevaeh likes to play on it when she unwinds and disrobes when she gets home from school. I say have fun, no one can see you out here.'

'Yes, that is one less uniform; that I need to get the mud stains and whatnot out of, if she puts it up on the porch, it is not going to be ruined. She has three as of now; it keeps me working hard to keep them ready for her every day.'

'I surely do not have the money to get her anymore. She has three jackets that were $85.00 each. She has three tops, and they were $30.00 each. I got her three skirts, and they were $25.00 each.'

'She has one necktie of $10.00 for all three. Nevaeh's school tuition per semester is $1,200 which is about $65.00 a week payment.'

'But the best part of all is everything is too big for her that she where's. So, one of her outfits is about $150.00, so $150.00 x 3 is $450.00!'

'I do not buy her anything more than what is necessary. If she wants something, I tell her to work for it, as I did.'

'Let us not forget that 'Uncle Sam' must get his share too, and my bills keep coming in. All that is not included…'

'Consequently, I am on my fixed income, I cannot waste what I do not have on her. All the other miscellaneous things she needs, or wants too, that all adds up also.'

'Yet, she can go without; she has one pair of those things girly panties, which I wash for her Gym class twice a week, which is all she needs, and one-night top if she needs it, one pair of shorts, and one tank, and as of now three 32-A training bras.'

'Yet she has a bad habit of getting her uniforms messed up.'

'Ah, that child, she is something else.'

'Do I love her?' Questioned- Hope at that moment.'

'Ah, sure, she is all I have, and what I have is a girl that I will never understand. But- yes, I would say that- I love her. She knows that without me saying that.'

'I don't say: 'I love you.' Even if I did, she is in her little world, to ever hear it.'

'Anyway, let me talk more about what matters, look at the windmill; yes, it is missing half of its blades. Yet it still twirls in the breeze, look over there the ancient Water Mill is still standing yet decrepit. Looking at it, how it is still turning in woe; clanking, and cracking as the giant wheel goes around.'

'You know I know how it feels; I feel the same way as it does. I would have to say, I love and hate it here, I cannot make up my mind.'

'It is the only thing, which I still love in my life; but it is all dead, and that is what I hate the most! I can see the treehouse that I played in as a child, which was the place I learn the differences between me being a girl and him being a boy, with my late husband.'

'That day was amazing, and it still is amazing to me even now, oh how I remember back when we were just kids.'

'The house was put together by the Janz family. The dad of that family back in the 1900s has made that treehouse for his little girl named Megan.'

'This was her spot also, back in her time. The treehouse is about 47 feet off the ground and has a swing that I was telling you about, hanging from one of those old branches.'

'From my house porch, you can see the hayfields that seem to go on for miles. That was when I held his hand for the first time, walking through them.'

'I would say where about the age of seven, time goes by so fast.'

'I remember my first date, some would call it quite bland in today's fast-moving standards, but that is just what we did back in those days.'

'We used to walk along the railroad tracks and watch the stars. With the many galaxies up

above, sometimes we used to play chicken with the oncoming steam trains.'

'Dumb but fun, a lot of the time, we would lie down on them, while locking lips under the moonlight. To be a young and crazy girl like that once more!'

'My first kiss was not until date number three at the ancient tree with the swing; we would climb the tree, and sit holding hands, that was so long ago, you never forget that first kiss though.'

'Looking at it now not much has changed; the spiral steps still wrap around the trunk; the wood and rope bridge spends over 20 feet between the two old trees. It was like a little castle that was only ours when we were kids.'

'Meghan's name is scratched in the hardwood on the inside. Every day at its end I sit in this antique chair, stare out the window, and watch as the world goes by.'

'I think, and I think, to the point that I am probably going to end up with dementia.'

'I find myself laughing in my head for no reason, and then becoming incredibly sad as I think about the life I had.'

'Sad to think- that we never really had much of a life and neither will Nevaeh.'

'I would give up everything to have them, to bring both backs to me.'

~*~

Nevaeh- 'I am sure, she did enough talking about me, I am sure. She said way too much about everything, being a boy and the girl-crazy magic obsessed young girl, that has just gone through puberty, and it is making me hormonal.'

'While at least you now can see what she is like, and why some things in my life are the way there are… but that is okay, I am blessed with what I have, and I must be okay, with what I do not have.'

'So anyway, if I think back on it, I do remember some bus rides that I enjoyed.'

'Back in the days when all cell phones had black and white screens. When I was about ten years old… back in my, 'Glory days.'

'I remember his name was Kris Douglas; their family lived down the lane, and every day I

looked forward to getting on the bus just so we could have time together. We would talk about what was new in our lives.'

'We had so much in common, yet both of us were too young to be together. We just enjoyed one another's company.'

'However, the blackbird clan could not stand to see us gather just as friends. So just like that, that was the end of our time riding on the bus together.'

'To this very day we cannot be seen together or have conversations it is forbidden by the tower and the sisters. We were just friends, now where are not even that.'

'Just like all of them, I am forbidden to even look at the boy I am in love with. Yes, even up until

now I still wonder if our relationship would have bloomed if it had not been for these circumstances. Just like I wonder if this one with him will work out someday.'

'Will… it?'

'I have no clue!'

'Let us not forget the fact I had lost another person who cared about me. This is one reason I must ride on a bus of misery.'

'This is just one part of the reasons why I live on the edge of the summit of dizzying heights.'

'I feel that my life would not have to be like this for me as it is now. It is all because of one bitch that needs to feel triumphant, no it is not who you are thinking it is. It is someone else.'

'Hope is not that bad; I know she does not pamper my butt, no pun intended. However, she is not my main pain in the ass; trust me others are far worse at the hellhole.'

'Kris, what do you think about Nevaeh?'

'What can I say I knew- Nevaeh Natalie; she was a nice and polite girl. Said, Kris Douglas.'

'Then he said, however, I do not bother with her much anymore, from what is known about her. You know her not being into guys and all and have problems. I thought she liked me?'

'Do not get me wrong, it is okay for two people that love one another to be together regardless of their gender selection.'

'On the other hand, once you start playing around with juveniles that is when I draw the line.

That is just pathetically wrong, disturbing, and overall revolting what she does with them. Ava made it noticeably clear to me that I should run.'

'Run the other direction when I see her, and to just stay away from her altogether, because she has a sick twisted mind.'

'That she likes to engage in revolting sexual activities with little girls.' That was enough for me to say: 'No!' I do not want to be bothered with her at all!'

~*~

Nevaeh- 'So, do you remember your childhood? Because I struggle too with parts of the mine. Mostly I have blocked entire portions of my life out of my mind. I was living my life in the past on autopilot to keep from going insane.'

'The past, I recall some good times. However, I remember more corrupt, wicked, and evil times in my existence.'

'The grandmother and my sister's evil little clans were standing from day one.'

'All the days' go back to events when I held hands with the relations in the community and was free of the weights of humanity.'

'Everything that does not work out in my life is the undertakings of the tower I call my grandmother this over the card, in magic showing me, she is standing in my way of having the life I want to have.'

-Anyways-

'Do you remember your third, grade class and the kids that were associated? I have a class

photo; however, I could not put names on all the faces. Looking back, all the students that were in my life now, were part of my life back then.'

'However, it seemed as if cinder-blocks were blocking me from the others along with bars on the doors. With the only escapes, options being the electric chair or hanging, that is the way it seemed to me, and it still does!'

'I still do not have any selection in the matter; I was left to fade away in my cellblock of solitary confinement. So that the tower could go along making her mouth run rampant about me, in her processes of her, attempting to segregate me from everyone. A heinous plan that took fourteen years to be known by everyone but myself. The only thing I remember about third grade was recess.'

-And-

'I remember walking along a concrete tarmac of loneliness day in and day out. The only joy in this land is the swings, which made me feel untroubled as a bird that is soaring. I could fly without a care.'

'While having the breeze rushing through my hair and up my skirt, yes it was magical, even if I knew at that point, I had a hidden gift of being magical, and found my first wand, that I played with under the covers while reading 14-century witchcraft.'

'Magical until I was ripped out of my daze of flying, by a stone that smacked my face so hard my vision blurred. I was shot down, out of my flight by Andy Sandio I had blood running down my face.'

'I fail to the ground with broken wings. I ran to the nearest adult supervision. I was screaming

from the agony of the gash down the side of my face.'

'Also, the bones in my arm were moving around out of place, and not as they should. Which reminds me I got a pink arm cast back then, and no one put their names on it!' 'Yet the teacher Mrs. Ellsworth did not give two shits about the matter.'

'If you would have given him the swing this would not have happened.' She spoke.

'That is all I remember about that day. Furthermore, that recalls she watched me like a hawk, and the others they could do no wrong.'

'They were all that way with me only. She was one of those- Teacher Support Specialists.'

'So-called expert… yeah- right, expert of nothing. She did nothing for me, other than making my label worse.'

Nevertheless, she thought at the time she had total power over what I could and could not do; it is humorous to me how my teachers can be the blame, as to why I was a child who did not interact with others my age. Just- think about that. So, what kind of picture do you see developing?'

'I remember what I saw, so did they; I would like to say to them, do not try to pass that all off as if I was the one that is the blame.'

'No!'

'It was yours, not mine! All the days just kept going in repetition like that, so I just tuned them all out, until I got back to the house of lost and

lonely dreams, where all I did was think about the day's events that took place throughout those seven hours that day.'

~*~

(Present time)

Nevaeh- 'I am coming home from another long day from the hellhole, I just want to be by myself, I want to be alone!'

'However, as always, I opened the door to be greeted by several questions that rape my ears like nails on the classroom chalkboards, then our conversation starts.'

'Certainly, with the same questions that are asked of me every day, I come home. Do not get me wrong Hope is a sweet- considerate lady. However, I just want to have some alone time.'

'Likewise, I do not think she realizes that she asks the same questions, day in and day out.

'So, how was your day at school? Is there anyone in your life yet that you want to tell me about? So, is there anyone that captures your interest?' Said, Hope.

~*~

Nevaeh- 'The same as always.'

-'Yes and no!'

'What does that mean?' Said, Hope

'What do you think that means? If you do not know then I surely do not.' Replied, Nevaeh.

'So, what did you do today?' Questioned Hope, along with asking.

'Doing your laundry and mine along with all the other household chores if you must know.'

'It sounds like so much fun! And, no, I did not need to know.' Said, Nevaeh.

'Okay then, Ms. sarcasm!' Said, Hope.

'Do you want me to make you something to eat Nevaeh, or are you just going up to your room and mope?'

'I am not hungry, and I do not mope, and yes, I am going to my room.' Nevaeh said in a sighing breath.

'Whatever, it is your decision honey.' Said, Hope.

'Maybe, I will go for a walk later.' Nevaeh said while walking up the staircase.

'Okay then, Ms. sarcasm!' Said, Hope.

'Do you want me to make you something to eat Nevaeh, or are you just going up to your room and mope?'

'I am not hungry, and I do not mope, and yes, I am going to my room.' Nevaeh said in a sighing breath.

'Whatever, it is your decision honey.' Said, Hope.

'Maybe I will go for a walk later.' Nevaeh said while walking up the staircase. Sure, be back home by 10:00 pm. Said, Hope, shouting from the foyer. Then Nevaeh's bedroom door slams shut!

~*~

Hope Huber- 'One minute I am proud of Nevaeh and the next not so much. She needs to get out more and find a boyfriend… or any friends for that matter. She is a good kid; she is simply different from most of her age. I worry about her! Then, on the other hand, I am not her mother. As a result, what can I do?'

'I am almost sure that she will be fine; she just needs to be more social and be nicer to people. Nevaeh needs to stop living her life in high gear. She is so thin, yet- I cannot get her to eat anything. I do not know how she keeps going! She hardly sleeps at night.'

'All she wants to do is sit in her room and cry, and stare at the computer walls on her old laptop, I try not to temper; I have too much work to do here in the homestead.'

'Hey, if she wants to sob her life away then- so be it. Someday she just might have something that she needs to cry about, because I do not know how much more of her moods; I want to take here in this house! She can go and live with the girl she plays with.'

Chapter: 9

Eyes Are on Me

'The blackbird clan follows me everywhere I go. Not always in human form… I cannot seem to shake them away from me, yet they are always shaking me. Their black magic surrounds me, and it strangles the life out of my fragile body.'

'They make it their life's mission to hassle me. As well, I like to know what I am always doing

so that they can terminate any future contacts with relations.'

'I hope that my shackles will loosen; the words have crucified me in every way and form. I guess that my bloodshed for life is a victory and will nurture another life someday.'

'Why?'

'Because that is what the tower asks of them to do.

If I wave at someone, they know about it. If I talk to someone, they get to him or her.'

'Plus, the voice more lies about me to them. If I need something or someone, they make sure that I do not get it. It is enough to drive any person nuts. I cannot seem to illustrate a way to show society what is going on.'

'It is nerve-racking, to say the least. It is so hard to prove that some bastards are stalking you if you are the one that is marked for life.'

'Why?'

'Because most of the time they make it as if you are the one that is psycho. In addition to making, you look like you are desperate for affection from everyone and anyone that is in your civilization.'

'Sometimes, I get love notes. When I open my locker door, they are shoved in there through the top vent, from him I would have to say; either that or someone is just trying to be mean and play tricks on me.'

'I kept them all anyway. He is the only boy, what attention, and affection from… that I genuinely

want, so everyone else all can just fade away. Just like the sisters, for example, they all say that I am desperate for anyone.'

'Meanwhile, there are the ones that I think need consistent attention, they have to have it, or they feel insignificant in their influence and we all know what disapproval leads into.'

'I ask why-why must I be forbidden to love. Forbidden to lust, and forbidden to touch anyone that I desire? Is it all because one higher power is known as the tower and her clan of bullies?'

(Thinking back)

'I still have that photo that you gave me years ago, of you. Do you remember? We were young at the time, but recall that we were to gather, sitting next to one another. I remember the first

time we met too, it was in music class, and I want to say you were in fifth grade.'

'Do you remember?'

'I knew you were the one for me back then! I was too shy to say how I felt about you; I should have said; yet could I have said? Would you have-said 'yes,' or is it meant to be in the future?'

'I would have loved to have been with you all those days if only it could have been.'

'We started as friends, we made memo depictions on the steamed windows of the yellow carriage, while our little faces lit up with splendor when we sat together, and as more than friends, however yet not a couple… you were with your girlfriend.'

'I wanted to get to know your friends too, yet that did not happen either.'

'Oh, I remember on the school trips, I sat behind you just hoping that I could talk to you, however, that was almost impossible, forbidden it seemed, by the others that were around us at the time.'

'I remember you used to look back at me… being playful and a little silly with your friends.'

'Yet, I just gaze, and did not say anything; it is like I forgot how to speak when around you.'

'I am sorry, you give me butterflies, yet at least I finally got enough bravery to speak to you to me, it is like time has stood still with you, if you let it with me it all could be.'

'We were still together then; we could be in the future, yet closer than ever before. We can remember some of the past, which was good. Forget what was not.

We could start a new trip together. I want you in my book of life forever!'

'All I have is the fantasy of you, and it is like a slow-motion movie, this plays in my mind when my eyes are closed.'

'I can see us we run off together out in the open, and then finely hug, in that golden field, that we found as we were on your 4wheeler mudding together.'

'At that very time, we get off and walk to our spot, then together our bodies embrace one another at last. I have kept that dream for years.'

'Yes, do not let the eyeliner and perfume fool you. I am the type of girl that can go from, makeup to mud in three seconds flat!'

'To me, it is extremely romantic, and we kiss passionately, but that is all the farther we get, the film rips, and the screen turns black. My eyes open and you are no longer there, I am locked back up into real life, but hoping for the day that the tower collapses; So that we can finally be together, however not in fantasy.'

'My honey, the secret message lies in the combinations of all the pieces. Oh, how I would like to let you know that the tower is nothing but a legend of fantasy.'

'However, that would not be so. There is a missing piece to my puzzle, but your photograph fits in the slot. You can be the one to unlock the chains,

and free me from my imprisonment of being locked in the tower's donjon; do you see the picture I have; would you want it?'

'We can escape and travel upon the white horse and ride into magnificent freedom, with the many journeys that follow looking into the sunset as a united duo, my cowgirl boots and all… that I can finally wear that day and all day after.'

'With new independence to love, we will see the tower as she is left behind to wither away, and crumble to dust in the background along with the clans in 'The Land of Many Steeples.''

(Present time)

'Do you know what it is like to hear rumors about you, yet you cannot do anything about them because they want to believe all of them?'

'Or they must?'

'Do you know what it is like to hurt?'

'Do you know what it is like to be hated?'

'Do you know what it is like not to be able to be friends or have a relationship, with the ones that should be your friends?'

'Do you know what it is like not being able to talk to people, to see people, to go out?'

'Do you have to look over your back, and must double-check your thinking, before doing what it is you want so that someone does not get you in trouble for something that you never did?'

'I do not even do anything, yet they say in this town and all around that, I did.'

'Do you know what it is like to be rejected, every single time you try to find what it is you are looking for?'

'If so, you are so like me… that it is not even funny! I find it to be said that people do not see me. They only see the picture of me of what they hear.'

'Why does 'God' not punish these people for what they do to me?'

'Why does 'God' let this keep going on, all this time? Why do they have so much power over everyone is thinking- about me?'

'Why is it? I am a good person and get this, and it is immoral, and they keep going, doing what they do.'

'Why can they not see that? Walking down the hellhole's halls, on one of these days that run

together, he made his eyes lock in with mine, many times before but never like this. I knew of him and his ranking stature in society.'

'He would be perfect for me. I know that there is not a snowball's chance in hell that we would ever be together.' 'Just like he must act like I do not exist in his surroundings, and that he does not even care about me.

Saying to his friends- 'That it is never- ever going to happen.''

'Nevertheless, I do not care anymore; in all honesty. If he wants his friends over me then just go.'

'But I hope you see the mistake you have made!' Yet I cannot stop finding Chiaz Naztherth interesting and intriguing.'

'However, I know that every time I see Chiaz I am blushing, and he makes me feel uneasy, yet in an effective way. Yet I know to not even try.'

'After a while, caring goes away, with everything. Then again, with Alissa, there is no way we could even look at one another.'

'The school year was about to end, so… I did not need the drama of boys, and I still had Lily. Yet I must lose everything, someone makes sure of that!'

'It was said that Lily Anderson could not take any more teasing, bullying, violation, and overall harassment from the sisters and clan.'

'So, she ran down one of the school's many staircases, right through a glass pane window, three stories down to her death. She saw the bright light and stared into the eyes of the sun.'

'Then she must have preferred to follow the tunneling stream of light that led upward beyond the clouds, to the getaways to the infinite existence. Did she decide to fall from the dizzying height, and leave me behind?'

'I do not believe that she did, the cobalt glass shards are glittering around her, and for some reason even in her death; she has the school’s demeaning colors all around her.'

'The red is the blood she splattered, blue for all the glass spikes that are sticking out of her figure, and the white is her nude body jackknifed in the middle.'

'Yes, in its all-natural stage diving pose. She will always be labeled, just like me. Branded for what she was not and misunderstood for who she was.'

'She just laid in the parking lot of the hellhole, without anybody even caring or knowing what happened. Because she was a reject just like me, we had one another and that was it.'

'The only covering on her little body being the ribbons that were in her sweet pigtail hair, this was a horrific sight. Lily, she was all cut up and covered with her bodily fluids.'

'This leads me to think that the sisters had something to do with this, and they have taken it too far this time. Yet it is a mystery to everyone else?'

'Did Adriane and her clan push her to her death, or did she drive her to the point of no return?'

'I guess it will never be known! The only one that did know what happened will never speak again, so I thought.'

'All bullies take by force, it is all they think about, and all they know. You can most definitely get busy existing or get busy becoming drained out until you are dead- that's damn right.'

'I remember saying to Ava, I know it was you and your clan in the locker room the next day in the showers.'

'Oh, that's funny, you're going to look funnier sucking on my p*ssy without any teeth.' Ava said.

'Shut up you- dumb shit.' Was said by others in the class along with others like obscenities.

'At the same time, she was groping my breast and twisting my nipple until it was black and blue.'

'Do not screw with me retard because I will rape and ravish the shit out of you!'

'It does not matter regardless, it is all about what they want to have, and what they can take from you. So, you give and give them whatever they want.'

'Then they grab a hold of your body and suck the life out of you until you turn blue. Lily's story is forever unknown to everyone, and it was covered up and left to be forgotten.'

'Once again, the stature and popularity get some individuals out of everything including manslaughter.'

'The days continued without anybody even bringing up her name, even though it was known by everyone. It is depressing to think that there were

only ten more days in the year until we were all free.'

'That is why that upcoming summer, I sit in the graveyard with her. I knew I did not have anything else to do really. All these years I said this is true love?'

'However, to this day, I do not know if love is real or just a state of mind; my love life can take place because of a past ghost that haunts me like the one that hunted Lily.'

'How do you love something that really cannot be shown to everyone that they love you back?'

'I still have her heart-shaped nickels around my nick that she gives me, I will wear it forever.

Love is not loving unless it is shown to the world-right?'

'Is love just getting it on, or is it about being soulmates?' 'Why is love so hard to find if you are like me?'

'It makes me think; like I believe when someone passes on that their soul hovers over their body for a half-hour.'

'While they see the guiding light, although their useless human figure chills, this is when they obtain your spiritual frame.'

'I have an understanding that you can hear everybody's conversations after you pass. I am sure that Lily did, she knows that I was the only one that cared about her human life.'

'However, her spirits remain with me as I see her in front of me with her newly formed wings, which are going to take her on the journey home.'

'Yet the lifeless torso remains with us, the new spirit is felt, but not spoken. I try to ignore the blackbird clan and their siblings as much as possible, and what is said and known by others.'

'Yes, although difficult, I will not let them ruin my every day, or anyone else is for that matter.'

'It is an awful thing to live in fear, Lily knew it all too well, so do I! I look at the world that has been created for my day in and day out, and I think to myself how I cannot enjoy what has been created for me, yet the world is looking more and glum.'

'Yet, just because somebody else, who is ignorant of life and bliss, does not mean that, I need

to let them try to take the bliss away from me. I must keep going, yet it is hard.'

'Yes, I have meltdowns… that is life, but if we have hope, it will all work out. The keys that I have learned in the ones who are trying to steal your joy do not make it obvious to them that you are ignoring them.'

'I am always be- friendly and have a 'How are you doing kind of attitude, and just walk away. If you see them coming down the hall… go the other direction.'

'Then again, in my case, I have a towering entity that follows me everywhere I go. Yes, I try to ignore this too, and put a smile on my face, even though it is difficult.'

'Nevertheless, I remember that all creation crumbles at some point in time. So, I remember that there is hope for any situation even if someone or something is towering over me.'

'Tip- remember that your stalker's plans might backfire and may work against them in many situations… this can happen. Like- I said just because it is thrilling to them now, they will have consequences to face in the future.'

'However, they do not realize that at the time. Never fall to their level, and fight back in a non-beneficial way, it just makes more drama, and makes life more difficult than need be.'

'The saying- 'That sticks, and stones will break your bones, but words will never hurt you.' It is a complete lie the words scar just as much as having broken bones and cuts.'

'But- you must listen to your own words, and not what somebody else's words tell you what to do or think. In other words, you must have confidence in what you tell yourself every day, rather than someone else's negative conversations.'

'So, I have learned even though it is difficult, and I do not fit into most groups, that being around others always is a good thing, for example, if I am leaving a class or need to be at a place at a certain time. I try to be with as many groupings of other people as possible so that I feel safe and comfortable.'

'There is power in numbers, so I tried to join in with as many groupings as possible. Nevertheless- remember to only join groupings that are trustworthy so they cannot gang up on you.'

'Do not always be so trusting of people. Do not feel bad by asking for help, or telling on a situation that happened, in your hellhole situation, for there is no shame in asking questions or looking for help from a higher authority.'

'However, like most times in my situation, the higher authority does not give a shit about you or me. This is sad, but you must find someone or something in which you have confidence so that you have a way to release your stresses and worries.'

'All I must do is think about the good that I have in my life like for example, I have a caretaker, which absolutely loves me, even if she does not know how to express it in the right ways. I understand that she will always be there for me.'

'I have a roof over my head, and I have shelter, even though it is not one of the nicest

structures in 'The Land of Many Steeples,' it is still a place where I can call home.'

'Home to me is more than just a box of sticks. I must remember that, I am getting an education and am living in a country, which is free.'

'I know that there are chains that drag me away from my fellow peers, and after graduation, I can make my keys, free my destiny, and have the higher divine power authority be in control. The chains on me will be lengthened or let go completely.'

'Yet, I have three more years… help me!'

'Yes, I would have to say that I am incredibly grateful and blessed for what I have in my life.'

'On the other hand, some things are missing; for example, I would like to find love and compassion for someone who is my age.'

'I would like to have the experiences that others my age has in their lives.'

'Maybe I had it, and now she is in the ground, or they are out there somewhere and I have not found them?'

'Someone will find me, do you think so?'

'Also, I would not like to feel as if I am not being tied down by a higher power authority such as the tower, and the blackbird clan and their bloodcurdling sisters.'

'Lily Anderson is now my Guardian Angel!'

~*~

Lily- 'The feelings I have had were more intense than anyone could imagine.'

'Some of them just hurt, and some of them hurt so well. Yet the worst was only with her when I was alive.'

'I am happy to die to be away from the pain of life. When I was alive as a young girl, I reasoned with myself drawing in a breath and letting it go slowly.'

'I cannot remember whom I was, back then, besides looking back into the depths of my mind, I can see that she was a wolf in sheep's clothing, and I was the prey.'

'Will you do pay for your sins, yet I never did any wrong in my life. Yet she is enduring, and she played with my brain when I was there and

everything else, and the visions or so real even now, but are they illusions or something more?'

'The sisters tied up my thoughts, yet I only wanted to be with Nevaeh, but is it all a waste? It is enough to drive you out of your mind; my mind was not blameless the day I dyed.'

'You know that I cannot say that I have any regrets for not being on earth. Also, I cannot say I have any regrets about loving her.'

'The only regret I have is not spending my whole life with her. Nevertheless, at that time, I could only do so much. I was praying, but I see it as more like being scarred for life.' 'Though back then I was praying to get away from her in any way possible. If I could only talk to myself back, then… you know it comes around in time.'

'She was the one that was going to take me to places, and give me expressions that could not be expressed or had with any other girl. To this day, I am not sure what to make of my own story, because it is never going to be easy for me to explain.'

'What was in the past is in the past, and I do not care anymore of what is in my future. What I have lived for was a dream that was never going to be, a dream that burnt me out, and I will arise from the ashes someday. You know that some of these times sadden me even more now.'

'Knowing that all the coldness that I am feeling was me dying inside, I can close my spiritual eyes and all I have are photographic snapshots in my mind that show my short life hissing by, it was ripped away from my grasping hands.' 'Just like that last hug Nevaeh gave to me when she had pulled

away in tears when she saw me lying nude on the ground in my blood, I was dying in her arms, and I did.'

'The last words I said weakly muttering. 'Nevaeh don't forget about me.'

'Never,' she said.

'While holding me with my limp body on her lap as she sat on the ground next to my glass, blood, her uniform, and all. She was the only one that cared about a reject like me.'